SUNLIT DAYS

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

THE GIFT OF

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER

Sunlit Days

By the Same Author

THE OPTIMIST'S GOOD MORNING

THE OPTIMIST'S GOOD NIGHT

Sunlit Days

Compiled by

Florence Hobart Perin

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TO

All Optimists

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS REVERENTLY

DEDICATED

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Preface

A MULTITUDE of friends of "The Optimist's Good Morning" and "The Optimist's Good Night" have asked the compiler for a supplementary volume with the same general plan and purpose. In complying with this request, she has thought it worth while to repeat in her title the optimistic suggestion, and hopes that in "Sunlit Days" she has succeeded.

The God-idea is deeply rooted in the mind of man, and prayer is as deeply rooted in the spiritual instincts. Yet family devotions have largely gone out of fashion; not, however, because men do not need to pray, nor because they have wholly lost the sense of dependence upon divine aid, but rather because of our more complex modern life. The old hour for family devotions has simply been crowded out.

But families do still come together at the breakfast table whether they live in country, village, or city. Here, then, is the opportunity to pause for a moment while the family group makes recognition of their divine relationships. Here is where this little book seeks to be of service. It furnishes for each day of the year a brief quotation and a word of prayer. Whether we confess it or not, we

are all God's children. To say so is natural, and to seek the Father's aid is rational. To the individual, therefore, the brief service here suggested is as important as to the family group. A pause of three minutes before starting the work of the day will give the spiritual uplift which will enable us to do better work and fight a braver battle.

Florence Hobart Perin.

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Sunlit Days

Did you ever find the Happiness Flower?
It isn't so hard to find;
It opens wide at the morning hour,
In the meadows of cheerful mind.

But it sometimes grows in the sandy dust
That fills the desert of care,
And down in the fields of perfect trust
You always can find it there.

It's sweet as honey, the Happiness Flower,
Winter and summer the same —
On the difficult hills by troublous tower,
It shines like a rosy flame.

If ever you find the Happiness Flower,
And it isn't so hard to find
By the rainbow's end in an April shower,
Where the tears and the smiles are twined,

May it flourish fair in your garden ground,
A'glisten with joy's bright dew;
May the sunshine of love the whole year round
Lie warm on your flower and you. A. N. K.

Our Heavenly Father, we come to Thee in our search for the happiness flower. Though in the years that are gone our search may have been in vain, let us not give over the quest. But with renewed hope may we set out upon the new year confidently expecting to find it in any turn of the road, in any field, in any human experience. And may we not search afar, for by the divine alchemy of Thy love Thou causest the flames of happiness to blossom out of commonest soil. Yet may we ever remember that they blossom most freely in the fields of perfect trust. Amen.

George L. Perin.

To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightening page
Turned in the world's great wonder book,
Whereon the leaning nations look.
When men speak strong for brotherhood,
For peace and universal good,
When miracles are everywhere
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be. . . .

To be alive in such an age —
To live to it,
To give to it!
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind —
And link thy hope with human kind.
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Breathe the world thought, do the world deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!
Give thanks with all thy flaming heart —
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage —
To be alive in such an age.

ANGELA MORGAN.

Give us this day our daily bread, we pray,
And give us likewise, Lord, our daily thought,
That our poor souls may strengthen as they ought
And starve not on the husks of yesterday.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

When nights are calm, and days are dear,
What can one do but sing?
When happiness is everywhere,
What can one do but sing?
The mountains melt along the sky,
The snowy pigeons circling fly,
A thousand visions kiss the eye, —
What can one do but sing?

When hope is thronèd in the heart,
What can one do but sing?
When pity pleads, and sweet tears start,
What can one do but sing?
A thousand lights are in the sky,
A thousand thoughts about me fly,
A thousand visions kiss mine eye, —
What can I do but sing?

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Our Father who art in heaven, we thank Thee this morning that Thou dost give us songs even in the night. We thank Thee also that after the night comes the morning, that after the darkness comes the light and that after our doubts and fears come the clear skies and shining sun. Forgive us that we have ever doubted Thy goodness. Forgive us that we have complained and murmured when we should have been thankful and happy. Help us to begin this day with songs of praise, and to make it a joyous day for all who come within the circle of our influence. Thus may our smiles and sunshine and our singing make others glad. Amen.

WILLIAM BURT.

One day an old umbrella mender brought his skeleton frames and tinkering tools into the alley of my office. As he sat on a box in the sun, mending the broken and torn umbrella, I noticed that he seemed to take unusual pains, testing the cloth, carefully measuring and strongly sewing the covers.

"You seem extra careful," I remarked.

"Yes," he said, working without looking up; "I try to do good work."

"Your customers would not know the difference until you were gone," I persisted.

"No; I suppose not."

"Do you ever expect to come back?"

"No."

"Then why are you so particular?"

"So that it will be easier for the other fellow — the next one who comes along," he answered simply.

ANONYMOUS.

Help us to think of Thee, O God, who upholdest the universe and hearest the cry of the feeblest of Thy little ones. Inspire our every thought and purpose, that we may be Thy faithful servants, remembering that he who is faithful in the least is faithful also in much. In the fragment of time granted us this day may we do some work of healing and repair for those in need of help, which shall make the world a better place to live in, and bring heaven nearer to all men. Amen.

WILLIAM H. SPENCER.

O thou God's mariner! heart of mine,
Spread canvas to the airs divine.

A thread of law runs through thy prayer
Stronger than iron cables are;
And love and longing toward her goal
Are pilots sweet to guide the soul.

So life must live and soul must sail,
And unseen over seen prevail,
And all God's argosies come to shore,
Let ocean smile or rage or roar.

And so 'mid storm or calm my bark
With snowy wake still nears her mark,
Cheerily the trades of being blow
And sweeping down the wind I go.

David Atwood Wasson.

Father Divine, by whose creative love we are called into these mysterious ways of human experience, grant us now a deep and abiding confidence in Thee. May no disenchantments of the years have power to disturb our cheerful faith. Grant to us visions of the pilot stars. Dispel the mists in which we go astray. Fill our sails with Thy favoring gales. Make us to study the charts that tell us where the reefs and shallows lie and where the false lights burn. Guide our course and check our wanderings by Thy steadfast laws and protect us with Thine unwearied care. Send out Thy light and Thy truth to lead us in ways of righteousness, of service and of joy. Amen.

Samuel A. Eliot.

A dear old lady used to travel always with a bag of flower seeds, and wherever she went she would throw handfuls of the seeds out of the car windows, and flowers sprang up along the railroads as her contribution of love and beauty to the world. There are happy spirits going through life scattering the flowers of kind words, smiles, laughter, helpfulness and love. Look out for the man with his bag of nettles, burdock and skunk-cabbage. Waylay him, take away his sharp stuff, and give him, instead, a bag of flower seeds to beautify his path. If he knows no sound but the croaking of the frog, try and teach him the song of the lark. He will enjoy it much better when he learns it, and he will be transformed from a nuisance to a maker of joy.

EUGENE THWING.

Lord of life and light, we worship Thee. There is no darkness in Thee; may there be none in us. Flood the new day Thou hast given us with Thy light of life, the life more abundant. May rivers of living water flow from us to-day to earth's parched places, and touch Thy drooping human flowers and make them live again. As Christ gave His life, so may we give ours. Let us carry to a hungry world Thy living bread. May Thy joy in us be contagious. May we gather only honey, like the bee; but unlike it, let us hoard none. Make earth gladder and richer this day because we live. Amen.

EVANGELIST N. H. HARRIMAN.

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather — only different kinds of good weather.

JOHN RUSKIN.

In spite of the gloom
In my little room,
A plant, to-day, is in fragrant bloom.

The rain, the wind,
It does not mind,
And sweeter flowers you'll never find.

I'll whisper, dear,
Its name in your ear —
It's the little plant called Inside Cheer!

ALICE E. ALLEN.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the triumph Thy grace gives us, in our inner and truer life, over all the shocks of outward vicissitude. We thank Thee that by Thy aid we may have in bleakest winter a summer of the soul; in dreariest days glimpses of cloudless skies; amid dangers and discomforts the peace of God that passeth understanding. We thank Thee devoutly for our home, our friends, our books; for our abiding faith in truth and goodness; for fellowship with noble minds; for hours of sacred communion. Thus, our Father, Thou makest us to lie down in green pastures, Thou leadest us beside the still waters, Thou restorest our soul. And thus, through Thee, O God of life and love, we ever keep a cheerful heart. Amen.

I. M. ATWOOD.

Everywhere the gate of beauty
Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty
Inward to the heart of things.

W. C. Gannett.

A tuft of light above the hill;
A windless silence, tense and chill;
A sharp, straight shaft of fire updrawn,
And, rose-clad, gold-clad, burst of dawn!

A gleam of consciousness in man,
A sure unfolding of Truth's plan,
An aspiration and faith's rest —
Lo, God's great light within the breast!

Harriet Bartnett.

We thank Thee, our heavenly Father, that Thou hast again commanded the Light to shine out of darkness, and hast brought us to the beginning of another day in which to engage in the duties and the pleasures of life. Help us to realize that Thou hast made everything beautiful in its time, and so to conduct ourselves that, whether in the performance of our duties or the endurance of our trials or the enjoyment of our pleasures, we shall grow by sure degrees into the beauty of holiness, and our pathway be as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Amen.

Edwin C. Sweetser.

Who walks the world with soul awake
Finds beauty everywhere;
Though labor be his portion,
Though sorrow be his share,
He looks beyond obscuring clouds,
Sure that the light is there!

And if the ills of mortal life
Grow heavier to bear,
Doubt come with its perplexities
And whisper of despair,
He turns with love to suffering men —
And lo! God, too, is there.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Father, we thank Thee for the day and the night; for the storm and the sunshine; for the joys and the sorrows. Help us to remember life must have variety as certainly as a picture must have its lights and its shadows. Help us to keep our thoughts upon Thee and our fellow-men. Then will strength come with which we can endure all things. Then will we forget our own cares and struggles as we live lives of service. Make us not like the stagnant pool shut in to itself, but like the giving, flowing stream causing the flowers to bloom and giving forth refreshing life as it goes upon its way. May the flowers of hope and joy bloom where we go and humanity be made more comfortable. Amen.

JOHNSTON MYERS.

Let's hollow out, beside the way
Where men fare to and fro,
A spring that all, their steps, may stay,
Where cooling waters flow,
And then go forth with more of grace
And goodliness in every face.

Let's plant a rose beside the road,
Where all the world goes by,
That every pilgrim, with his load,
May feast his happy eye
Upon its beauty as he goes
And breathe a blessing on the rose.

What is true goodness? who shall say?
Yet, in his heart one knows
That, surely, some of it have they
Who plant a wayside rose,
Or hollow out a spring whose song
Is mellow music all day long.

NIXON WATERMAN.

O Thou, who fillest the spring by the roadside and givest life and fragrance to the rose, we thank Thee that Thou dost offer to us the chance to labor with Thee; that Thou dost summon us to hollow out a place for the spring and to plant the rose so that they may be accessible to men. Move us, we pray Thee, to faithfulness to our part in this divine ministry, and forbid that we shall ever for a moment forget that the world's need is also our own, and that the refreshment, and the grace, and the beauty, and all true goodness are from Thee. So while we offer may we also drink from the fountain, and be blessed by the rose. Amen.

CHARLES R. TENNEY.

As I was trudging down a long, long street,
And dreary,
With a pack of care upon my back, and feet
So weary,
I met the sudden flash of friendly smile!
It made that road shrink up to half a mile,
It made that queer, old load fall off to limbo;
As drudge will turn from task, her arms akimbo,
I stared and straightened — it had come so quick,
The change had been so sunny and so slick!
Then I tramped onward, whistling all the while —
What sense of comradeship in just a smile!

ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY.

Thank God for smiles and sunny days, for kindly hearts and loving friends, for wayside flowers and little children, for the beauty of the hills and plains and the fruitage of the fields. Give thanks for the truth which leads us on from duty to duty, from victory to victory; for the Light that comes from the face of the Lord which makes gracious and beautiful the pathway for our feet and which reveals to us the deep things of life. Help us always to remember that there are lonely hearts to cherish and there is discouragement to be dispelled. Give us in large measure that faith in Thee and in the ultimate good which fills our hearts with smiles and sunshine and give us a deeper understanding of human brotherhood. We pray that we may meet all responsibilities and all God's children with joy and gladness and thanks we shall render unto Thee the Giver of life, love and joy. Amen.

MARY GRACE CANFIELD.

The thread of Happiness is spun
From three things woven into one.

The first winds ever through and through
In homely strength — Something to Do.

The second gleams like stars above
A radiant thread — Something to Love.

The third entwines them both in power —
Something to Hope For, hour by hour.

Thus Happiness, in each sure part
Lies within reach of every heart.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Our Heavenly Father, Whose presence enfolds us, and Whose suggestions become our guide in choosing, and our strength in following our path of life, — we rejoice in Thy Providence that does not leave us to our own resources, but anticipates our needs, and in our larger development calls us to a life of service for Thee and our fellows. We rejoice too that in the service we render we find the deepest incentive expressed in our reverence for Thee, and our love for what is best, as the reflection of Thy nature seen in the world of beauty and in kindred souls, — that as we love what is lovable our service seems freer and truer, and our trust in thy leading, and our hope in human peace and joy, shall become our constant inspiration. Thus may our heart's happiness be found in our service of love. Amen.

JOHN VANNEVAR.

Old Sunshine they called him, and you might have wondered why, as you saw him come tottering down the street with his little basket on his arm. His voice was cracked and hard and his breath came in short quick gasps like the preliminary puffing of an old and worn out engine as it pulls out of a station, carrying a train of heavily loaded cars behind it. But when he laughed, ah, then you would never wonder again for the little chuckles came fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to get out and make that laugh a big success; and even after it was all over they kept wandering out alone and in couples, as if the car had been too full to hold them, or they had perhaps missed the last car and had to walk.

That laugh was, in fact, the finished product of just sixty-five years of constant practice. Small wonder that it was known and loved the village over.

LOUISE ELDER.

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the spirit of good cheer in the hearts of cheerful men. We rejoice in the fructifying influence of sunshine in the great world about us which, touching human life, creates moral sunshine. Make our hearts glad. Fill our spirits with sunshine. Make our laughter so joyful that it shall become a glad and luxurious contagion, passing quickly from heart to heart until it shall make a perceptibly gladder world. So, through the very growth of gladness in the hearts of men, may Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

If love were not, the wilding rose
Would in its leafy heart inclose
No chalice of perfume;

By mossy bank, in glen or grot,
No bird would build, if love were not,
No flower complacent bloom.

The sunset clouds would lose their dyes,
The light would fade from beauty's eyes,
The stars their fires consume,

And something missed from hall and cot
Would leave the world, if love were not,
A wilderness of gloom!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Holy Spirit of Love, be Thou the spirit of our home and the atmosphere of our lives this day. Apart from these, we are desolate and miss the zest and joy of life. Without Thee, even the truth we would speak and the justice we would do fail of their completeness. Be Thou the life of our lives; lift us above the low levels, irritability and impatience, jealousy and envy; may we be eager to believe the best, always expecting goodness and gladdened when we find it. May we not be mere reflectors, depending for our supply of good will upon the treatment we receive from others, but may we be true lights, radiating centers of love and joy through the many colored hours and varied experiences of this and all our days. Amen.

GEORGE R. DODSON.

If one had a heart like a little child,
Tender, and innocent, and mild,
And could see the world through a joyous mind,
Gentle, and pure, and sweet, and kind,
There were then no sorrow and passion wild,
If one had a heart like a little child.

Poetry, Love, and Truth would reign,
And the years be free of regret and pain,
Laughter and mirth, and peace and light,
And the sunshine day, and the tranquil night;
Better than fame and wealth up-piled,
Is to have a heart like a little child.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Blessed Lord Jesus to whom the little children come for Thy blessing, we come to Thee on the threshold of this new day. Make our hearts tender and trustful that we may perfectly love Thee and walk in all Thy ways. May we find our pleasures in the common tasks that come with the unfolding hours and so fill the whole day with sunshine and joy. May we love what is true and follow whatsoever is pure. We thank Thee for the opportunities that will come with this day for sweetening life with the joy we have from Thee and of engaging in innocent pleasure and earnest work. Keep us so near Thee that our feet may not stray from where Thou leadest and bring us all to the day's close and the eventide free from conscious wrong, for Thy namesake whom we love. Amen.

E. B. FREEMAN.

Does my life, as I must live it, trouble me? and my fortune? Are these all a muddle, as poor Stephen says in the story? Then I must lay this truth well to my heart: that the men who win are seldom those who are always peering and pondering on the dark side. They are those who get heaven and the sun for the background to their own best striving; and then the fairest fortune possible to us comes through that wholesome light. To lose this is to lose my strongest ally, and I put a cheerful courage on when I stand with my face to the sun. The successful men in the long fight with fortune are the cheerful men, or those, certainly, who find this fair background of faith and hope. Columbus but for this had never found our New World, or men like Sam Adams struck the bell for the Revolution in the great old days.

ROBERT COLLYER.

O God, Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice. May we begin the day and end the day with a smile. Sunrise and sunset have never failed us yet. We thank Thee for the hard things of life which we may not understand. May they serve to draw us nearer to Thee. Help us to extract sweetness and patience and courage from all the bitter experiences of life. Remind us that on darkest nights the stars shine brightest. So may we be happy, speak gently, smile often and go about singing all the day long, lest the singing birds imagine they are the only glad lovers of life and the only true lovers of the Lord. Amen.

REIGNOLD K. MARVIN.

Let my voice ring out and over the earth,
Through all the grief and strife,
With a golden joy in a silver mirth,
Thank God for Life.

Let my voice swell out through the great abyss,
To the azure dome above,
With a chord of faith in the harp of bliss
Thank God for Love.

Let my voice thrill out beneath and above,
The whole world through;
O my love and life, O my life and love,
Thank God for you.

JAMES THOMSON.

Almighty God, the Life of all, we thank Thee for the life in us which suggests Thine own, which dignifies service, enriches sympathy, gives majesty to beautiful forms, and makes all things new. We thank Thee, too, for the love that makes the life possible, that inspires to noble action, that endures all things, that masters all, that never fails. We remember before Thee those who make Thy love and life real to us, our friends and comrades, all who wrought righteousness and lead us still. May we, as they, bring truth and faith and courage to all about us. May we all be able to thank God for the love and life we reveal. Amen.

C. T. BILLINGS.

I prayed for vengeance on my foe;
My soul spat forth in spiteful spell;
My prayer reached not the ear of God,
But fraught with hate came back from hell.

I prayed that Fortune purchase me
High place, and pleasures with her pelf;
Nor God nor demon marked my plea —
My prayer concentered to myself.

Again I prayed for my dread foe, —
This time that God's sweet grace be given
That I forgive the bitter wrong;
And lo! my prayer was heard in heaven.

THEODORE JACKSON GREEN.

Heavenly Father, give us grace to know the full value of every human soul. All souls are divine, all souls are spiritual children of Thine. Out of true sympathy and love like Thine for all Thy children, may we shed abroad throughout the world a true reverence for the worth and dignity of every human soul. So shall we forgive not only those who have injured us, but, much more difficult, those whom we have injured. Purify and perfect us all through the power of love and bring us more and more together in the great spiritual realities. Amen.

FREDERICK M. BENNETT.

I do not ask that I may see
The distant years that are to be,
Or that my eager hands may hold,
Treasures of silver or of gold;

Nor do I ask for vast estate,
That foolish men may call me great —
How could I for such trifles pine
When all the Universe is mine?

I simply ask that I may be
Content with what is given me,
And, simply trusting, ever wait,
A child within its father's gate.

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

Our Father in Heaven, in this morning light of a new day we look to Thee in confidence and trust. We ask for strength and courage for its duties and for faith in its perplexities and burdens. This day is the portion of eternity that lies before our feet. O, may heavenly things enter in and make us rich in the spirit. Whatever may befall in this troublous time we know not, but 'underneath are the everlasting arms' and we will trust Thee for this day. Amen.

WILLIAM CHANNING BROWN.

I heard a nestling crying in the dark;
The mother hid it 'neath her brooding wing
And quickly hushed the frightened little thing.

I heard an infant crying in the dark;
The mother pressed it to her loving breast,
And soon the troubled child was hushed to rest.

I heard a sad heart crying in the dark;
The Father-Mother God, compassionate and mild,
Took gently by the hand the frightened, trembling child,
And lo! the night was changed to glorious day.

TEDA M. EARLE.

O Thou, who art Our Father and Our Mother, we thank Thee for the beauty and the glory of this new day, fresh from Thy hand, a divine gift to Thy children. Help us to realize how precious is this gift, and may we here highly resolve to walk therein as sons and daughters of the Living God, conscious of our divine inheritance, heirs of the morning, born for eternity. Thou hast lavished upon us all the tenderness of a Father's heart and all the sacredness of a Mother's love. Help us to be worthy of that continued love and blessing, that every morning may begin with joy and every evening end in peace. Hear us and bless us, Our Father, we pray Thee. Amen.

MANLEY B. TOWNSEND.

It's the kindly hearts of earth that make
This good old world worth while.
It's the lips with tender words that wake
The care-erasing smile.
And I ask my soul this question when
My goodly gifts I see,—
Am I a friend to as many men
As have been good friends to me?

When my brothers speak a word of praise
My wavering will to aid,
I ask if ever their long, long ways
My words have brighter made.
And to my heart I bring again
This eager, earnest plea,—
Make me a friend to as many men
As are good, staunch friends to me.

NIXON WATERMAN.

Our Father, though we often forget Thee in the rush and stress of life, we rejoice that Thou dost never forget us. Whether we wake or sleep we are still under Thy care. May we become more fully conscious of Thy love and eternal providence. Cause us to remember the daily blessings we receive. Open our eyes to see the beauty of this outward world and the greater beauty of true and noble lives. Make us glad in the sweet friendships of daily life and in that human sympathy which comes in so many unexpected ways. Rouse within us the spirit of gratitude, and so quicken our better nature that we shall ever try to live the kind and friendly life, even as the Master, who went about doing good. Amen.

CHARLES B. ELDER.

Never call him fatherless
Who has God.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

For darkness passes — storms shall not abide,
A little patience and the fog is past;
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,
The singing floods return in joy at last.
The night is long and pain weighs heavily,
But God will hold His world above despair;
Look to the East, where up the lurid sky
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.
CELIA THAXTER.

Thick clouds and darkness cannot conceal Thee, our Heavenly Father, from trustful hearts. Even in our pains Thou art near to soothe and to cheer. We would bless Thee even when our eyes are moist with tears. We would find wells in the valley of Baca. Grant us grace for hard circumstances and light for dark valleys. Strengthen us to bear burdens, and through our afflictions develop in us the character of Jesus Christ. Deliver us from doubt when the clouds lower, and make us feel Thy presence when the storms rage. Inspire us to fight bravely and to wait patiently until the day of victory dawns. Amen.

CHARLES P. MACGREGOR.

"Be of good cheer," he said;
Yet well he knew
The way seems hard and weary, too,
And still he says this day to you,
"Be of good cheer!"

"Be of good cheer," he said,
O trembling one!
So much attempted and so little done?
Love will complete the work by you begun,
Be of good cheer!

ROSE HENNIKER HEATON.

Dear Lord, Our Father, in the name of Jesus Christ we thank Thee for this day. Help us to remember that our Savior knew the weariness of toil, the distraction of petty things, the bitterness of failure and help us like Him to know a peace which we cannot understand. Grant, O God, that for the new day we may receive new faith, increase our love for those who hinder and annoy us, make us more watchful to be kind. Forgive us that we have done so little but do Thou keep us ambitious to do much for Thee. May to-day see less opportunities neglected, fewer minutes wasted or ill-spent than yesterday. In Thy Holy Name we ask it. Amen.

HENRY C. SPEED.

Nothing can bring peace but the triumph of principles.

EMERSON.

With faint far bugling in the noble east,
I hear the herald of the struggling day
Calling each man to victor's earnestness,
To bring in truth the dream of yesterday.

WILLIAM NORTHROP MORSE.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen.
To make the music and the beauty needs
The Master's touch, the Sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie.

Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!
Amen.

HORATIO BONAR.

Because the road was steep and long
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

Through miles on weary miles of night
That stretch relentless in my way,
My lantern burns serene and white,
An undiminished cup of day.

O golden lights and lights like wine,
How dim your boasted splendors are.
Behold this little lamp of mine;
It is more starlike than a star!

JOYCE KILMER GREEN.

Thou hast blessed me, Thou hast chastened,
That I might be drawn to Thee,
Yet my steps I ne'er have hastened,
Spite of all Thy care for me.
I have sought the road to danger,
I have lingered on the way,
To Thy pleading still a stranger,
Though Thy love grew day by day.

Now I turn to Thee, depending
On Thy will to bid me live,
For a life of bliss unending,
Which Thy love alone can give.
And I pray Thy mercy, hear me,
And I ask Thy tender grace
That Thou keepest ever near me
Till I look upon Thy face.

Amen.

FATHER AMADEUS.

He walked with God. Where'er he went abroad,
Hate changed to love, wrath melted into calm,
And every wounded heart received its balm,
Nor knew from what celestial fountain poured
The healing flood, nor recognized the Lord.
He walked with God. Ill lost its power to harm
As he passed by, and evil ceased to charm;
To purblind eyes was light again restored.

He walked with God. His was the common lot
Of joy and pain wherein full life is found;
Yet peace was his, and love that faileth not
Shone in his face, diffusing light around.
He walked with God, all trivial cares forgot;
And lo! where'er he trod was holy ground.

CHARLOTTE C. ELIOT.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the men and women of all ages who have walked with Thee, and by so doing have been made to know and feel, and even embody the sweetness and beauty of Thy divine nature, thus giving to their fellow-men the benefit of their experience and inclining other hearts to walk with Thee. Help us as night lifts her sable curtains and the daily work begins, to go to our tasks with cheerful hearts, and with lives so transfigured by Thy love, that they shall bring peace and blessing to every one we meet, and they shall know that we have walked with Thee. Amen.

VERNON M. DEMING.

"It doesn't look right, somehow. Oh, I see — I've made a little mistake in the pattern, away back there," and she held up the dainty bit of fancy-work for her girl chum's inspection.

"Better make it right before you go on," suggested the chum. But the first worker shook her head.

"It won't show much. It isn't worth the bother," she declared, and went on with the work to the end. Yet many times afterward she wished she had remedied that trifling fault in her work. She knew it was there; others saw it, and it marred the pleasure of the whole thing. Instead of the unadulterated enjoyment of the pretty work, the girl grew to dislike the very sight of it, to see only the mistake, to watch others find it and mention it. But it did her good; for she learned the beauty of perfection and the satisfaction of good work, one's best effort, whether it be fancy-work or the art of living, and to pass no mistakes unheeded.

ANONYMOUS.

Grant to us, our Father, that we may fulfill our days, bringing to each with the morning's light a pure heart purpose to serve Thee and to bless our fellow men; and may our every task be wrought so sincerely, that in part it may become worthy of Thy benediction, and glorify Thee. Give to us, a wise and understanding heart; such loving patience with others as Thou ever showest to us, and a sure will to bear the burdens, and to temper all the experiments of sorrow or of joy which may come to us. Thine may we be always, and Thine the work of our hands! Amen.

THOMAS L. ELIOT.

It is pleasant to think, just under the snow
That stretches so bleak and blank and cold,
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot know —
Green fields and leaves and blossoms of gold.

Yes, under this frozen and dumb expanse,
Ungladdened by bee or bird or flower,
A world where the leaping fountains glance
And the buds expand, is waiting the hour.

And often now when the skies are wild,
And hoarse and sullen the night winds blow,
And lanes and hollows with drifts are piled,
I think of the violets under the snow.

So there, from the outer sense concealed
It lies, — shut in by a veil of snow.
But there, to the inward eye revealed
Are boughs that blossom and flowers that glow.

FAY HEMPSTEAD.

We thank Thee, our dear Father, for the light and leading of faith. How dark and sad our world would be if Thou hadst not given to us visions born of Thy Spirit. We are deeply grateful that the inward eye can see above the storm the shining of the sun, and under the snow the blossoming of the flowers. Help us, O God, to develop more and more the power that will enable us to get beneath the transient to the permanent, finding underneath all the Eternal Love and Heart. May we also open our eyes to the large side of life, and so become better disciples of Him who endeavored to bring Thy kingdom on earth. Amen.

SAMUEL GILBERT AYRES.

The period of life is brief;
'Tis the red of the red rose-leaf,
'Tis the gold of a sunset sky,
'Tis the flight of a bird on high;
But one can fill the space
With such an infinite grace,
That the red will tinge all time;
And the gold through the ages shine;
And the bird fly swift and straight
To the portals of God's own gate.

ANONYMOUS.

Thank God for life, thank God for truth and love,
For good brown earth, for starry skies above,
For golden days of sunshine warm and bright,
E'en for each candle flickering through the night.

Thank God for flowers that blow in gardens fair,
For tiny blossoms in a city square.
Thank God for saints who steadfastly abide,
Thank God for all mankind who tried, who tried!

Thank God, each day, each hour, thank God for all!
And He shall judge what things are great, what small!
Amen.

ROSE HENNIKER HEATON.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Eternal God, help us to consecrate this new day to useful and loving service. Chasten and ennoble our hearts by Thy conscious presence. In all our thought and toil may we find Thy wisdom and feel Thy power. Guard our tongues from the cruel, unjust and idle words that hurt our comrades and stain the soul. Inspire us now to go forth with cheerful courage and hope, to relieve pain and create gladness through every fleeting hour. We would cast our bread upon the waters that it may be found after many days. Help us to face our present tasks with an unselfish and dutiful mind, — not anxious as to the end, but let us commit our song of healing to the winds of Thy Providence; — for even they that sow in tears shall reap in joy, and know the divine surprise. Amen.

SHEED ANDERSON.

I hold that man alone succeeds
Whose life is crowned by noble deeds,
Who cares not for the world's applause
But scorns vain custom's outgrown laws;
Who feels not dwarfed by nature's show,
But deep within himself doth know
That conscious man is greater far
Than ocean, land or distant star;
Who does not count his wealth by gold,
His worth by office he may hold,
But feels himself, as man alone,
As good as king upon a throne;
Who, battling 'gainst each seeming wrong,
Can meet disaster with a song,
Feel sure of victory in defeat,
And rise refreshed the foe to meet.
Who only lives the world to bless,
Can never fail — HE IS SUCCESS.

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

We thank Thee, our Father, that soul-nobility is greater, even, than its expression in noble deeds, and that Thy Kingdom, the very Kingdom of Heaven, is within us. In the opening of this new day, make clear to us the glory of our eternal treasures, and send us to our tasks in the fullness of spirit, whereby we shall be a help and a blessing. Let our strength be shown in courage, our wisdom in discernment, and our high source of spiritual renewal in continued good cheer. Let our inward assurance that right is might, and will overcome every wrong, shine forth in manifestations of faith and faithfulness as we practice and persevere in the ways of brotherly love. Amen.

WILLIAM H. MCGLAUFLIN.

Why shouldn't a song
Be cheery and bright,
If you love it along
All the day and the night?
If you cuddle it close
Ere it taketh its flight
And joyously goes
On the wings of delight.

Why shouldn't a life
Be free as a song,
Unembittered by strife
And unclouded by wrong?
O my heart, be thou pure,
O my soul, be thou strong —
As the hills that endure,
As the mountains that throng!

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Our Father in heaven, we rejoice in Thee, the God of our salvation. When the nights are wearisome to us, full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day, Thou dost open the morning with the joy of Thy presence and Thou art unto us as a very lovely song. We pray Thee that morning by morning Thou wilt satisfy us with Thy loving kindness that we may be glad all our days. Grant unto us strength in Thy sanctuary that our whole spirit and soul and body may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

JOHN W. HAMILTON.

There are many to sing us the doleful song
Of the heart that is heavy with tears;
But who will sing us the dauntless song —
A marching measure that swings along —
Of the heart that has no fears?

The joy of life is the forward road
To the heart that is ready to go;
There's a laugh and a jest at the end of day,
And a sweet voice calling from far away
Whenever the wild winds blow.

Though what we shall see at the turn of the road
Is hidden from you and from me,
Yet with heart that is free of a vain disguise,
And face to the front, and fearless eyes,
We will dare whatever we see.

TERTIUS VAN DYKE.

O Lord, Thou art to us the Light of life. When Thou art near we are upon the daybreak side of the darkness, yet even in the night Thou givest songs. Grant us the mind which cannot be affrighted, even by the call to suffer. Vouchsafe to us Hope's vision and make us to know that the outcome of devotion is to be the everlasting glory. So may we go on our journey, unfaltering, unafraid, and may the open confidence and courage of our living make easier for those about us the burden and the way. Amen.

LUTHER B. WILSON.

Within every healing shadow is God himself; and so, though it seem to be a shadow of the sorest sorrow and pain, yet it will lift me upward and lead me into the light. Indeed it cannot be a hurting shadow if God is in it. I care not how painful, perplexing, and dark — the very darkness will be light about me. If He is with me, I will fear no evil. All the shadows of God are divine!

ROBERT COLLYER.

O Thou Light Divine, unto Thee we open wide the windows of our souls, our hearts, our brains; greeting Thee with the smile of the morning dawn. Flood our souls, and make them vibrant with the brilliance of Thine ineffable Glory! Warm our hearts so that we will sensitively respond to the call of human need! May the good cheer and refreshment that cometh from the brightness of Thy Presence inspire our voices with the symphonies of Thy Heavenly Grace! In the Light of Thy Presence may heart throbs be softened; may the shadows veil their faces in retirement, and surely the darksome clouds of sorrow and disappointment will break and disappear. Thus Light leaps out to Light as we sing Thy Praise, O God! Amen.

H. ELMER GILCHRIST.

A house is built of bricks and stone,
Of tiles and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.

VICTOR HUGO.

A man's life in his family, with his wife, with his children, with his mother, with his neighbors, is not made up of grandstand plays and defiance of the elements and all that sort of thing. It is made up of a series of little acts, and these little acts and little self-restraints are what go to make up the man's character.

WILLIAM H. TAFT.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for all the gifts with which Thou hast enriched and gladdened human lives, but chiefly do we thank Thee for the home. For its maintenance we gladly go forth in the morning to our daily toil, and at evening return to enjoy its shelter and love. Giving and receiving is here attended with peculiar joy. Here may we gain strength of character, by restraint of criticism and faultfinding and by kind forbearance and expressions of appreciation. Help us to make our home a part of the Kingdom of Heaven where prevails righteousness, peace and joy. Amen.

JULIUS P. WEST.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.

SHAKESPEARE.

Away, then, with all complaints, all meager and mean anxieties! Take your duty and be strong in it, as God will make you strong. The harder it is the stronger, in fact, you will be. Understand, also, that the great question here is not what you will get, but what you will become. The greatest wealth you can ever get will be in yourself. Take your burdens and troubles and losses and wrongs, if come they must and will, as your opportunities, knowing that God has girded you for greater things than these.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

O Thou who tasted the bitter cup of life's disappointments and failures, we come to Thee with our shattered hopes, sore disappointments and failures as Thou only knowest best what they are. Let us have the strength that comes from Thy precious fellowship and comradeship. Weaken us, we pray Thee, where we trust our strength. Strengthen us where we feel our weakness. May we learn day by day the peace and security that is to be always found in dwelling in the secret places of the most high. So we find success in failures, satisfaction and peace in disappointments, consolation under Thy rod. Amen.

GREGARY A. SHERADAN.

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing;
In hours of toil it gives me zest
And when at eve I long for rest,
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

* * * * * *

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees,
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle in the grain,
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

O Thou, great Author of nature's harmonies, we thank Thee that Thou hast given to man the desire and the capacity for song; that there are in the human soul God-like emotions that tend thus to express themselves, and which by such expression are deepened and prolonged. May thought and word and deed this day come before Thee as notes of thanksgiving and praise. Amid the shadows of the twilight may our hearts still sing. So inspire us, we pray Thee, that the melodies of our earthly life may at length merge without break into the holier harmonies of heaven. Amen.

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door,
Where the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed,
He did it well.
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

* * * * * *

In words he did not put his trust,
His faith in words was never writ,
He loved to share his cup and crust
With anyone who needed it.
He took the lead
In each good task.
What was his creed?
I did not ask.

EDWARD PAYSON POWELL.

Our dear Heavenly Father, as we remember Thy loving kindness and tender mercies which have been so great toward us, may we not forget that there are others less fortunate. Open our eyes that we may see the needs around us. Keep us so close to Thee that we may hear Thy voice, and do Thy will. Unfold to us Thy plan for this day's work. Help us to minister to some sorrowing heart, to brighten some darkened home, to speak some word of cheer and share with others the comforts and the blessings which Thou hast so graciously bestowed upon us. Amen.

ELLEN R. RICHARDSON.

Frowning forests hid the sun,
The sun that burns for all;
The path of Hope, in light begun,
Lay buried 'neath a pall.

Beneath the snow a floweret sweet
Was dreaming of the day
When springtide light its bloom should greet
With long-forgotten ray.

Hope, scenting fragrance in the gloom,
Pressed on with hastening wing —
Of this sweet blossom's heartening bloom
My gladdened soul would sing.

Little flower, little flower!
Thy breath is wafted wide;
The murk and gloom have felt thy power,
And may not long abide.

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Heavenly Father, we confess that there have been dark hours when doubt and dread took hold upon our hearts. We have thought too much upon the shadow and have looked down. But now, Lord, we seek the light without which there could be no shadow. If any cloud of perplexity, sorrow or sin shall this day prevent the beauty and comfort of Thy clear shining, may we have the will to live an hour at a time by remembered blessings and by hoped-for seasons of faith and hope and love, and in the reflected rays of every sweet and noble witness to the day. Amen.

WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR.

Stop making good excuses. Even if you think you have a good excuse, don't use it. Especially do not use it upon yourself. You may be able to make it go somewhere else, but you cannot use it at home without suffering in your own self-respect. Opportunity lies around you. Move on and possess it. And you will not need the good excuse. A good excuse, prepared in advance, is an invitation to failure. It is success you want, not excuses. One opportunity improved is worth a million good excuses.

W. E. Barton.

God of Love, help us to obey the upward urge of Thy Spirit with unfaltering faith and steadfast purpose. Give us strength this day to be and do what our minds and hearts tell us is Thy will. Make us honest with ourselves. If we do not the thing we promise, the duty we ought, give us grace to bear the blame. Help us always to end in honor what we begin in hope. Awaken our souls to the dawning glory of a new day for Thee. And so in the spirit of the Master may we find joy and peace. Amen.

John H. Quint.

There is only one sort of shabbiness that matters, a shabbiness of the soul.

EDWIN PUGH.

I deem his faith the best
Who daily puts it into loving deeds,
Done for the poor, the sorrowing, and the oppressed;
For these are more than creeds,
And though a blinded reason oft may err,
The heart that loves is faith's interpreter.

EDWARD PAYSON POWELL.

O God of the morning hours, we lift our hearts in gratitude to Thee. We accept the new day as a token of Thy love, and as another opportunity for doing good. Save our souls from sloth and sordidness; fill our minds with pure thoughts and holy aspirations; enable us to set our affections on things above; incline our wills to keep Thy holy law; guide our feet into ways of wisdom and paths of peace. Fill our lips with messages of love, and may our hands be stretched out to help the helpless and to raise the fallen. So endue us with Thy wisdom and inspire us by Thy love that we, like our Master, may go about doing good. Amen.

SAMUEL H. WOODROW.

She was built way back in other years,
And she's barnacled deep with the tide and tears,
But the old ship Hope is the ship for me
When the wind blows up from the westering sea.
The old ship Hope, with her barnacled sides,
She's the ship for me on the worldwide tides.

* * * * * *

A thousand junkets of doubt go down;
But she sails home to the golden town,
To the dreaming town, to the beautiful mart
That is hard by the gates of the human heart.
The old ship Hope, with her pennant there
In the sweet sea wind and the clean sea air.

Folger McKinsey.

Our God, our Hope, in whom our souls rest undismayed, as forth we go to duty, yet, to test the tempest — sea and tide, Thy guiding hand will hold the helm, and hold us true to task assigned and crown us with the glad "well done." We cannot ask for more! Keep us alive to joys that come to weary sailors, sailing home. In the Master's name. Amen.

John E. Wildey.

(Abraham Lincoln. Born 1809)

A great style of hero draws equally all classes, all the extremes of society, till we say the very dogs believe in him. . . . Abraham Lincoln is perhaps the most remarkable example of this class that we have seen, — a man who was at home and welcome with the humblest, and with a spirit and a practical vein in the times of terror that commanded the admiration of the wisest. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

God of the ages, our fathers' God and our God, who hath never forsaken Thy children, continue to bless, guide, and protect us. We thank Thee that the name of Abraham Lincoln, the world's great commoner, will not only be hallowed to-day by the people of his country, but by all the liberty-loving people around the world. Born as lowly as the Saviour of men, with little or no opportunity for an education and few books to guide him, increased in wisdom and knowledge and became the exponent of all that is purest and best. Surely he was the man of God, chosen to guide our ship of state through the terrible storm which broke upon it to a safe harbor, "with malice toward none and charity for all." Grant that the story of his life may be told round the fireside, in every school, in every hamlet, in every city throughout the world, to the glory and honor of Thy holy name. Amen.

Henry N. Couden.

The pessimist
Says, all forlorn,
"There's never a rose
Without its thorn."
But the optimist,
With heart elate,
Is glad of the rose
At his garden gate
And bending low,
Some dewy morn,
In its beauty's glow
Forgets the thorn.

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, Giver of the light, we begin the new day with an uplift of heart and purpose. We are glad of the beauty of Thy world, for our home and friends, for happy children's faces. May we go to the duties, the cares and the joys of the day with cheerful obedience to every whisper of truth and honor, with a growing sense of the mighty order of service and loyalty in which we are bound, of each daily task as Thy appointment, of every impulse of our common love as the token of Thy continual presence. And when the night comes, may we go to our rest at peace with all the world, children of a divine universe whose law is Thy good will. Amen.

CHARLES F. DOLE.

I sing of victory, from the deep
Of broken years and sore defeat;
From out the bitter fires of pain
I chant the victor's conquering strain,
For he who seeks to win the prize
Must hope till even courage dies;
And trust, though beaten to the dust,
That Truth will win when hope is lost.
This, then, is Victory — to know,
Though crushed beneath the foeman's blow,
That every throb of mortal woe
Brings God to face the conquering foe.

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

Oft, O God, our sky is overcast, and betimes the storm beats pitilessly upon us. Then it is we learn the sources of our inner security, and find with the Psalmist, that the Lord God is our sun and shield. As we go forth this day from the sweet shelter of our fireside to unknown vicissitudes, be Thou, O Father, our Companion. May we have in Thee the charm and cheer of home, whithersoever we go. Break through all our clouds with the heavenly shining of Thy face; and when day is done, may we be gathered around the evening lamp, a united, contented, happy family. Amen.

I. M. ATWOOD.

"All the others can sing," he dolefully said,
"All the others can sing," said he.
So he sat and drooped. But as far and wide
The music was borne on the air's warm tide,
A sudden thought came to the sad little bird,
And he lifted his head as within him it stirred;
"If I cannot sing, I can listen!" he cried,
"Ho, ho, I can listen!" he cried.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for music which comes with invisible fingers to weave its magic charm around the soul. We thank Thee for the songs and the singers of the world. Though we ourselves may not have the gift of song, still let us not lament, let us rather be glad that we may listen to the songs that others sing. Help us, O God, to be good listeners to the song of the wind among the trees, the song of the birds which makes the day glad, to all helpful human songs, to the songs of Mother earth, that so, the very listening may bring peace and hope. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

'Tis a thorny way, said a pilgrim,
As he thought of his garments old;
See, the briers are sharp and cruel,
And scarce can I loose their hold!
And the vines are so closely tangled
And the path is so dark and drear —
Oh, if I be lost in the forest,
There's no one to help or hear!
The pilgrim went his way
With scanty garments closely bound,
And lo, at close of day
His voice was heard, like whispered sound
Through leafy glades: This have I found:
Love led my feet to-day!
'Twas not a thorny way!

MARY I. MESECHRE.

Thou who art ever mindful of the journeyings of Thy children toward the summit, we turn to Thee this morning hour in the confidence of love. Our burdens Thou wilt help us bear; the cares which beset us, Thou wilt help us to overcome and make of them blessings. Thou wilt wipe our tears away, turn our sadness into joy, steady our faltering steps and keep our consciences in harmony with Thy spirit. So, through the day to eventide, we trustfully, lovingly walk with Thee in the knowledge of the blessedness of Thy companionship and the benediction of Thy approving love. Amen.

STEPHEN HERBERT ROBLIN.

All things are possible to him that believeth.
Mark 9:23.

I will this day try to live a simple, sincere, and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety, discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence, exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like trust in God. JOHN H. VINCENT.

Almighty God, strengthen our faith so that we may pray believing that with Thee all things are possible. Create within us clean hearts and renew a right spirit within us. Give us the strength that will enable us this day to live pure, happy, and cheerful lives. Guard our thoughts and words this day so that we may neither think impure thoughts nor utter unkind words. May we realize that all service rendered to our fellow-men is service unto Thee. Amen.

NORMAN MCQUEEN.

He did a deed, a gracious deed —
He ministered to men in need;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a loving deed —
Oh, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed, and on his way
A bird sang in his heart all day.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Heavenly Father, the day dawns and with the dawn comes opportunity. Responsible we are, and therefore accountable. As Thy servants, we look up unto Thee that our strength may be renewed. O grant that we may not let this day pass without rendering some service to our fellow-men. Help us to have faces reflecting the sunlight, songs that will banish care, words that will cheer the despondent. Help us perform some loving deed that shall be a reminder of Him who "went about doing good." Let us crave no greater task than to do the "little things" as unto Him. Thus we shall cast shadows of blessing, and the end shall be eternal calm. Amen.

JOHN D. CAMPBELL.

It is something to see, for one hour, a snow-driven city — to admire how all the vileness is hidden for a few minutes out of sight, though there were no use except that in it. But in the country the snow casting its white robe of protection over the land, gathering it as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings — that is a sight which leads us again toward the heaven out of which the wonder comes. And I would touch these snowflakes less for what they prove than for what they are — the testimony of a snow-drift to the Sermon on the Mount — the extension of Christ's great argument out of summer into winter. If God so shape the snow-star, can he fail finally to shape the soul? And if he giveth snow like wool, to hap the shivering seed, if he so clothe the land as well as the lily, will he leave me naked?

ROBERT COLLYER.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the snow; that emblem of purity which itself is not only pure but also a purifier, and therefore useful as well as beautiful. And as betimes it covers all unsightly things with its spotless mantle of white, so may the mantle of Divine Charity hide our moral deformities and cover our multitude of sins, till our sins, though as scarlet, shall be made white as snow, and we become purifiers; turning many to righteousness that we may shine as the stars forever. Amen.

HENRY L. CANFIELD.

How do you make a Sunny Hour?
Just take some right good will,
Some love, some trust, and faith as well,
Enough to fairly fill
A good sized heart — and you will find
There's still some room to spare
For impulse, which will prompt kind words
And actions, here and there.

Mix all together with a smile
That's spiced with willingness,
And daily use of this, my friend,
Will help you to confess
That wheresoever you may seek,
You'll find no recipe
Like this, to make a Sunny Hour,
Wherever you may be.

MARY D. BRINE.

O God, we thank Thee for the past night of quietness and for this day with its open doors of usefulness. Save us from frittering away its time at useless tasks. Show us how to fill it with enriching service. Fill our hearts with good will to all. Ballast us with love. Rest us on the rock of ages in storm times. Make our faith active. Employ our good impulses and control our bad ones. Put the smile of heart joy on our faces. Gladden our hearts with sweet willingness. And so create in all our secluded corners sunshine that our souls may attain full growth. Amen.

JOHN H. DIETRICH.

The two little fellows were having all they could do to drag along the cart; the road was rough and they were very cold and tired. It was just then that Marshall overtook them, on his way back from a geology tramp. In a minute he had his hand on the cart handle and the procession was hurrying gayly along, the little lads, Marshall and the two freshmen who had been with him.

"What made Marshall stop to do that?" one of the freshmen asked of another older student that evening. "Queer thing to bother himself about. Does he know all the youngsters in town?"

"He probably didn't know them at all," said the other. "But you don't know Marshall yet, do you? He's like that about everything. He always takes the load."

Could there be a finer tribute to a young man than that — "He always takes the load"?

At the end of their journey, the student took five minutes to help them get their cart and its load safely housed, before hurrying on to his own belated dinner.

PHYLLIS GATES.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the kindly and fraternal spirit of those who are willing to help bear the load. Is not this the very heart of the Gospel, "Bear ye one another's burden"? We thank Thee for Him who was himself the great burden-bearer. In this spirit let us go forth to-day to make lighter the burdens of those who are tired. So may we multiply the spirit of the Master and make a gladder, happier world. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

(George Washington. Born 1732)

Amid the early, troublous days he towers,
The man of character and worth sublime,
Perchance the most illustrious of time,
The marvel whom we proudly claim as ours.
Like an abutment stands he, huge and square,
From which the span of liberty should spring,
The great republic's lofty arches swing,
The destiny of countless hosts to bear.
O Washington, across the shining years
Made glorious by thy regal manhood's might,
We humbly hail thee father of our land.
First in the great succession of our peers,
Our sovereign of thine own unquestioned right,
Primal American, serene and grand.

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT.

O Thou Infinite Spirit, we thank Thee for the great land in which we live. We bless Thee for the great men whom Thou gavest us at every period of our nation's story; we thank Thee for such as were wise in council, those also who were valiant in fight, and by whose right arm our redemption was wrought out. We thank Thee for those noblest men and women who were filled with justice, with benevolence and with piety, and who sought to make Thy constitution of the universe the common law of all mankind. We bless Thee for those whose names have gone abroad among the nations of the earth to encourage men in righteousness and to turn many from the evil of their ways. So may Thy kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

THEODORE PARKER.

Laugh a little now and then,
It lightens life a lot;
You can see the funny side
Just as well as not.
Don't go mournfully around,
Gloomy and forlorn;
Try to make your fellow men
Glad that you were born.

Laugh a good deal if you can,
That is better still,
And you'll find occasion, too,
If you only will.
Laughing lightens labor some
When you have to strive,
Laugh and show the world that you
Are glad that you're alive.

ANONYMOUS.

We rejoice, O Lord, in the rest of the past night and in the light of this new day. Thou art ever with us and Thy hand showers upon us the gifts of Thy abounding love. Secure in Thy care and providence, may we meet the day's tasks and pleasures with courage and hope. May the spirit of exuberant joy be ours. Baptized by Thy Holy Spirit may we overcome all temptations that assail us, put evil far from us, and walk in the way of Thy commandments. In the joy of living may we forget bitterness and the ways of darkness, and with faithful, loving hearts rejoice to serve Thee ever. Amen.

CLARENCE E. RICE.

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way.
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

JOHN OXENHAM.

O Thou, who art the Way, the Truth and the Life, be Thou our guide this day and every day. Help us to climb to the higher paths from lower levels. Help us to remember those who are drifting without Thee, so that Thou mayest find one and another of them through our revelation of Thy spirit toward them. When we stumble may we ever turn our faces upward to Thee, knowing that only thus may we rise in strength and renewed courage for a better climb. When we fall, do Thou lift us up by Thy strength divine, and quicken in us the hope that we shall walk more closely another day. In Thee we cannot wander far away. In Thee we shall surely find our feet to be upon the pathway everlasting which grows bright and brighter unto the perfect day. Amen.

HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON.

For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee.

Isaiah 41 : 13.

It is said of Alexander that after one of his famous battles, he distributed to his soldiers all the spoils of the victory, keeping nothing for himself. One of his soldiers asked him what he reserved for himself. The great general answered, "Hope." Who keeps all without hope is poor. Who gives all but keeps hope is rich. Hope by some strange alchemy transmutes defeat into victory, poverty into wealth.

George L. Perin.

O Lord, early in the morning our prayer shall rise to Thee. Thou art our strength and shield, a present help in every time of need. Precious are Thy thoughts to us; for every sweet promise of Thine, we bless Thee. Increase our faith, Lord, that we may lay hold of Thy promises and enter upon our Christian heritage. Thus shall our lives be purer and happier. We bless Thee for our Christian hope, so great and so divine. It is an anchor to our soul. By it we shall endure the trials of life. By it we shall be saved. Amen.

John Calder.

Were the whole world good as you — not an atom better —
Were it just as pure and true,
Just as pure and true as you;
Just as strong in faith and works;
Just as free from crafty quirks;
All extortion, all deceit;
Schemes its neighbor to defeat;
Schemes its neighbor to defraud;
Schemes some culprit to applaud —
Would this world be better?
If the whole world followed you — followed to the letter —
Would it be a nobler world,
All deceit and falsehood hurled
From it altogether;
Malice, selfishness, and lust
Banished from beneath the crust
Covering human hearts from view —
Tell me, if it followed you,
Would the world be better?

ANONYMOUS.

O God, help us in Thy light to search our own hearts. Is this world growing better or worse for our living in it? Are we daily making it easier for all men to do good and harder for all to do evil? Are we by our lives helping Thy kingdom to come and Thy will to be done on earth even as in heaven? Help us this day in all humility and yet in praise and joy to live the Life Abundant that we may make this world a little better and happier. Amen.

C. H. STACKPOLE.

Not mine to mount to courts where seraphs sing,
Or glad archangels soar on outstretched wing;
Not mine in union with celestial choirs
To sound heaven's trump or strike the gentler wires;
Not mine to stand enrolled at crystal gates,
Where Michael thunders or where Uriel waits;
But lesser worlds a Father's kindness know;
Be mine some simple service here below —
To weep with those who weep, their joys to share,
Their pain to solace or their burdens bear;
Some widow in her agony to meet;
Some exile in his new-found home to greet;
To serve some child of Thine and so serve Thee.
Lo, here am I! To such a work send me!

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

O God, our Father, and the Father of all men, out of Thy great loving kindness, a new day comes to us, a day to live and a day to give, to own Thy blessed and blessing offices, and to consecrate all we are to the diffusion of goodness and peace among our fellows. Help us to go on our way, for this day, joyfully, with the light of love in our faces, and the strength of truth in all we do. May we be glad to seek out those who are sad, and discouraged, and lonely, and bring them the peace and inspiration of friendship. May our own companionship with Thee, and with Thy dear Son, make us the light and joy of all who meet us in the way, or who open to us their need. Amen.

A. FRANCIS WALCH.

A woman said, "She disappointed me.
I'd seen her picture, read about her work,
Looked forward so to meeting her — and then
To find her just a frowzy little thing
With such a bonnet!"
Thus a journalist:
"She wasn't worth my time to interview;
Nothing to see, nothing to say for print."
A poet mused, "How simple and how pure
The soul that speaks in every word and look,
That knows itself the priestess of God's beauty
And gives for love what others grudge for praise!
What courage and what patience in her eyes!
What music of true feeling in her voice!
How every feature kindles with the light
That burns upon the altar of her faith!
How beautiful, how beautiful she is!"

CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for that inner sense by which we learn to read the hearts of men and to understand the soul of things. Let us not seek to bend life to our temporary ends, but help us to find its inner beauty and to learn its deeper meaning. So shall we, ourselves, outgrow the superficial and learn to know the mystery of deepening and broadening life. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Over a winding, wayside wall,
Ragged, and rough, and gray,
There crept a tender and clinging vine,
Tireless day by day.
At last its mantle of softest tint
Covered each jagged seam;
The straggling wall, half broken down,
Became, with that leafy, tinted crown,
Fair as an artist's dream.

Oh for the kindness that clings and twines
Over life's broken wall,
That blossoms above the scars of pain,
Striving to hide them all!
Oh for the helpful, ministering hands,
Beneficent, willing feet,
That spread rich mantles of tender thought
O'er life's hard places, till Time has wrought
Its healing — divine, complete.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

Heavenly Father, along our path of life there thrusts itself this rough, ragged, and gray stone wall — symbol of disappointed hopes, unrealized ideals, thwarted ambitions. We cannot evade it. We dare not ignore it. Help us that, like the "tender and clinging vine," we may thrust our roots deep in Thee, and drawing nourishment from thence may we grow on and over the jagged seams of this winding wayside wall making of it a veritable ladder whereon to climb heavenward. Thus shall we be more than conquerors through Him who strengtheneth us. Amen.

HENRY BLATZ, JR.

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited,
He said: "Where do you troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"

"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who meekly say good-bye to hope;
We go — where we're expected."

HELEN E. STARRETT.

Our dear Father, as we pick up our loads this new day, having rested safely and peacefully in Thy precious arms, wilt Thou give us the strength and courage to meet and pass by all trouble that comes our way. May we not hesitate on the road to mope, or to give up, but make us hopeful and cheerful, making life the easier, and when our journey is finished, may we see Thee face to face. Amen.

ELSIE M. LINN.

In other days of other years afar,
To all life's vaunting joys I gladly turned,
Mine own self-will, my happiness, the quest —
And yet in vain! For this I had not learned:
Thou knowest best.

Through tears and trials still 'tis ours to prove
Or soon or late, — for so to choose we may, —
There is no gladness, harmony, nor rest
Until we do Thy will, content to pray:
Thou knowest best.

Beyond the dim horizon's distant hills
I cannot see the path, nor trace the way
My feet shall walk. Nor do I ask, What test?
What gain? Enough for me it is to say:
Thou knowest best.

EUGENIA BEATRICE MABURY.

Yes, dear Father, Thou knowest best! Surely the great joy of life is worthy achievement. Give us that joy day by day! Help us to make the most of our opportunities, saying not only "Thy will be done," but making the doing of Thy will, whatever our lot and task, life's great aim and purpose. So may we live worthily, finding day by day that we are doing at least something, and achieving something, for the good of men and the glory of God. Amen.

HENRY S. BURRAGE.

We must mind the saying of the grand old martyr I love so to cite — "God is our helper, but he loves to be helped." And so as we say in our folk-speech, we must be on hand and get a good ready; must beware how we say, "It is no use trying," when the droughts of life are at their worst. We must trust in the great Helper to curb all our striving, and listen to the Psalmist's cheerful song, "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and he shall give thee thy heart's desire."

ROBERT COLLYER.

O Thou who art ever near us, waiting only our readiness to let Thee come in and be our helper, each new morning we would open the doors and windows of our souls to Thee. We would walk with Thee this day with patient trust that in Thine own good time Thou wilt give us our hearts' desires; and we would be co-laborers with Thee in the furthering of Thy beneficent purposes; — helping to make this world of ours a better and a happier dwelling place for Thy children. May the sunlight of Thy goodness and the inspiration to noble thought and deed be reflected from our lives into the lives of all with whom we come into contact. Amen.

R. PERRY BUSH.

It may not be on the mountain's height,
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still, small voice he calls
To paths that I do not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine,
"I'll go where you want me to go.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

MARY BROWN.

Dear Master, help us to live this day as in Thy School, with Thee, as our Teacher. We are timid, for we know not what the day may bring to us. Make us brave in heart and stout of faith to enter these new hours. And because of our ignorance and our fearfulness, strew, Thou, this day, with the sunlight of Thy presence. Where Thou goest, we will go. Where Thou leadest, we will follow. Then from Thy words, which are life to us, and from Thyself, best Gift divine, we shall be learning how to grow in knowledge, in grace, in love, even amid the trivial round and common tasks. And when the bell rings, and our day is done, we shall run through the darksome valley, out into the glorious endless sunshine of eternal Home. Make us Thy good pupils this day, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.

WILLIAM B. TOWER.

There is beauty in each hour,
Beauty in the summer shower,
Beauty in the storms of winter when they beat with frantic power.
Oh, the earth is passing good
In its every changing mood.
It were well we learn to love it as we move along to Heaven.
Let us learn to laugh, my brother,
And the scornful sneer to smother,
And to help and love each other, as we hope to be forgiven!

WALTER G. DOTY.

Heavenly Father, as we awake amid the great and noble works of Thy omnipotent hand, we thank Thee for the manifold evidences that Thou didst indeed intend this world to be one of peace and joy. May the beauty of Thy handiworks and their eternal freshness be a potent factor influencing our lives. May we be so imbued with Thy divine love that the service which we shall render this day shall be a glad service, bringing to those around us the joys of living — the great joy that comes only in serving Thee. We ask this, not only for to-day, but for all our days. Amen.

ALTHEA G. QUIMBY.

I have been tried,
Tried in the fire,
And I say this,
As the result of dire distress,
And tribulation sore —
That a man's happiness does not consist
Of that he hath, but of the faith
And trust in God's great love
These bring him to:
Nought else is worth consideration.
For the peace a man may find
In perfect trust in God
Outweighs all else, and is
The only possible foundation
For true happiness.

JOHN OXENHAM.

O Thou, who causeth the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice, fill our hearts with the very joy of the Lord. Thou who turnest the shadow of death into the morning and lightenest the face of the earth, do Thou quicken our souls with the light of life. Amid the tumult of this day may our souls be silent before Thee. Empty our hearts of useless care, we beseech Thee. May ours be the perfect peace of those whose minds are stayed on Thee, because we trust Thee. And in the end, whether on stormy sea or calm, do Thou bring us to Thy haven of peace. Amen.

WILBUR P. THIRKIELD.

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars and mountain summits topped with snows.

In wonder workings, or some bush aflame
Men look for God, and fancy Him concealed,
But in earth's common things He stands revealed
While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Reveal Thyself unto us in love this day, O God, our God, that in the light of Thy presence we may look upon our lives. Open Thou our eyes that we may see Thy goodness, and in Thy goodness live. Create in us a pure heart that in the purity of our hearts we may contemplate Thee and think of all Thy works. Teach us Thy ways that we may keep Thy law. Give us understanding that we may know Thy truth and wisdom that we may learn the meaning of our lives. Make Thyself real to us this day, O God, our God, that in the strength of Thy presence we may fulfil Thy purpose for us in life and in the fullness of Thy love we may find our love and joy complete. Amen.

WILSON EZRA VANDERMARK.

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heart aches
And all of our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

* * * * * *

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered — too late,
Like praises, unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

L. F. Tarkington.

O Thou forgiving Heavenly Father, hold out Thy loving hand to us and draw us to the place where we may start again. Take away the grief that weakens us and give new hope to strengthen us. Thou hast said, "Behold I make all things new." Make this day a fresh beginning and this morn the world renew. Send some angel of the morning to freshen our jaded spirits and give us the power to awaken new hopes in other hearts. Amen.

E. Victor Bigelow.

Hills be to climb,
And sturdy winds to breast,
Paths may be rough
By which we reach the crest.
Yet sing — sweet my heart —
Press upward as the years grow old —
Our heritage the coming year shall hold.

ALDIS DUNBAR.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; — then let every one of these short lives leave its pure record of some kindly thing done for others — some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.

RUSKIN.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for the visions that shine before us. We thank Thee for the hopes which never grow dim. We thank Thee for the promises which Thou hast given that our visions shall be fulfilled and our hopes realized in the perfect days which are to come. But we thank Thee most of all that Thou hast taught us that in the common services of our daily lives we build the fulfillment of our hopes and the realization of our visions. We thank Thee that each common service hastens the coming of the perfect day. Grant us the grace to go forward step by step and the grace to do in kindness and faithfulness the thing that is just before us, knowing that thus we work with God in the building of the Eternal City. May each small thing seem worth the doing, because we see it as a part of the fulfillment of Thine own perfect purpose. Amen.

ROBERT C. DENISON.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measure of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life,
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

* * * * *

Strength for to-day, in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

ANONYMOUS.

Father of Lights, whose unvarying love has so often shamed our fears, lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us and make morning in our hearts. Give us, as Thy sons, courage for the day's work, and minds quick to find our Father's hand in the day's experience and our Father's likeness in the men about us. May we make no one sorrowful to-day, but brighten the world in our measure with the helpfulness of Him who came not to judge, but to save it. So may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ go with us to the day's close. Amen.

EDGAR J. GOODSPEED.

Change the dream of me and mine
For the truth of Thee and Thine,
And, through chaos, doubt, and strife,
Interfuse Thy calm of life.

* * * * *

Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Heavenly Father, we rejoice in Thy love, and in Thy manifold blessings. Greater than we can number have been Thy mercies all the days of our lives. Many times we have been selfish and ungrateful. We have forgotten Thee, and in our hearts there has been no thankfulness. Forgive us, we pray Thee, and grant that this day may be filled with joy and inspiration. Broaden our vision, deepen our consecration, and help us to worship Thee in spirit and in truth. In the Master's name, we ask it. Amen.

JAMES F. HALLIDAY.

I prayed for wealth:
Then what I had, all that I lost.
I prayed for fame:
It came to others, but me it mocked.
I prayed for health:
But strength grew less, and with it heart and hope.
I prayed for courage:
But cruel, heartless fate gave only fear for what I asked,
I prayed to die:
But awful answer this — a living death.
I prayed at last, Thy will alone be done:
Then heaven heard and gave me all the good
I asked before, a thousandfold;
And with it love to God and all mankind
And deathless life.

FRANK N. RIALE.

Heavenly Father, grant to us the spirit of sincere, unfeigned humility, and by the gracious influences of Thy Spirit cherish, and deepen, and perfect it, that we may build for Thee of lowly thoughts and lowly aims an abiding place within our souls. Forgive whatever has grieved Thy love in our thoughts or words or deeds, and if, consciously or unconsciously, we have become estranged from Thee, have mercy upon us according to Thy loving kindness. May we not strive to master others, but may we aim in love to serve them. We ask this, in the spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. Amen.

GEORGE L. PAYSON.

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

* * * * * *

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient, I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound his voice of cheer.

CELIA THAXTER.

Heavenly Father, we seek Thee early for our hearts are burdened. Forgive us if we have borne the load alone until our souls are paralyzed, and we idly wait the better day. O God, how many there are this day more tried than we, friends untrue, poverty withering the soul, ideals unrealized, loved ones snatched away. Grant us this morning a new vision of Thy love. Help us to see Thy purpose when the hour is darkest. Upon Thee we cast all our care. We yoke ourselves with Thee to-day. Send us forth with courage and gladness to meet the day and its tasks. Amen.

H. BLUNT.

Would'st learn to know one little flower,
Its perfume, perfect form and hue?
Yea, would'st thou have one perfect hour
Of all years that come to you?
Then grow as God hath planned, grow
A lordly oak or daisy low,
As He hath set his garden; be
Just what thou art, or grass or tree.
Thy treasures up in heaven laid,
Await thy sure ascending soul,
Life after life — be not afraid.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

O Eternal God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we, Thy children, claim Thee as our Father. We thank Thee that Thou art more to us than our Creator. Thou didst create the bird, the flower and the star, but Thou art not the Father of bird and flower and star. When Thou dost call Thyself our Father, it means more than that Thou didst make us; it means that we may enter into sacred and intimate relations with Thee, as a child with an earthly father. Thou hast promised to take up Thine abode with those who love Thee, and find in Thee the home of our souls. Amen.

HARRY H. BEATTYS.

No backward glance shall hinder or appall me:
A new life is begun;
And better hopes and better motives call me;
Than those the past has won.

LILLIAN KNAPP.

This is a grand day. The crocuses are peeping up just as pert and pretty. The little brown buds on the trees have turned green and getting bigger every day, and even the air feels like it's had a bath. I just love the spring. Everything says to you: "Good-morning! Here we are again. Let's begin all over." And inside I say "All right," and I mean it.

KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

O Lord most merciful, who bringest the morning and the evening to us all, hear us, we beseech Thee, as once more we seek Thy favor. Thou hast given to each a new chance with the coming of the new day; Thou hast opened before us another page unspoiled as yet by sin or folly. Help us not only to believe that this is the best day the world has ever known, but to make it the fairest day in all the record we have written. To love as we live, — to be merciful, kind and free from guile, — make this our ambition, we humbly pray Thee. Amen.

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

Sure, this world is full of trouble —
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road — but say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

* * * * * *

It's to-day that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again to-morrow,
It may rain — but say,
Ain't it fine to-day!

DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

O God, who makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; and the mountains and hills to break forth into singing; and all the trees of the field to clap their hands; grant to us, Thy children, hearts full of Thy joy and gladness. Let the light that Thou hast implanted in our souls so shine to-day that our little world may glow with gladness. Help us to lighten the load of the weary and heavy-laden by the cheer and comfort we receive from Thee, so that at eventide there may be light. Amen.

JAMES V. CHALMERS.

Hark, the lilt of a robin's song!
What cares he for raindrops falling?
Piercing the clouds, the sunbeams dance,
To him, their comrade, calling.

Fresh, shy, and sweet the primrose grows,
Pure, though the earth be mud-defiled;
Rich in beauty, fair in promise,
Smiling like a little child.

Gently speaks a voice, heart-thrilling:
O storm-tossed life, O raging sea,
Peace be to thee, for the Master
Walks again on Galilee!

STELLA E. SAXTON.

Our Father, we are children in Thy home to-day. Help us to look out of the windows of the soul with a purpose to see everything that is happy and beautiful and good on the horizon of Thy world. Help us also to see with tender sympathy the weakness, the weariness and the failures of life. Teach us how to catch the inspiring messages of flowers and of birds and of twinkling stars. Lead us in our days of manhood and womanhood to find inspiration and joy in the challenge that comes out of the potential goodness of lives now wrong that may be made right, now weak that may be made strong by the boundless love of our Saviour. Amen.

MYRON E. ADAMS.

There is no cloud but hath a silver lining, —
No gloom that does not hide heaven's radiant blue;
Pain is a passing cloud, — the heart's repining
Must end in victory, if that heart be true.
For God is just and life the lesson learning
Which Wisdom gives to mark the upward climb
Of soul toward truth, — nor can our backward turning
Hinder or haste the coming of God's time.

E. Alice Bradley.

O Lord, whose joy through years of sorrow never wavered; whose patience through deep passion never wearied, grant unto us this day the fact that brings Thee very near. In our battles, in our temptations, may we know Thy presence and be strong. Teach us that when one door shuts another opens, that we may never stand in doubt and give place to the adversary. May we come to know that worry is an enemy whom we in Thy strength may withstand and by such services may we greatly cheer our fellows. Grant that in the midst of the duties of this day and all days we may walk in the footsteps of our blessed Lord. Amen.

Albert M. MacLeod.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble; —
Trust in God and do the right.

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right.

Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Trust no party, sect or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

We thank Thee, our Father, for grace promised for every time of need. Thy Son, our Saviour, did not call His disciples to a life of ease. Hardships and crosses were theirs. We have seen how they were persecuted, but were enabled to endure and withal to enjoy "the peace which passeth understanding." As Thou didst guide and uphold Thy servants of old, so Thou wilt do unto us if we put our trust in Thee. Help us this day to meet every trial, conscious of Thy presence and sustaining grace. May we, trusting in Thee, do the right in all things. Amen.

MERRICK O. BENNETT.

We can always stand a little more,
Always do a little more,
Always try a little more,
Than we really think.
Effort out of weariness,
Striving out of care.
We can always do a little more
Than we really think our share.

We can always lift a little more,
Always shift a little more,
Always toil a little more
Than we thought we could.
Struggle, when the tide seems strong.
Honest, when the world goes wrong,
We can always do a little more
For the common good.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Our Heavenly Father, Thou art our Refuge and Strength. When weariness and sorrow and care weigh us down, we "lift our eyes unto the hills from whence cometh our help." We "can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us." May we abide in him and he in us evermore. Help us to bear the burdens of this day more patiently; to perform its duties more faithfully; and to make the world better and happier this day than ever before through the sweetness and courage and power of a "life that is hid with Christ in God." Amen.

EDWARD C. WINSLOW.

I entered a gloomy valley
Where the air was damp and chill,
And the dewdrops seemed like teardrops
As they heavy hung and still;
And my soul was as dark as the shadows
That lay in the somber vale,
And the fears that sprang within me
Bade hope and courage fail.

* * * * *

Above, on a tree-branch, a songster
Burst forth into melody sweet;
A tremor of hope stirred within me,
I wonderingly rose to my feet;
And lo, just before me the pathway
That led from the valley of gloom,
Inviting my feet to the uplands
Aflame with their sunshine and bloom!

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT.

Father of unforgetting Love, to-day shall be glad with new hope and confidence and joy; to-day shall we know how seeming failures have their victories, and the unavailing conflicts of yesterdays accumulate to steadfast triumphs for to-day, as we face with each new morning the unquenchable glory of our fearless faith in Thee. Make us resolute and brave and eager, greeting the incoming seas of Thy renewing life with stalwart joy, sure that the way of life Thou sharest with us is ever progressward. Amen.

GEORGE HENRY BADGER.

I like the suggestion that the way the eagle got his wings and went soaring up toward the sun, grew out of the impulse to soar. Something within the creature whispered, "Get up there into the blue heavens, don't be content to crawl down in the marsh. Out with you!" And so somehow — through what would seem to us to be an eternity of trying, it was done at last, and there he was, as I have seen him, soaring over the blue summits, screaming out his delight and spreading his pinions twelve feet, they said, from tip to tip.

I like the suggestion because it is so true to the life we also have to live — trying and failing; intending great things, and doing little things, many of us, after all.

Robert Collyer.

O Thou, the glory of the world, — without, within, — we thank Thee for this stirring in ourselves of the impulse to aspire, to strive, to mount from height to height in quest of a more perfect life. We have never yet done completely anything that we have tried to do; but Thou wilt not let us sink into despair. Each new morning calls us to fresh endeavor. Each coming day holds opportunities, unrealized before, of ascending nearer to Thine unapproachable light. So may it be to-day! May this be a day of striving to the uttermost, a day of overcoming difficulties, of realizing our own inner possibilities, and of mounting ever closer to the perfection that is Thine alone. Amen.

Richard Wilson Boynton.

A weaver standing at his loom one day,
Wrought with uncertain hand some strange design.
A tangled mesh it seemed, line blurring line,
Unsuited contrasts — warp and woof astray —
Sometimes he paused and pushed his work away.

"The task is hopeless," said he, and he sighed,
But patiently resumed; and one by one
The broken threads were mended. When 'twas done
He turned the frame, and lo! upon that side

A radiant light his startled eyes did greet.
What seemed confusion had been hidden law,
And the designer's dream at last he saw
Resulting, lovely, perfect and complete.

ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Father, support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in Thy mercy, wilt Thou give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last. Amen.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

To do the tasks of life, and be not lost;
To mingle, yet dwell apart;
To be by roughest seas how rudely tossed;
Yet bate no jot of heart;

To hold thy course among the heavenly stars,
Yet dwell upon the earth;
To stand behind fate's firm-laid prison bars,
Yet win all Freedom's worth!

SYDNEY HENRY MORSE.

Infinite God, we thank Thee for the gift of life and the things we have. Make us always content with our lot and place in life, not fretting ourselves about what we have not and yet want, not spoiling the glory and beauty of to-day by sighing for the things of to-morrow, and not blighting the future by useless regrets over the losses and failures of the past. Make us diligent to do the work of the hour, improving our talents and opportunities, continually enriching and glorifying our present duties and tasks until, having been faithful over the few things of the now, we may be promoted to the rulership of the many things of a growing and widening eternity. Amen.

GEORGE W. KING.

They might not need me — yet they might,
I'll let my heart be just in sight.
A smile so small as mine might be
Precisely their necessity.

EMILY DICKINSON.

It is a good thing to start out a-laughing of a Monday, keep laughing Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, be careful how you spend Friday night, and then make Saturday the merriest day of the week. You will find plenty of company, for the world loves a happy man.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Our Father, with the new day we desire happiness. Help us early to realize that it is only as Thy Divine Life flows through our souls, making them holy, pure, loving and true, is happiness possible. Having received this high blessing at Thy hand, it then becomes the joy of life to impart this knowledge and its accompanying happiness to our fellow men. Help us daily to make channels for the streams of love and gladness, that earth's sorrow and sin may be washed away into the ocean of oblivion. May Thy gladness be our daily companion, Thy peace our eternal possession, Thy will our unceasing joy to do. Amen.

LUCY MILTON GILES.

Fear not your doubt.
Receive it frankly as a friend.
Swing wide the door, let it go in or out;
Make no attempt to force or fend.
Fear not for truth,
Or that your doubt will shake the sure.
Truth triumphs in eternal youth.
The form may change, the fact must still endure.
In truth have faith.
Its gold no acid-doubting can corrode.
Reality can fear no wraith.
Conviction falls not with the crumbling code.
Then let doubt come and let doubt go;
Fear not the outcome, — truth must show.

CHARLES W. CASSON.

Another day! Another vision of Thy wondrous world! Thy hand, O God, hath opened the gates of the morning to us. Go through them with us to all the experiences which await us. Thy blessings are multiplied unto us and the assurance that Thou carest for us crowns all Thine other Gifts. But our horizons are narrow and the most of things are beyond the farthest reach of our understanding. O God, let us feel Thee near us and let Thy life flow in upon our souls till, in the abundance of life possessed, we shall be confident of the life eternal and triumphant and, until it dawns, may unfalteringly trust Thee even while we reverently question as to Thy will and ways. Amen.

SAUL O. CURTICE.

It may not be my lot to win
The crowd's applause, the world's regard;
But I can turn my back to sin,
And keep my worthiness unmarred.

I may not have the gifts to gain
High favor or to win renown;
But I can manfully refrain
From ever pulling others down.

I may not win the splendid race
That calls for strength and speed and nerve;
But I can keep from being base,
However humbly I must serve.

E. Kiser.

Our Heavenly Father, help us to-day to remember the One who said "I am among you as he that serveth." Grant unto us that grace which will make us feel the joy which comes through humble service. Remind us as the day passes that we are in the presence of the great Servant of the world, so may the consciousness of His Presence lead us to be kind toward the erring, gentle toward the weak and helpful to all men. And when the day comes to its close may we still rejoice in His Presence and the consciousness of a day well spent. Amen.

Frederick E. Taylor.

I believe in to-day. It is all I possess. There is no assurance of to-morrow. I want to make good. I must do it to-day.

CHARLES STELZLE.

"Well," said the farmer, "I reckon I'll have to find most of my religion in my work." "And that," said Dan, "is the best place I know of to look for it. If you cannot find God in your everyday work, you'll not find Him on Sunday in the church."

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT.

O Giver of the morning light and of the dews that freshen and revive the body and of the bird-song that quickens the soul, we thank Thee! Let our lives be as the morning of this day, fresh and clean. As the morning is pregnant with its possibilities, so may our lives be. Keep us from no necessary work this day. Help us to be eager for any task and so transform us that we may feel an exhilaration in the work, and let us see that it is a blessed privilege to perform it. Give to us always the heart of youth. Let nothing seem impossible. Amen.

LYMAN WARD

Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness, is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not a hereditary gift.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

O Thou who art the infinite Power, whence human energy is drawn, let us serve this day as instruments of Thy holy will. Refreshed and newly filled with strength from Thee, may we do our duty efficiently and complete the day's work with joy. Let Him who came that He might bring life and that more abundantly be to us the way, the truth, and the life. Out of fulness of living may such hope and faith arise, that the very highway may be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Bless, we pray Thee, the friends we love, and bless the stranger that we do not see. And to Thee be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

JOHN CLARENCE LEE.

When things go wrong, as they often will,
With the work you have in hand,
Just whistle a song of cheer until
You can see the work you've planned;
And do your best, however men sneer,
And all will be right in the end, my dear.

Just do the work that you have to do,
And whatever it is you'll find —
If you keep a song in the heart of you,
To help what you have in mind,
And do your best, however men sneer,
All will be right in the end, my dear.

MADISON CAWEIN.

This day, good Lord, help us to realize that we are yoked up with Thee in Thy work. Our humble tasks, if faithfully done, are not insignificant since they fit into Thy great plans for a perfect world — a kingdom on earth like the kingdom in Heaven. Thou numberest the hairs on our heads. We rejoice in Thy infinite care. We too, will take care to please Thee in every little thing to-day. We will fear no evil with Thee. We shall overcome evil with good. Amen.

E. J. HELMS.

To-day is ours! Whate'er To-morrow bring
Of sweet or bitter for the harvesting,
Let us be glad to-day, and gladly bear
Full store of flower and fruit of all things fair —
Mete to adorn the sovereign Shrine of Spring.

Too soon the rose will fade, and youth take wing!
Let us be glad! nor heed the reckoning
For all the year's sweet secrets that we share —
To-day is ours!

And though Hope fade in autumn's withering,
Life will yet leave us one unbroken string —
Rich in old memories of days that were,
Old dreams too dear to die; then need we care
How sad a song the still To-morrows sing? —
To-day is ours!

ANONYMOUS.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee that we are able to welcome the light of this new day. We bless Thee for the measure of health and strength and joy and courage with which we look forward to all it may have in store for us. Grateful for the mercies we have already enjoyed, may we not forget that the Infinite Goodness is new every morning and fresh every evening. And so in confident trust may we accept each moment as a gift from Thy love and rejoice and be glad all our days. Amen.

ARTHUR W. GROSE.

"Not I," Sir Robin said;
And thereupon his head
In great disdain he tossed;
"Don't think because I sing,
It surely must be spring;
My almanac was lost."

"Not I," Miss Crocus said;
And gently bowed her head
To hide a falling tear;
"It would be premature
And foolish, I am sure,
To say that spring is here."

"Not I," old Oak tree said;
The brown leaves overhead
Rustled in spiteful glee;
"If spring were here, forsooth,
I would renew my youth;
I never said it; see?"

Just then the sun came out,
And put the clouds to rout;
And on the steeple high
The vane whirled south, and lo —
Would you believe it though? —
All nature answered, "I."

ANONYMOUS.

Lord of the changing seasons, there is something in our hearts which makes us welcome the spring when it comes, no matter by what prophet foretold, yea even though neglected by all the prophets. Help us, we pray Thee, to keep the spirit of the springtime ever in our hearts. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

NORA PERRY.

God bless the cheerful people — man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to Nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside.

A. A. WILLETS.

O Lord, our God and heavenly Father, hear our little prayer. We thank Thee for Thy loving kindness in guarding us throughout the dark hours of Thy night, and in bringing us safely into the pure, sweet light of Thy morning. May cheerfulness be more to us this day than wealth or place: lend us Thy light that we may find it, grant us Thy strength that we may spend it for Thy world. When this day ends, and evening calls us to Thy Throne for prayer, may we thank Thee for the cheer which Thou hast given us; and may we hear Thy thanks to us for that which we have brought to those who are Thine own. God keep us near to Jesus. Amen.

ARCHIBALD BLACK.

I, too, had courage to contend with wrong
Through the wild night.
I have defied decrees of Fate, and, strong
Against the plays of Chance, have waged the fight.

And when in morning glow Life, Love and Joy
Danced beckoning by,
I turned me from the hope, I chose the strife —
'Twas short, 'twas sharp! — and did renounce, deny.

I trod — though thorned with pain, beset with fears —
Steep, stony ways;
But give me courage, Lord, to live the years,
The long, long years of uneventful days!

L. B. Bridgman.

O Thou ever-loving Lord, accept our heartfelt gratitude for Thy faithful vigil over us! for dissolving our petty cares and trials of yesterday, for dispersing the clouds from our spiritual sky; for composure of mind, for sunshine in our souls; for "peace which passeth understanding," for all that was conducive of sweet sleep. On this virgin day grant to let us abide in "the secret place of the Most High;" enjoy the love and fragrance of Thy presence, have grace to endure with patience; conquer every temptation to sin; and vanquish every foe of righteousness. Amid the press of service, let us remember Thy promise to be with us alway; then joy will fill and thrill our souls and victory will crown the day. Amen.

J. F. Dunkerke.

Spin cheerfully,
Not tearfully,
Though wearily you plod.
Spin carefully,
Spin prayerfully,
But leave the thread with God.

ANONYMOUS.

We rejoice in the call of every morning to new opportunities and duties. May we be eager and faithful. May we find joy in the task we have to do, and in the service we can render. Help us to listen when Thou speakest to us. May we not be too occupied with material interests to hear Thy voice. May we listen to Thy cheer and counsel, to Thy warnings and promises, to Thy messages sent through sages and prophets, through history and experience, through the leadings of our own conscience. Help us to look upward toward heaven and Thee, to look beyond our present task or trial to its large results and ultimate glory. Amen.

ABRAM CONKLIN.

I love to hear the rain upon the green roof of the tree,
The silver of its tinkle is a fairy call to me.
I can hear it as I pass
Patter softly on the grass
As it dances o'er the edges of the leaves in ecstasy.

Such fragrant dewy colloquies 'midst April shade and shine,
Where tears and smiles are kin to Love and hours are all divine,
The lilac sprays the slope,
In a bow of purple hope;
And every day is God's, and spring's, and mine.

ISABEL S. MASON.

Father, we thank Thee for the beauty and the glory of this outward universe. We are glad that the flowers appear on the earth, that the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The rain and the sunshine both tell of Thine infinite Love. May we learn to look beyond the tears of sorrow, till we behold the joys of everlasting life, and know that here and there we are the children of the Living God! Amen.

SAMUEL C. BEANE, JR.

A song welled up in the singer's heart
(Like a song in the throat of a bird),
And loud he sang and far it rang —
For his heart was strangely stirred;
And he sang for the very joy of song.
With no thought of one who heard.

Within the listener's wayward soul
A heavenly patience grew.
He fared on his way with a benison
On the singer who never knew
How the careless song of an idle hour
Had shaped a life anew.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

We thank Thee, dear Father, for the early thoughts of Thy unfailing love. The clouds darken the sky, and the air is heavy with mist, thus changing the day's plans, but we will not be disturbed or withhold our notes of praise. Help us to be so receptive that the inner light may shine forth to Thy glory. May our eyes be anointed and our ears open to the Spirit's leadings that no opportunity to help or comfort others be unnoted. Hear our cry for the bruised, burdened, imprisoned souls, especially for those for whom no one else will pray. Remember them in great tenderness, for Thy mercy is everlasting. The love of Jesus gives hope for all. Bless His dear name! Amen.

SUSAN HAMMOND BARNEY.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the West —
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame;
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream —
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE.

Our heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the rest of the night; we praise Thee that each day may begin in calmness, and in quietness of nerves, and clearness of mind. For soul vision and mental quickening in the morning, we praise Thee. Help us to employ our morning hours that the whole day may speed well, and that our souls may be enlarged and kept in quietness and peace for Thy name's sake. Even, O God, as Thou wast to David "as the light of the morning when the sun riseth", so be unto us. Amen.

E. E. HART

God smiles as he has always smiled.
ROBERT BROWNING.

The night wanes into morning,
And the dawning light broadens.
And all the shadows fade and shift;
I follow, follow, sure to meet the sun,
And confident that what the future yields
Will be the right.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our loving Father, we thank Thee for the morning light; we thank Thee that in the sunshine we see Thy smile. Thou hast brought us to Thy banqueting house and Thy banner over us is love. Through this day may we often turn our faces upward, if only for a moment, to see Thy face, and as we look up to Thee, may our faces reflect Thy glory. Help us to radiate Thy light wherever we go. All through this glad day may we follow Thee, our Guide, assured that every step is planned, confident that if we walk with Thee we will be victorious. Amen.
MARY FRANCES WILLARD ANDERSON.

Who is the worker, the worker of wonder,
Abroad in the blue and gold of the morn?
The heart o' me whispers that over and under
Each moment are rapture and ecstasy born.

There's a glint in the rain that goes sweeping and striding
The levels and crests, and it lilts as it goes;
There's a hint in the blossoms half peering, half hiding,
Of the tint that shall flush on the leaf of the rose.

But yesterday all earth seemed barren and sterile;
And, save for the wind, Nature's voices were mute;
Now every wide slope waves in undulant beryl,
And forest and rill have the lips of a flute!

Who is the worker, the worker of wonder,
The touch of whose hand has enkindled the sod,
Brought life out of death, cleft the silence asunder? —
The spirit of spring, yea, the spirit of God!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Unto Thee, O Father, whose only passion is Love, would we link ourselves in closeness so near until the transfusion of Thy very life both makes us beloved and to love like Thyself. That through this life, in all the hours of this new day, the charming loveliness of Thy perfect nature may freely play upon the hearts of our fellow-men, lightening the dark, cheering the sad, and strengthening the weak. Then will the evening bring us joy and rest. Amen.

WARREN I. BOWMAN.

There really isn't so much that's bad,
There's a lot of good in the old world yet;
There are people still trying to make us glad,
There are hearts still beating that don't forget.
There's far more good than we really think,
And the quiet good that we know not of —
Ah, the old world's better because it lives
A little bit nearer the heart of love!

* * * * * *

Lots of goodness in life, ah, yes,
And plenty of sweetness going on
In the kindly actions of hearts that live
To bring unto drearier hearts the dawn.
Lots of goodness, and not so much
Of the really bad, if you only see
How much more people would rather be good
Than anything else they've tried to be.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Most gracious God, may our faith in our race be strengthened, as we touch the fragrant lives of the men and women who are living very near to the Christ. We rejoice that like flowers growing unseen, but making fragrant the air, their quiet ministries abound. Help us ever to remember the supreme unselfishness of our Lord Jesus, His never-failing hand to help, His self-forgetful yearning to do good unto all men. We shall count it joy indeed if by Thy grace we may help to sweeten the lives around us. Amen.

JAMES NEWELL GRACE.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

* * * * * *

'Tis a little thing to say "You are kind;
I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find —
For love is tender, as love is blind —
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole the love grudgingly less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

ANONYMOUS.

Gracious Father, grant us a more realizing sense of Thy ever-presence and constant help. Enable us to see that Thou dost appeal to our eyes as beauty, to our ears as music, to our minds as truth, and to our hearts as love. So when nature is beautiful, and fellowmen are dear, as we walk with comrades, clasping friendly hands and looking into loving faces, may we know then that Thou art very close, indeed that Thou art dwelling in us, for "Where Love is, there God is also." Amen.

RALPH E. CONNER.

There was once a pendulum waiting to be fixed on a new clock. It began to calculate how long it would be before the big wheels were worn out and its work was done. It would be expected to tick night and day, so many times a minute, sixty times that every hour, and twenty-four times that every day, and three hundred and sixty-five times that every year. It was awful! Quite a row of figures, enough to stagger you! Millions of ticks! "I can never do it," said the poor pendulum. But the clockmaker encouraged it. "You can do one tick at a time?" he said. "Oh, yes," the pendulum could do that. "Well," he said, "that is all which will be required of you." So the pendulum went to work, steadily ticking, one tick at a time, and it is ticking yet, quite cheerfully.

D. L. Moody.

Our Father, save us from the weariness of toil. Help us not to exaggerate the weight of the load. May we not overburden the moments by an attempt to crowd into them the duties of the hours. Take from us every thought that cheapens and soils. Give us a vision of the glory hidden in the commonplace. Help us to see Thee in the common road, the road of toil and of sorrow and of sacrifice. Help us to seize the moments of this bright new day for gladsome willing service. Amen.

Willis E. Ridgeway.

It is in loving — not in being loved —
The heart is blest.
It is in giving — not in seeking gifts —
We find our quest.
If thou art hungry, lacking heavenly food,
Give hope and cheer.
If thou art sad, and wouldst be comforted,
Stay sorrow's tear.
Whatever be thy longing or thy need,
That do thou give;
So shall thy soul be fed, and thou, indeed,
Shall truly live.

M. M. Painter.

Dear Heavenly Father, help us to understand the impartiality of Thy love. Help us to understand the secret of our Master's confidence. Make us seed-sowers of Thy spirit. Send us forth at the dawn with the vision of the heart's great harvest in our souls. May we ask nothing, seek nothing, desire nothing except the joy of ministering to human need. Reveal to us the symbol of Thy creation, where seed and soil, sun, wind and rain conspire to make the earth fit habitation for Thy children. Send us on our way singing. When we come unto our rest, may the fadeless memory of the faces which have smiled back to us along the way, bring the benediction of Thy perfect peace. Amen.

F. W. Betts.

Oh, fold up the morning paper —
Who cares for the news of town?
But — what are the violets doing?
Has the jonquil made her gown
To wear through the gay spring hours
So mindful of her looks?
Come, give me the news of the flowers,
The grass, and the trees, and brooks!

LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the gospel of the great outdoors. Help us to make friends of the flowers and take counsel of the skies. When the sun shines and the birds sing and the winds blow and the blue of the heavens arch above, how petty and mean seems all the gossip of men. O Lord, help us to learn that Nature is Thine. Speak to us, we pray Thee, through its myriad voices. When we are tired and stale and unprofitable, let us go forth into the open in the spirit of prayer, assured that the kiss of the wind is a benediction from Heaven. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Methought I saw a robin's wing
Among the budding trees!
What need of chilly lingering
Mid wintry reveries,
When life is at the edge of spring?

FLORENCE CONVERSE.

Yes, spring has come! I too must wake
And with the birds glad music make.
Sweet flowers — God's smiles — are everywhere,
And "why should I dark visage wear?"
Nay, I'll give thanks, rejoice and sing,
And thus fulfil th' eternal spring.

A. GERTRUDE HULLEY.

The cheer of the robin's song and of the budding flowers makes gladness in our hearts, O loving Father. For us there may be a perpetual springtime, blessed Lord. Committing our ways unto Thee, Thou orderest our paths. Therefore we know that whatever is is best. Some of us are old. The snows of many winters lie on our heads; our senses are shut in like buds in January, and the cold winds whip the leafless trees. Yet when we are conscious of their handclasp, the pulses of youth thrill anew in our veins, the sleeping faculties awake, the robins sing, and bud and leaves and flowers proclaim a spiritual springtime and prophesy the resurrection to life eternal, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

DAVID H. MOORE.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small, are close-knit strands
Of an unbroken thread; where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells,
The book of life the shining record tells.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed.
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When justice threatens high;
The sorrow of a contrite heart, —
These things shall never die.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Father in Heaven! Guard us, as in the past night, so in this day just opening. We bring our souls to Thee, that they may be prepared for the day's fray. Reveal to us our seeming duties in their real relationships. Help us take time for little deeds of help and tokens of sympathy. Through us may the faith of our fathers be extended a little farther in the defeat of selfishness and the victories of self-denial! We ask this in Jesus' name. Amen.

HORACE T. CHADSEY.

There is a somewhat in the souls of men
That urges them to consummate their deed —
To struggle on and on, unheeding when
They meet with failure, or mayhap succeed.

It may not matter though the way be long,
Or if we go alone unto the close —
There is one thought to bid the heart be strong:
Somewhere along the path is one who knows.

GENEVIEVE FARNELL–BOND.

Grant, O Lord, that this day which Thou hast given us in mercy may be spent in service to Thee and to our fellowmen. Make us patient, courageous, loving. May the life of our Blessed Master abound in us more and more, purifying our souls, clearing our vision, strengthening our wills, inspiring confidence and that peace which "passeth all understanding." Whatever the past may have been, help us to make this day a little better, — a little more Christlike in spirit, more divine in effort, more unselfish and helpful to those about us. May we not be satisfied with present attainments or achievements, but press on patiently and joyfully to the stature of our Lord and Master. Amen.

EDWARD C. WINSLOW.

Not he alone who gladly dies
To win his country's fame
For some great, unreckoned deed,
Rests 'neath an honored name —

But he to whom the hand of Fate
A bitter portion gives,
Who, daily battling fear and pain,
With smiling courage, lives.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Our Heavenly Father, we come from Thee, and in Thine own good time we shall go back toThee. All the days of our life we receive Thy loving care, direction, and provision for our needs. We would render thanks to the Giver. We pray that Thou wilt keep our hearts this day in peace. May we do Thy will and please Thee. We know that the crowns of glory are for the patient endurers as well as for the brave overcomers. Give us courage for the great sorrows of life and patience for its vexations. May we fight the good fight, finish our course with rejoicing, and keep the faith. When life's little day dies in the west, may we find the eternal morning and the Father's house. Amen.

WILLIAM HENRY HODGE.

Not yesterday, to-morrow, but to-day
Holds all of good for all. Th' impartial sun
Shines not alone for the more beauteous flower,
But reaches where the humblest blade of grass
Works its way up through leaves last autumn shed,
And strengthens it with warm life-giving glow.
And so does Love lend its unwearied power
That, with uplifted eyes, the least may pass
Unhurt, unsullied, through earth's fiercest fray;
Guided in darkness and in hunger fed,
Seeing, through faith, God's perfect work as done.
Man's part is to rejoice, and gladly know
That here and now, for you, for me, for all,
Unnumbered blessings from Love's bounty fall.

EDITH C. CARTER.

O God, we thank Thee for the gift of this day, and for all that makes our waking thoughts bright with Thy praise. Thou hast taught us by experience that as our days so our strength shall be; and we trust Thee to give us this day our daily bread. We cannot carry the burden of the past, we dare not assume the uncertainties of the future, we would therefore in Thy strength lay hold of the present. Help us to hold it sacred. Help us to feel Thy presence, to rejoice in Thy greatness and goodness, and to be of service to some of Thy children to-day. Amen.

JOHN A. MACINTOSH.

It's easy to laugh when the storm is o'er
And your ship is safe in port;
Yes, easy to laugh when you're on the shore
Secure from the tempest's sport;
But when wild waves wash o'er the stormswept deck
And your gallant ship is a battered wreck,
Ah, that is the time when it's well worth while
To look in the face of defeat with a smile.

EMIL CARL AURIN.

Almighty and All Gracious God, in whose hand are the forces of the vast world in which we live, so that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without Thee, Thou who dost make the stormy wind fulfil Thy will, strengthen Thou us with might by Thy spirit working within us, that we may not become weak in the storm and stress of life. Blessed Master, Thou who didst bid Thy disciples to have peace and be of good courage when the waves dashed high, O give, we pray Thee, Thy blessed calm to us when storms threaten to overwhelm. Heavenly Father, make us strong and finally give unto us supreme victory over every force which stands between us and the eternal life. Amen.

ALLEN MACY DULLES.

O friend, a soul is like a harbored ship —
It runs ashore on every side but one;
There the deep channel broadens to the sea
And opportunity wide as the world.
Our speech is tongue-tied; the tense wing of song
Flags on the ethered height; the lightest leg
Limps to the goal; art fumbles; lore forgets;
Our fraud is baffled, our ambition balked;
Even our service often is refused;
But in God's essence we are infinite;
He never set a limit to our love.

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

In our lonely moments we seem to be drifting upon a nameless, soundless sea, without purpose and without hope. Yet, our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that it is only in our lonely moments. When our mood of faith prevails, we may admit that we see through a glass darkly, but we do see. We may move forward very slowly, but we do move. O Lord, let us cherish the dream of everlasting progress. Keep alive, we pray Thee, the flame of hope. As we enter upon this new day, may it be with that courage that looks upon life as the way of an inclined plane, and may we go forth with faith that the evening shall find us further on the way. Amen.

ALMON GUNNISON.

My heart's so bright with bloom
For love and spring are here!
I trow there's hardly room —
My heart's so bright with bloom! —
For one more lilac-plume
Or bluebird's silver prayer.
My heart's so bright with bloom
For love and spring are here!

MARY J. ELMENDORF.

Dear Lord of Life, Who givest to the wakening earth the beauty of the springtime, give to our hearts this day the joy of life and the beauty of loving service. Let us live gladsomely, happily, trustingly. Renew our aspirations, restore our enthusiasms, quicken our purposes, strengthen our loyalties. Enable us to rise above doubt and fear, selfishness and littleness, unworthiness in thought or unkindness in deed. Grant to us power to grow, and guide that growing that it may fulfil Thy purposes. Grant to us patience and strength for the day's burdens, good success in the day's undertakings, and over all the glory of the eternal hope. Amen.

J. PERCIVAL HUGET.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide:
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask: But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

MILTON.

Our Father, show us how we may better serve with what we have, and help us to further serve Thee by patience amid our disabilities. As in our poverty we bravely meet our days, may the image of Thy dear Christ grow in us, and may our strong contentment make others strong and speak to them of Thee. We ask that such things as we have not may perfect in us the spirit of childlikeness and lead us to Thyself, the Great Possession. Let us believe that the place of the poor and weak cannot be filled by the rich and strong, and that, while we do but little, bearing much may be the golden summit of all loyalty. Amen.

WALTER M. PATTON.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny, great an' small,
An' in the front room of the soul
Hang pootier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the winder of the min',
Clean up an' let the spring begin;
Swing open wide the dusty blind
An' let the April sunshine in.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the spirit of cleanliness which comes to us with the springtime, by which we are moved to put our houses and grounds in order. We thank Thee yet more for that deeper and finer sense of cleanliness which makes us long for a clean and wholesome life; for that persistent instinct which makes us to love the beauty of holiness. Help us then, O Lord, to clean away the rubbish of the mind and hang beautiful pictures in the front room of the soul. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Just being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing.
And just being happy is brave work and true.

Just being happy helps other souls along;
Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong;
And your own sky will lighten,
If other skies you brighten
By just being happy with a heart full of song.

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

We praise Thee, O God, Thou fairest of ten thousand. Thou it is, who givest us the sunlight of Thy love, helping us to choose aright, and making us happy and brave all the day. Open our eyes to the opportunities of service that we may serve Thee this day in being quick to see another's need, strong to lift a burden, eager to wake someone full of happiness, full of song. Our loving Father, make us a helper, a blessing this day as we journey and labor, that our lives may be happier, richer when the day is done in the service of Thy beloved Son. Amen.

JOHN W. DODSON.

A certain Chopin prelude once I heard,
Strive as I may to tell, no mortal word
Can all-express that music. Like a bird
My soul went up the blue — the sweetest pain,
The deepest passion, love without a stain,
A high and holy yearning that had lain
Buried, did come in a white company,
In tremulous procession, unto me.
For an immortal moment I was free
O' the flesh, and leaped in spirit and was strong
With beauty, shaken by magic of that song.

RICHARD BURTON.

Our Father, we thank Thee for those moments when by constraint of inspiring music, or sight of nature's beauty, or association with noble friends, or awakening of memory, we ascend to the uplands of the soul, where we look upon broader horizons, gain a true perspective of life's values, and feel cleansing sensations of aspiration and desire which assure us that we have been led by Thee. Grant us such sacramental experience this day, that having seen the mountain vision and breathed the mountain air, we may tread the common levels of care and work with strong purpose and with hearts that are calm and confident and glad. Amen.

HARRY P. DEWEY.

"This note is out of tune, and that is mute:
I cannot play on such an instrument!"
So said the artist rising, when his hand
One searching sweep across the keys had sent.

Soon after came there one of less renown,
But through whose being flowed such harmony,
That he commanded sweetest music forth,
Despite the silent and the jarring key.

It seemed as though the instrument had felt
A gratitude for that condoning touch,
Which, giving perfect notes a double stress,
Passed gently over those that lacked so much.

The music ceasing, one in tears arose
Reaching his hand towards the faulty keys,
"Master," he said, "I would that such as thou,
Dealt with my soul as thou has dealt with these."

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

O Thou God of all grace, we seek Thee in blessing at this morning hour. As Thou dost cause the morning stars to sing together, and dost reveal Thy glory through night breaking forth into day, so cause our lives this day to reflect Thy glory and praise. With humility we deplore our lack of sensitiveness to Thy touch. And yet we present ourselves anew to Thee, that under the influence of Thy Holy Spirit we may give resonance to the truth as we find it in our Divine Master, and that our mute and discordant spirits may be quickened and attuned, and made to vibrate with somewhat of Thine own beauty, love and power. Amen.

CLAUDE C. COILE.

If there be a smile on our lips, those around us will smile.

MAETERLINCK.

Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. We never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They make other people good-natured. They also produce their own image on men's souls and a beautiful image it is.

BLAISE PASCAL.

O God, we bless Thee that Thou art the Father of loving kindness and tender mercy. Instill into our minds and hearts respect unto Thy law of love and kindness. We thank Thee for grace and truth which are through Thy Son. Inspire us with His Spirit so that our lives shall be filled and overflow with kind words and loving deeds. Smile upon us that we may smile and help others to smile, enabling us and all men to forget the weariness of the daily struggle, the bitterness of grief, the pain of doing without things, the pang of separation from loved ones. Help us to understand that, kind and smiling, by Thy grace, we have health within and wealth without. Amen.

EDWARD E. WEAVER.

Unto my heart said dissonant Despair:
"Give up — and die!"
Then headstrong Hope, who mocks at whining Care,
Asked: "Comrade, why?"

The soul of me, perhaps, could never say
How such was done;
But on that long to be remembered day,
I fought — and won!

RALPH M. THOMSON.

O Lord, Thou art our refuge and strength. We have found Thee so. Our calm has been broken. Strange creatures of our tortured imagination have thrust at us in the dark. Vision paled. Angel ministries were withdrawn. All our doubts and fears revived. Our conquered sins stood upon their feet again. The mountains flowed down under our feet, and our ideals, even our trust in Thee slipped away, but hope did not wholly die. A light was in the window of our Father's House. A breath of flower-laden air came to our prison tunnel. Following it we found the sunlight and was in our Father's world. We have been where a man need only go once and there Thou hast held us. O, we know Thee now. We know our trust is now wholly in Thee. O Lord, Thou art our refuge and our strength. Amen.

W. M. TUFTS.

Why look we to another world
For heaven's glory to appear,
When now on every side unfurled,
Are tokens telling God is here?

The maple's budding feathery red;
Through blackened twigs the warm sap flows;
Spring's birth proclaims, There are no dead,
And through the world a new hope glows.

Thus quickens us the Life divine,
And lifts our thoughts above the sod,
To see in all Love's power sublime,
And every bush aflame with God.

ELIZABETH EARL JONES.

Almighty and ever-gracious Father — who art not only in heaven but who art Emmanuel — with us — we rejoice that Thou art already manifesting Thyself in the beauty and splendor of the Springtime — that Thou art preparing to multiply the loaves and the fishes, and to cause the fields and orchards to yield their increase. Look, we beseech Thee, upon Thy children with Thy divine favor. May the warmth of Thy love and the light of Thy truth and the energy of Thy spirit quicken within us a new life — causing us to manifest the beauty of holiness and enabling us in due season to bring forth in abundance the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Amen.

CHARLES F. SHAW.

A welcome to the gladsome month of May,
With sunny smiles and sweetly fragrant flowers,
As once adorned the legendary bowers
In fairy pictures of our childhood's day.
Welcome, the glories of this queen of Spring,
Whose sights and sounds give pledges, heralding
Throughout her realms, a more than regal reign
Of tropic splendor crowned with golden gain.
Last of the vernal months, we love her best:
Upon the threshold of a winter past,
She shuts the door and promises sweet rest
From angry storm and from the chilling blast.
The smiles upon her face are wondrous fair,
And Heaven's own incense floats upon the air.

HENRY W. COLBY.

We thank Thee, O God, for the warm breath of Spring, with its blossoming beauty, its fragrance of flower, its budding roses, its growing grain, all reminding us of the early days of childhood, sweet with the aroma of hope and cheer. Grant us, our Father, the power to cast off every wintry doubt, and greeting the life of the Spirit, to grow into the likeness of our dear Lord and Master, and may the warm rays of Thy sunshine, and the genial, refreshing and copious showers of Thy grace, cause us to grow up in Thee, our living Head, until we shall reflect some of Thy beauty and glory to the world. Amen.

T. J. BROWN.

"If the air were only softer,"
Said the Bird.
"If the air were only softer,
I could fly with grace and ease,
I could live above the trees,
If the air were only softer."

* * * * * *

"If the sea were only deeper,"
Said the Fish.
"If the sea were only deeper,
I could swim without a care,
I could dive beneath the air,
If the sea were only deeper."

"If the world were only wiser,"
Said the Man.
"If the world were only wiser,
I could win and dare and do,
I could make my dreams come true,
If the world were only wiser."

HERBERT N. CASSON.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the world just as it is. With all its ups and downs, with all its summers and winters, with all its health and disease, it is Thy world. We ask not that the air may be softer, nor the earth harder, nor the sea deeper, nor the world wiser. We ask only that we may be able to stand upon our feet and quit ourselves like men. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

The fragrances of May are on the air,
Our shy New England air, yet interblent
With breath of rosy orchards and with rare
Arbutus scent,
Sweet as the Orient.

The songs of May are on the dulcet air,
Blithe carols, trills, melodious mating calls,
These hidden brooks have tunes as debonair
As waterfalls
That silver Alpine walls.

Life, pulsing, poignant life is in the air,
The winter-wasted heart, that dares blaspheme
By weary apathy and bleak despair
The joy supreme,
Re-blossoms into dream.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

Author of Life, accept, we pray, the grateful praises of Thy children everywhere. Hills and vales, in living green arrayed, are praising Thee; flowers fling upon the breeze their incense, rare and fragrant: the blending choruses of birds re-echo in the skies. Life we need; life abundant we ask of Thee; life increasing give to us, we beseech Thee, in the name of Christ who said, "I am the Life." Renew us within, daily, hourly, until each soul's o'erflowing fulness shall both glorify Thee and enrich our fellow-men. Amen.

OTTO BRAND.

Beautiful faces are those that wear —
It matters little if dark or fair —
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn low.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is honest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly missions, to and fro —
Down lowliest ways, if God wills so.

ELLEN PALMER ALLERTON.

Teach us, O God, to see the beauty of holiness. If we are sometime tempted to think of Thy glory as something assumed from without, open our eyes to see that Thy glory is in what Thou art, and may our hearts leap up with joy this day in remembering that we may share in Thy glory as in the smallest act we share in Thy spirit. Sometimes we have lived for what the world could give us. Help us this day to realize what we may give the world. May the trifling experiences of every hour take on new glory as they bring us new opportunities to become like Thee. Amen.

W. S. AMES.

Since Christ is still alive in every man
Who has within him one upspringing germ
Of heavenward-reaching life, though crushed, infirm
And dwindling in the hot simoons that fan
Only the jungle-growths of earth, — we can
Best minister to Him by helping them
Who dare not touch his hallowed garment's hem:
Their lives are even as ours, — one piece, one plan,
Him know we not, Him shall we never know
Till we behold Him in the least of these
Who suffer or who sin. In sick souls He
Lies bound and sighing; asks our sympathies:
Their grateful eyes Thy benison bestow,
Brother and Lord, — "Ye did it unto me."

LUCY LARCOM.

Blessed Master, in Thy ministry to mankind Thou didst not overlook the fallen by the wayside — men and women who were the object of Thy divine pity. Thou didst lift them up and restore them to a life of purity and strength. We thank Thee that Thou art raising up the fallen to-day. Thou art the same yesterday, to-day, and forevermore. We do most earnestly pray that we may heartily yield ourselves to Thy service. Amen.

J. H. STUBBS.

Love is the river of life in this world. Think not that ye know it who stand at the little tinkling rill, the first small fountain. Not until you have gone through the rocky gorges, and not lost the stream; not until you have gone through the meadow, and the stream has widened and deepened until fleets could ride on its bosom; not until beyond the meadow you have come to the unfathomable ocean, and poured your treasures into its depths — not until then can you know what love is.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Our Father which art in heaven," we Thy children upon the earth would seek the light of Thine uplifted countenance upon our pilgrim life. Help us to remember that Thou art weaving the single life-threads into a common web. Take us from the spool of selfishness, weave us into the pattern of Thy choosing. Where the threads run parallel may there be peace, where they cross, may there be no friction. Since Thou dost love each one of us well enough to be no respecter of persons, may we love Thee well enough to treat all men as Thou dost treat us. Help us to be humane as well as human. May Thy love make us loving. Amen.

O. P. GIFFORD.

Only a little plot
In a valley deep and wide,
But I murmur not —
It is here the sunbeams hide.

And the sky is blue,
And the fields I plow grow green,
And my heart beats true
To the love of the great unseen.

Toil the portion I own,
Deep the furrows I must turn,
Ere the seed be sown —
But the worth of life I learn.

Only a little plot
Labor laden — yet peace I keep;
It is mine — this spot.
And here, freedom of soul I reap!

ANNETTE ALLEN.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the busy day and the quiet night; for the beauty of the earth and sky; for loving hearts and helping hands; and for Thy great gift of life here, with the promise of a life to come. Lighten us in our darkness, we pray Thee; strengthen us in our weakness; and keep us faithful to the highest that we know. Amen.

PAUL R. FROTHINGHAM.

Nothing that is broken bears any value except the heart which becomes more precious the more it is broken.

PERSIAN SENTENCE.

If once my heart were proud,
Now it is broken;
Through it God's share has plowed: —
This is a token
That 'tis not barren ground
But worthy planting found.

Break it still finer, Lord;
Put in thy harrow;
I can the pain afford: —
Though it be narrow
It may one crop produce
Fit for the Master's use.

One little flower may bloom
Down in the corner
Brightening the murky gloom,
Where Life's forlorner;
Watered with wholesome tears
It may grow through the years.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

By no sorrow, nor pain nor failure, O our Father, would we be disheartened, if only we may feel that Thou art with us. Though Thou breakest life into little pieces so it grows not sour and bitter, we thank Thee that by a sure law of growth the soil will be more fruitful. We ask not then, to be kept from pain, we ask only that sorrow shall not triumph. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

I'd laugh to-day — to-day is brief:
I would not wait for anything;
I'd use to-day that cannot last,
Be glad to-day and sing.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Try the nature cure. Go out these fine Spring days and watch the clouds floating over the sky. Bare your head to the breezes, sweet with the suggestion of flowers. Take delight in the bewitching greenery with which shrubs and trees and meadows are adorning themselves. A bright Spring morning is a splendid antidote for the sour spirit.

HOWARD A. BRIDGMAN.

If the morning sun rise clear, help us, O Father, that we may have eyes to see. If the song of the birds be on the air, grant us, we pray Thee, ears to hear. If the quickening breeze sweep the fields, open the windows of our hearts to its breath. Yet if the sky be perchance o'ercast, and the woodlands dumb, and the air all lifeless, still may we feel the pulsing of Thy spirit within, hear Thy voice speaking in our souls, find even there the light which shall show us our task and the path ahead. Amen.

KENNETH E. EVANS.

A tiny little tot of a child had climbed a rickety old ladder to the roof of an adjoining home, and halfway up the roof it was clinging with its chubby fingers to the shingles. The ladder was old and rotten and would not bear the weight of even a ten-year-old boy. With tears the fearful mother begged the little one to climb back on the ladder. A policeman threatened. A neighboring grocer held up candy and grapes to the little fellow in the hope of luring him back, but all in vain. The child clung apprehensively to the shingles. Then a happy-faced young girl came running to the spot and taking in the situation at a glance cried out, "Has anyone tried a smile?" Then she went to the foot of the ladder, and with outstretched arms, began to talk and smile to the little one. Soon he began to climb slowly, and certainly back to the ladder. Twice he looked down, but the encouraging smile was still there, and guided by it he reached the ground safely. The mother caught him up and cried, "You saved my boy." The girl answered, "It was only the smile that did it," and ran away.

ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Father, who broodest over all Thy children in love, we thank Thee for the confidence born of every revelation of love. We all of us climb or slide into dangerous situations. We need the help that comes through cheerful faith. For ourselves let us trust the smile that is born of faith. Let us not be timid nor afraid when love speaks. For others let us not hesitate to speak the message of love which alone may lure the soul to safety. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Heirs of the Morning, we walk in the light;
God is forever with man!
A day that hath never a noon or a night;
God is forever with man!
A day without limit, whose glories unfold
The statutes that time and eternity hold;
An endless becoming its measure and mold;
God is forever with man!

Sing, little bluebird, the message ye bring;
God is forever with man!
Cleave the soft air with a rapturous wing;
God is forever with man!
Warble the story to forest and rill,
Sweep up the valley and bear to the hill
The sacred refrain of your passionate thrill;
God is forever with man!

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

O Lord, we thank Thee that Thou art with us always. During the earliest years of our being, Thou didst minister unto us through the angels that are unsphered by Thy love. Thou wert with us when we passed into the years of childhood and youth, when we entered upon the duties of life in manhood's years. When the sun begins to go down, our hairs turn silver and our bodies grow feeble, thou wilt be with us then as our love and light and strength. We bless Thee, that Thou art with us always, for Thou hast created man to be Thy temple and tabernacle. Amen.

L. G. LANDENBERGER.

No man can be wholly unhappy who is accustomed to look for beauty in nature and in human life. His is a joy which never wearies. As we grow old many of our senses grow dull, but the sense of beauty becomes a more perfect enchantment every year. Each new spring seems to open in more exuberant, miraculous grace, tenderness, and charm than the last. Every new rosebud seems the most perfect one we ever saw. . . . How the goodness of God seems to descend into our human heart through all these messages, saying how He loves us, and what a home He has made for us!

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

O Lord, what shall we render unto Thee for Thy loving kindness! We will take of the cup of Thy salvation and pay unto Thee our solemn vows. Behold our hearts now lifted up that Thou mayest fill them. Be pleased to accept our thanksgiving, with a devout promise of thanks-living, in return for the tender mercies of Thy providence and grace. We know that in Thy sight there is no beauty like the beauty of holiness. Let our walk and conversation show forth Thy praise accordingly this day. And this — with the pardon of our sins and the sanctifying influence of Thy Spirit — we humbly and confidently ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

DAVID JAMES BURRELL.

Hast some heaven-sent task? with promptness choose it;
Some little talent given? fail not to use it.
Hast found some stream of truth? be quick to span it;
Or spark of latent good? be swift to fan it.
If Wisdom's pearl is yet unfound, then seek it;
Is there some comfort-word unsaid? oh, speak it.
Is there a cry of woe uneased? then heed it.
Some worthy cause unhelped by thee? go spread it!
Behold life's rushing tide of ill, and stem it;
Where wrong is blatant — undisturbed — condemn it.
Though crime be skulking — well-concealed — yet find it;
Go chase it from its secret lair and bind it.
Are life-lines short? then thou the cords must lengthen;
Where faith, hope, love, are weak — haste thou to strengthen.
When tempted souls despairing falter, nerve them.
Wherever human lives have need, there serve them.

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, Who hast given us the morning light, help us to take up the work of the day with a morning heart. Disclose to us the task which Thou hast appointed for to-day. I know it is near by. Opportunity surrounds us. Every need that confronts us is Thy call; every necessity, Thy challenge; and every duty, Thy sacred law. In the light of Thy manifold blessings to us let us joyfully and gratefully live, and when the night comes let us lie down to rest in the satisfaction of a day well-spent, through the help that comes from Thee, O Lord. Amen.

JAY THOMAS STOCKING.

In the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest,
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the heavens above us, and for the world Thou hast made beautiful about us. We thank Thee for Thy life within us, for the love that Thou hast placed in our hearts. We wait upon Thee to renew our strength. Draw us through joy and pain close to Thy fatherly heart. As little children holding a parent's hand, we look up to say, "Father, we love Thee, lead us where Thou wilt." Be it by the way of gain or loss, we will ever walk with Thee. Teach us to appreciate all good, to forget all evil, and to make the best of all things. Bless all Thy children everywhere as Thou alone knowest they have need. Help us to be like Jesus. Amen.

MERRILL C. WARD.

Throw up the window, lest we miss
One charm of such a day as this;
I saw it dawn, and by
The tints on its unfolding scroll
I knew how softly o'er the whole
Will Beauty's picture lie.

* * * * * *

How close to Heav'n earth seems to lie
Thus floating in so pure a sky,
So luminous and calm!
The fancy catches on the breeze
The stray notes of its melodies,
Its breathings out of balm.

ANONYMOUS.

Thy spirit has led us to prepare for the storm and the cloud so that in life's trials we have not been overwhelmed. May the dawn of the bright days find us prepared for such achievement as is worthy of Thy followers. Grant unto us, O God, an appreciation of the majestic splendor and the eternal supremacy of the realities that come from Thee. As the full-orbed day floods earth with resplendent light, so impart a sense of the beauty of Thy Perfect Order; let not earth's chaos and confusions mar nor detract from our sense of the symmetry and completeness more than do the broken branches of the trees of a forest. And give us strength to accomplish our task. Amen.

BURDETTE B. BROWN.

And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom:
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Almighty God, we recognize Thine hand that opens to us the morning. Stir within us, we pray Thee, the sources of our divine life. Speak to our thoughts and our feelings that they may awake to the glories of life and the consciousness of Thy presence in the affairs of men. May we rest assured that if Thou dost call us this day to perform great tasks, Thou wilt give us sufficient strength to meet them. If Thou dost cause us to pass through dangers, Thou wilt not leave us without courage. May we remember that however much of Thy bounty we may have received, the end is not yet. Thy treasure house is far from empty, Thy goodness is infinite. Thy love is eternal. Amen.

ALBERT J. LORD.

A little tree, short, but self-satisfied,
Glanced toward the ground, then tossed its head, and cried,
"Behold how tall I am, how far the earth!"
And boasting thus, it swayed in scornful mirth.

The tallest pine tree in the forest raised
Its head toward heaven, and sighed the while it gazed;
"Alas, how small I am, and the great skies how far,
What years of space 'twixt me and yonder star!"

Our height depends on what we measure by:
If up from earth or downward from the sky.

ANONYMOUS.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the cycle of eternal change, which is the life of nature. Thou hast so planned that at some time each leaf on every tree should be washed by the rain and also have its glow of sunshine; that each blossom should be tinted by the sun and kissed by the dew; that in due time each fruit should receive its own coloring. Help us to understand that what the sun is to nature, Jesus Christ is to our souls, and that we are now within Thy love and care. In the joy of Thy glory make us to radiate Thy beautifying light unto all whom we meet. Keep us strong to retain our cheerfulness while we may pass among other moods, and let the permanent joy of our Lord become constant in our life. Amen.

RALPH N. BIRDSALL.

If I ever feel like envying any one, it is not the world-famous author, but some serene, devout soul who has made the life of Christ his own and whose will is the divine will.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The true calling of a Christian is not to do extraordinary things, but to do ordinary things in an extraordinary way. The most trivial tasks can be accomplished in a noble, gentle, regal spirit, which overrides and puts aside all petty, paltry feelings, which elevates all things.

DEAN STANLEY.

Our Father, for a new day we thank Thee. Help us attain the mind of Christ, his spirit, his motives, his desires. May our friendship with the Master be so sincere and complete that even in doing the ordinary duties and in the commonplace relations others may take knowledge of us that we have been with Him. Help us so to trust that we are empowered to do all things Thou layest upon us through Him that strengtheneth us. Help us to rise above the irritating and the petty, to be serene, unafraid and unexcited because we know Thou wilt supply every need of ours according to the riches of Thy grace in Christ Jesus. Amen.

WILLIAM HORACE DAY.

"Thy will be done." Why always bow the head
In anguish when these sacred words are said?
More light than darkness falleth from above;
The will of God shows clearest through His love.
Why should we kneel in fear, as God were foe,
When unto Him we pray, "Thy will be done"?
Why learn to "bend and kiss the rod" in woe?
On just and unjust shines His blessed sun.

"Thy will be done." Is there no other way
Than drying out of sorrow, thus to pray?
God's daily gifts outweigh the heaviest loss;
The crown is ours as surely as the cross.

If aught we know, we know that joy reigns there;
Then let us, as we pray the Christ-taught prayer,
Lift up our hearts in joy at blessings given:
Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven.

LOUISE PEABODY SARGENT.

O Master of the thorn-strewn way! Thou hast journeyed with unfaltering step over the road where we so often falter. Thou didst not escape the thorn-thrusts; the stones of stumbling were not removed from Thy path. Through all these Thou madest Thy way unerring to the crown by patient perseverance and gracious yielding to the Father's will. We can know no sorrow to which Thou art a stranger, no heart-longing to Thee unknown. Teach us Thy secret. Walk with us in the way we take and hearten us in the trying hours. Amen.

CHARLES HOWARD TAYLOR.

Who seeks success
Must look for it in paths untrod before,
Must journey on, though weary and footsore;
Striving to climb, though steep the mountain seems,
Having the courage to make real his dreams,
Enduring pain and heartache, bitter sorrow,
Looking always for better things to-morrow;
Life's prizes are hung high and out of view,
And some reached only by our failures, too;
Who seeks success, must falter not nor shirk,
The only road that leads to it is work.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

Our Father, we love Thee for the paths we have already trod and for the untrodden paths of a new day. We remember Thy loving kindness in the night watches, Thy tender mercies in hard marches and Thy protecting presence in journeys of great dangers. Again our trust is in Thee. We would welcome the valleys and the hills, the dusty road of the common day or the steep challenge of the mount of vision, for life and joy is to do our work, the work Thou hast given us to do. We rejoice that in light or darkness it is glorious, for on all our paths there falls the shadows of the spires of a city whose maker and builder is God. Amen.

ARCHEY D. BALL.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day and night:
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise —
That is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee —
This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be,
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slave of sin to free —
That is the life that counts.

CHRISTIAN CYNOSURE.

O Lord, help us to realize that the life Thou givest us is not called eternal simply because it is long, but also because it is deep and broad and high. Make us thoughtful and fraternal and prayerful that the dimensions of our souls may be so stretched that we may hold an abundance of the life that is life indeed. O Christ, source of life and light and love, help us to live on such intimate terms with Thee that such a life may be as natural to us as for morning glories to open in the quiet dark of early summer morning. Amen.

RAYMOND H. HASE.

We speak with awed tenderness of our guardian angels; but have we not all had our guiding angels, who came to us in visible form, and recognized or unknown, kept beside us on our difficult path until they had done for us all that they could?

LUCY LARCOM.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought "'tis sweet to live";
Somebody said "I'm glad to give";
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, who art our Guardian and our Guide, we bless Thee for the souls whom Thou hast joined with Thyself, to be our guides and helpers by day, and our sentinels by night. We thank Thee for those who watch over us, who ease our burdens, lighten our cares, smooth our paths, and stand between us and evil. Our guardian angels are of Thine own, Thy gracious care and love. Give us a due sense of their unselfish service, and help us, in turn, to be watchers over all who are weak, untaught, or wayward. Help us to give even as we are receiving. Amen.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

A smile is quite a funny thing;
It wrinkles up your face,
And, when it's gone, you never find
Its secret hiding-place.

But far more wonderful it is
To see what smiles can do:
You smile at one, he smiles at you,
And so one smile makes two.

He smiles at some one, since you smiled,
And then that one smiles back,
And that one smiles, until in truth
You fail in keeping track.

And, since a smile can do great good
By cheering hearts of care,
Let's smile and smile, and not forget
That smiles go everywhere!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the light of Thy face dispersing the gloom of a darkened world. O Light of life, Thou shinest on the cradles of our newborn and over the graves of our dead, and lightest all the way our feet must tread from one to the other. Shine in the hearts of the poor until they shall see the infinite value of the soul. Shine in the hearts of the rich until they shall see the poverty of things. Shine health into sickness, joy into sorrow, life into death and in that glad to-morrow, O, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us. Amen.

ORVILLE C. POLAND.

I sit beside my little mill
And grind the livelong day;
The sun comes out beside the hill
And all the world looks gay;
But I must grind, and grind, and grind,
So is the manner of my kind.

* * * * * *

Well, I've a mind to quit my mill
And loaf about the town;
Like other folk, to have my will,
Nor bear with fortune's frown —
Why should I grind for senseless clods?
Peace, fool! Perchance thy mill is God's.

F. W. Martin.

O patient God, wilt Thou forgive the impatience of Thy servants? We toiled all day yesterday and into the night. We are glad to toil. We want to serve. The imperative of work is upon us. There is much to do — little tasks and tasks immeasurable. We are satisfied to serve where Thou dost call us, whether the task be great or small; but we grow impatient of results. Like children watching expectant for the upspringing of the seed they have sown, so we long to behold the fruit of our toil. Do we look in vain, — give patience, Lord. Ours is the task alone, the results are Thine. For the task, we have but one brief day, for the results Thou hast the eternal years. Amen.

John L. Ivey.

God, thou art love. I build my faith on that.
ROBERT BROWNING.

Hide thou thy grief,
But let thy joy be known;
Doubts will be brief,
If faith shall claim its own;
Pain is a gain;
Sorrow a glorious strife;
Death is a breath;
And Love is Lord of Life.
OLIVER HUCKEL.

Father in Heaven, we bring to Thee our heartfelt thanks for every evidence to us that Thou art love. Our waking thought dwells on Thy loving care. Our eager hope find its sure confidence in the thought that Thy love waits to bless us. We thank Thee that our hearts are capable of loving Thee. May we go forth to teach Thy world and ours with faith in Thee, such faith as shall give us a real consciousness of Thy presence and Thy love in all the movements of our life to-day.

If Thou, as Love, shall breathe
On all our way,
Grief, sorrow, doubt, pain, death itself,
Will trouble not our day. Amen.
LESTER MORRIS CONROW.

With faint far buglings in the noble east
I hear the herald of the struggling day,
Calling each man to victor's earnestness —
To bring in truth the dream of yesterday.

WILLIAM NORTHRUP MORSE.

The firefly, flickering about
In busy brightness, near and far,
Lets not his little lamp go out
Because he cannot be a star.

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

Dear Lord, take us this morning and make us all Thine own. May the light of Thy Holy Word like the dawn of the morning be a lamp to our paths this day. May no hour hear us saying "there is nothing we can do" while the world in darkness lieth and the laborers are so few. Lead us, O Lord, that we may lead the wayward and wandering feet; teach us that we in turn may teach the things Thou dost impart; and use us "just as Thou wilt and when and where" that Faith, and Comfort, and Hope may spring with Joy in many a heart. Amen.

W. ELDER ARCHIBALD.

What to a man who loves the air
Are trinkets, gauds, and jewels rare?
And what is wealth or fame to one
Who is a brother to the sun;
Who drinks the wine that morning spills
Upon the heaven-kissing hills,
And sees a ray of hope afar
In every glimmer of a star?

What to a man whose god is truth
Are spoils and stratagems, forsooth —
Who looks beyond the doors of death
For loftier life, sublimer breath;
Who can forswear the state of kings
In knowledge of diviner things,
The dreams immortal that unroll
And burst to blossom in his soul?

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

We bless Thee, our Father, that Thou hast given us again to open our eyes upon the wonder of Thy world. Thou hast ordered it in abundance that we might have every need supplied. Thou hast adorned it with beauty that our imaginations might be quickened. Thou hast hidden Thyself at its heart that our souls might follow the lines that run out to the ends of the earth, and beyond into the heavenly places. Save us this day from mean ambitions and sordid desires. May we fill the hours with honest endeavor and homely obedience to Thy will. Grant us the joy of our Lord. Amen.

WILLIAM D. BEACH.

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed;
I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed;
I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear,
I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

* * * * * *

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown;
I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own;
I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine —
I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

S. E. Kiser.

Dear Father, we thank Thee that Thou dost let each morning mark a new beginning for us. In Thy mercy hast Thou blotted out the past in the night that intervenes between yesterday's failures and to-day's fresh hope. We thank Thee that Thou art not only the God of all our beginnings, but what is more loving and wonderful, the God of our beginnings over and over. Hold our hand, our Father, as we begin again to-day. We may stumble in to-day's path, O Lord, but let us not let go Thy hand; and mercifully bring us to this day's close a little farther on the way to our abiding home with Thee. Amen.

Earl Cranston.

"Do you give thanks for this? — or that?" No,
God be thanked
I am not grateful
In that cold, calculating way, with blessings ranked
As one, two, three, and four, — that would be hateful.

I only know that every day brings good above
My poor deserving;
I only feel that in the road of Life true Love
Is leading me along and never swerving.

Whatever gifts and mercies to my lot may fall,
I would not measure
As worth a certain price in praise, or great or small;
But take and use them all with simple pleasure.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Gracious Father, we thank Thee for another sunlit morning. May the light of Thy countenance be upon us all this day. May the rays of Thy light which rest upon us be reflected upon those about us. Help us to be light-holders and light-givers. May our lives be bright and joyous by being constantly in touch with Thee. Help us to live always in the light of Thy love; and no matter how bright our day, may those who look upon us "See no man save Jesus only." So may all our days be an honor to Thee and a blessing to all our friends and thine. Amen.

EDWARD J. CURTIS.

Every year with dwindling number,
Loyal still to those that slumber,
Forth they march to where already many have found peace at last,
And they place the fairest blossoms
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

* * * * * *

Every year we see them massing,
Every year we watch them passing,
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,
But the battle flags above them
Seem to bend and bless and love them,
And through all the lilting music sounds an undertone of pain!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Thou God of nations, to-day we would honor the memory of those who freely gave their lives to save their country. We would remember with gratitude those who fell in battle and whose bodies lie in unknown graves. With no less gratitude would we remember those who survived to take up again the burdens of civil life. As with reverent hand "they place the fairest blossoms o'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past," let us too enter into the spirit of their devotions. Let the flag they saved be to us the symbol of that glorious freedom which is the pride of our country. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light,
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Our Father in Heaven, we remember that in our souls we have the inheritance of Thy perfect love. Its power can give beauty to the brightest morning and make the burdens of the hardest day easy to our hands. We beseech Thee that we may come nearer by this grace unto Thyself, fulfilling every duty with cheerfulness, bearing all sorrows with patience and always struggling and aspiring to better things. Let us live continually in the joys of the thought that nothing can ever separate us from Thy love and find in the hope it brings us continual help and satisfaction. And Thine shall be the praise for evermore. Amen.

EDWIN C. BOLLES.

Enchanted I sit on the bank by the willow,
And trill the last snatch of a rollicking tune;
And since all this loveliness cannot be Heaven,
I know in my heart it is June.

ABBA GOOLD WOOLSON.

Now is the time of the bloom and the gold,
O beautiful world so fair to unfold!
My heart is as light and as glad as the day,
As the jubilant air and the lark's merry lay.
You, joyful ones, sing! Your life makes its May.
Now is the time of the bloom and the gold,
Now are the days of the roses.

LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the vision of Soul that enables us to see Thy face behind the shadows of time. We thank Thee especially for these days in June when flowers and birds and the incense of growing things call us to worship Thee as the Supreme Beauty. Enable us, our Father, to worship and be glad and to see in this wondrous pageant of spring, something of Thy ways with man. May we see that wind, and storm, and biting frost have all worked together to produce this day of days. So may we see in hours of seeming trial that all things are working together for our good and that the soul's jubilee of spring is at hand. May it be so. Amen.

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

When I'm thinking roses
In my heart 'tis June,
Shadows flee the sunshine,
All the world's in tune.
Rose-thoughts bring the solstice
Of each sunlit year,
When I'm thinking roses
Happiness is here.

When I'm living roses
Golden glows the way
Leading into service,
Stronger day by day.
Rose-thoughts know the secret
Of my inner shrine,
When I'm living roses
Flower o' love is mine.

GERTRUDE RUGG FIELD.

We feel this morn the deep and vital truth the masters teach, that "the mind is its own place, and of itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." Give us to-day, O God, to be the captains of our souls, to think Thy great thoughts after Thee; to behold the beauty, not the ugliness, of our world, that we may be transformed into its likeness. With no illusion, but seeing the invisible, the things unseen that are eternal, may we have peace and joy in knowing that ever the good comes uppermost and ever is justice done, and that life is ever lord of death, and love can never lose its own. Amen.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

If you fancy your hold on your fortune is lost,
Get a grip;
If you missed the buoy some passenger tossed,
Get a grip;
For you'll find as you creep through the Valley of Care,
Where the pathway is rough and the fields are too bare,
That the man who hangs on is the man who gets there,
Get a grip.

There is nothing that's lost that is hopelessly lost,
Get a grip.
The prize we may win if we work for the cost,
Get a grip.
The man who courts failure can win it, I know;
He has but to give up and let the thing go;
But the fellow who wins must stand to the blow.
Get a grip.

A. J. Waterhouse.

O Thou God of Courage, who hast never faltered in Thy confidence that in the end man should do Thy will, give us now abundantly of Thy divine courage. Help us to get a grip upon ourselves, and to stand steady when things seem to be at their worst. Give us tenacity of purpose so that we may prove by practice Thy promise to help those who help themselves. And if sometimes in extreme trial, our work becomes so thwarting that we doubt even Thy wisdom, still help us to keep a grip on Thee as a God that ever lives and loves. Amen.

Lee S. McCollester.

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store,
And may I be so favored as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

* * * * * *

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind —
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back upon the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say
Because of some good act to beast or man,
"The world is better that I lived to-day."

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Our Heavenly Father, it is a comfort to us to know that Thou knowest our frame, with all its weaknesses and imperfections, that the impossible is never required of us. Thou hast promised grace, and strength and wisdom to enable us to live lives so helpful, true and loving that our associates will be profited and blessed. Make our hearts Thy home. Purge us from all selfishness; flood our natures with Thy Spirit; and let Thy love flow forth from us in gracious streams, blessing the souls of men, and enabling each to glorify and honor Thee day by day. Amen.

THOMAS S. BOND.

Take a dash of water cold
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in the morning air;
Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin;
And then, as a prime ingredient
A plenty of work thrown in;
But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old book and a glance above
Complete a well-spent day.

ANONYMOUS.

Ever in the deepest reverence, we bow our heads before the Father of Life. We are but parts and He the whole. We gladly bow before the true, the good, the beautiful, for our reverence brings to us the qualities that we adore. Our worship brings to us a knowledge of what our life is for. We are to realize ourselves in God. In His beauty we are to become beautiful; in His joy we are to find joy; and in His strength we are to find strength. That through His qualities, we may also become creators. May the outreaching of our being each dawning day be for more of life, more of God. Amen.

WILSON M. BACKUS.

Oh, sing the glad song of the morning,
When over the great world's rim
The pink sun smiles so gaily
That one must smile back at him!

And sing the brave song of the noontide,
Though the burden of work be great;
For the day wears on to its ending
And every task will abate.

Then sing the sweet song of the evening,
Contented that strife be o'er;
And in the still dark of the gloaming
Thank God that of work there's still more.

AGNES M. CHOATE.

Father, we thank Thee for this day of life and opportunity. Help us to keep a song in our hearts through all its hours that may bring joy and inspiration to others. Lead us to someone whom we may cheer and help. May we realize how very near Thou art when within whisper-reach of our souls. Strengthen us for every task by Thy indwelling spirit and Thy overshadowing presence so that we may feel Thine everlasting arms are underneath us and that Thy mighty hand is over our heads. Make us wise in judgment, calm in spirit, gentle in our attitude toward others. "Let Thy greatness flow 'round our incompleteness; 'round our restlessness, Thy rest." Amen.

OLIN BURR COIT.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, to do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

Help us, O Father, to lift up our hearts in prayer to Thee this morning, that we may start the day aright. May this moment of sweet communion be but the beginning of a day of fellowship, as we shall be divinely guided in all our thoughts and deeds. Teach us to-day a new fight against evil and of thanksgiving for Thy watchful care. Then when the tasks of the day can be again laid aside and we shall return to the place of rest in sleep, may we rejoice in Thy answer to this petition and be satisfied that another day's journey has indeed brought us nearer our heavenly home and our heavenly Father. Amen.

LEON A. LOSEY.

But let the record of thy years
Shine out so brightly,
That there can linger no mistrust
Of aught malignant or unjust,
Nor shall the sad reproach of tears
Chide e'er so lightly.

Then laugh, ye gay, and dance and sing
Though years bring sorrow;
Let men and women come and go
And chase their phantoms to and fro;
What matters it if Time shall bring
A glad to-morrow?

HENRY W. COLBY.

Father of the years, Lord of gladness, God of our life, we bring our gift of rejoicing to Thee, asking Thee to renew it in our daily lives. Help us to make happiness the habit of our lives. May we remember that down deep in our being is Thy very nature, and Thou art the God of infinite and eternal joy. Save us from having Thy nature in us smothered by selfishness, or quenched by doubts or fears. Give us grace, wisdom, courage to fulfil Thy joy in the problems and perplexities of each day, so that we shall make our record one of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows. Amen.

OLIVER HUCKEL.

By faith I stand; by hope I soar; by love I am. Faith assures me, hope inspires me, love is me at my best. "Love," says an old French lexicon, "is the sameness of souls." "Love," says Luther, "is that by which I desire to be in perpetual union with that I love." "Love," says Emerson, "is our highest word and synonym of God." "And Love," says Solomon, "is strong as death." But the instant we read that, we say Solomon does not reach the mark in his definition, for in the history of humanity, millions of proofs have been given that love is stronger than death, and is, as Erasmus says, "as immortal, when it is rooted in virtue, as virtue herself."

ROBERT COLLYER.

Father, we thank Thee for the immortality and the power Thou hast stored in faith, hope and love, such power that no force can prevail against them; and we thank Thee that Thou hast placed them all within our reach. Help us for this day to lay hold of them; not only for the sake of our own peace and our own triumph over inner and outer foes, and even over death itself, but also that we may not fail thee in the place of service which is our God-assigned post of duty. And while we are seeking help from Thee, we would not forget the honor Thou hast done us in making even Thine infiniteness somewhere dependent on our help. Amen.

FRANCIS L. HAYES.

I will break forth in singing,
In singing on my way,
As I go faring onward
To where the Joy-bells play.
They play for me — Mark time, mark time!
Before the dawn I heard them chime,
And trembled at their ringing.
The Lord, He set them swinging
The hours of this day,
And I go onward singing,
Oh, singing on my way!

MARY STEWART CUTTING.

Blessed Lord Christ, there is music in the world to-day because there is music in our hearts. The music in our hearts is the music of Thy presence there. We were made for singing; help us to be natural. We sometimes think we cannot sing; the burden hinders. If we must have the burden to-day grant us grace to sing with it. Maybe our singing will be made sweeter by the burden. Keep the demons of discord away from us to-day. Send the angels of harmony to be our companions. And when the day shall have gone out into the forevers may there be many hearts singing on the way because of our song. Amen.

FRANK D. TAYLOR.

O fly away on silent wing, ye boding owls of night!
O welcome little birds that sing the coming-in of light!
For new, and new, and ever-new,
The golden bud within the blue;
And every morning seems to say:
"There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you!"

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Our souls take wings and jubilantly soar upon the azure waves of the morning sky, among the triumphant song of the awakening creation up towards Thee, Thou Sun of Heaven. But more brilliant still than the sparkling rays of the rising Aurora, as she purples the eastern sky with all the colors of the radiant rainbow, dost Thou rise above the horizon of our inner world with healing under Thy wings. With awakening nature we lift up our eyes to Thee. In the glittering dewdrops on the silvery blades of the tender grass we see a reflection of the glory of Thy love and Thy wisdom. Receive, Thou Sun of our souls, the burnt offering of thanks, of joy and of hope which we humbly lay down before the throne of Thy everlasting morning glory. Amen.

AXEL LUNDEBERG.

Put a bit of sunshine in the day;
Others need its cheer, and so do you, —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
Make the ones about you wonder why
Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Put the golden sunshine in each day;
Others need the cheer that comes through you, —
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

JUANIATA STAFFORD.

Dear Spirit Father, out of the night and into the morning's dawning, Thou hast brought us for further work for man and Thee. We realize the day may not be all bright, but help us to put that in our souls, which will make our faces shine through day-trials, just as the sun makes day, light, even though there be clouds. Grant us Thy guiding care in every task. Make us careful in what we think, say, do; and above all in what we hear. Help us to show our thankfulness for Thy goodness in the manner of our treatment of Thine other children. And thus bless us, that we may help Thee make this a good day for all we meet. Amen.

GEORGE CROSS BANER.

Whenever we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond,
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Almighty God, we turn our faces toward Thee, as the flowers turn theirs to the light. Thou art our Sun. Enlighten our lives, we pray Thee, by the unfailing glow of Thy grace. May there be no feeling of uncertainty or fear in us as we unfurl our sails to the winds of a new day; make us strong and of good courage in our quest for the better things of life. Protect us from yielding to such allurements as might draw us from the true course; we have set out to win the prize, help us to continue unto the end. In all things may we be true to duty and loyal to those who love us. Save us from discontent and loose us from the bonds of vanity and pride. Amen.

CHARLES ELMORE BARTO.

I dreamed the plowman told me: "Grow your bread
And tend your fields alone; I plow no more."
The weaver bade me spin the clothes I wore,
The masons quit the wall above my head.
Deserted so by all who warmed and fed
And sheltered me, my heart was sad and sore,
For seek what path I would, I heard the roar
Of sullen lions; and the sky was lead.

My eyes fell open, and I saw the sun.
I heard a hundred hammers beat as one,
The plowboy whistle, and the builder call;
And then I knew my happiness — and then
I felt my endless debt to other men.
And since that morning I have loved them all.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

Compassionate Father! Thy love radiates light through all the world. It dispels darkness and removes the chill. Thy purpose for each and every child of Thine is happiness. Thy blessed Gospel is sweet in melody and rich in harmony. Thou wouldst set all the world a-singing. Measureless resource of wisdom and power are ours for the asking and the using. Enthrone Thyself, O Christ, in our hearts. Make us living beatitudes. Permit us to stand on the sunlit slopes, and at the sunset hour, grant us the holy coronation of Thy "Well Done." Amen.

A. Z. CONRAD.

Sorrow comes and sorrow goes,
Life is flecked with shine and shower;
Now the tear of grieving flows,
Now we smile in happy hour;
Death awaits us every one,
Toiler, dreamer, preacher, writer,
Let us, then, ere life be done
Make the world a little brighter.

Burdens that our neighbors bear,
Easier let us try to make them;
Chains, perhaps, our neighbors wear,
Let us do our best to break them;
From the straitened hand and mind
Let us loose the binding fetter;
Let us, as the Lord designed,
Make the world a little better.

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

Heavenly Father, Light, Life, Holiness, this morning Thou confidest to us a new day. We have "slept in the hollow of Thy hand", while watchfully Thou hast set in Thy night-skies the lights of all Thy worlds; now Thou awakest us to set for Thee in Thy day-skies earth's proper lights, which are faithfulness, truthfulness, loving-kindness. We look unto Thee for strength. May we live lovingly with those around us, and when evening comes may thanksgiving, praise and prayer be unto Thee, "Who rulest over all things with the glory of a Father!" Amen.

JAMES V. BLAKE.

"I can't think what you can find to sing about," said a blackbird to a thrush, who was pouring out a joyous carol from the top of an old stump.

"Can't you?" said the thrush. "I can't help singing when I'm thankful."

"That's just it," said the blackbird. "I can sing as well as any one when there's anything to be thankful for; but the ground is as hard as iron, there isn't a berry in the gardens, and where I am to get my breakfast from I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps you have had yours?"

"Not yet," said the thrush.

"Well, I would wait for my song till I had found some food, if I were you," said the blackbird.

"I've never gone without it yet, and I've no doubt I shall find some presently; at all events, it is a fancy I have to begin the day with a song."

ANONYMOUS.

Father, our hearts are in tune with Thee in this morning hour, and with the happy birds we pour forth our songs of praise. The thought that we are Thy children, with our great inheritance from Thee, fills us with joy unspeakable. We thank Thee for life, and its grand possibilities, and rejoice every day that in love and wisdom Thou art working out Thy will and purpose, which is for the highest good of every child. Let love which is the revealer of all things fill our hearts, and make us conscious of Thy eternal presence. Amen.

ABBIE E. DANFORTH.

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best!

GOETHE.

Take up your duty, whatever you can do to make the world more bright and good. Do whatever you can to help every struggling soul, to add strength to any staggering cause — the poor sick man who is by you; the poor wronged man whom you with your influence can vindicate; the poor boy in your shop that you may set with new hope upon the road of life that is beginning already to look dark to him. You know your duty. No man ever looked for it and did not find it.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Our Father, we thank Thee that we find our highest joy in service; that even the little child is made glad by the consciousness of good bestowed or kindness rendered. Help us to fit our little duties into a larger thought of service to each other and to mankind. May we see that just as the particles of dust from the sweeper's hand are turned to seeming gold by a sunbeam, so a ray from that light of love within the breast which lighteth every man born into the world, turns our little duties into privileges and makes even drudgery divine. Amen.

LEON A. HARVEY.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

We are grateful to Thee, O God, for our daily bread. We are especially grateful because Thou dost not shower bread upon us like manna, but in order to get it we have to work for it; plant and weed and hoe and harvest. We thank Thee for raiment, but we are especially grateful that we are not furnished with feathers and fur like the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. If we would be clothed we must spin and weave and cut and sew. We are grateful to Thee for shelter from the wind and the rain, and for the hearth-stone around which the family gathers and calls by the sacred name of home. But we recognize Thy divine providence in the fact that if we would have shelter we must build, if we would have a fire on the hearth we must hew and delve for the fuel wherewith to make the fire burn. Urge us on to continuous effort that by constant endeavor we may at last attain to the fulness of the measure of the stature of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Amen.

FRANK OLIVER HALL.

Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past.
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new-born;
What each day needs, that thou shalt ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

GOETHE.

God of the sunrise, we crave a fresh vision of Thyself and Thy will for this new day. Help us to be so interested in making the best possible to-day that we shall forget our bad yesterdays. Especially do Thou keep our minds from dwelling midst the chilling shadows of our sins. Have we not repented of them? Hast Thou not forgiven them? Deliver us from all hindering reminders of them. Help us to focus all our energies on to-day's tasks and possible triumphs. As each new door opens may we realize that Thine invisible hand leads the way, and that we may feel Thy comradeship inspiring us to walk with newness of life, radiant with Thy light and love. Amen.

L. H. DORCHESTER.

He sows June fields with clover and the world
Broadcasts with little common kindnesses.
The plain good souls He sends us, who fulfil
Life's homely duties in the daily path
With cheerful heart, ambitious of no more
Than to supply the wants of friend and kin,
Yet serve God's higher love to human hearts;
Giving a secret sweetness to the home,
The hidden fragrance of a kindly heart,
The simple beauty of a useful life,
That never dazzles and that never tires.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, teach us to love what Thou hast loved; this world in all its beauty: teach us to lose ourselves in every task and there to find ourselves in the likeness of God: teach us to bear each sorrow and pain that, by its discipline, we may grow stronger and become masters of ourselves, and so to overcome each difficulty as to make them stepping-stones to a higher life. There in Thy clear light may we know the power of conquest and the joy of service, with a love like thine to spend our lives in the service of those about us, and in serving them to serve Thee. Amen.

EARNEST PUGH.

If thou wouldst live unruffled by care,
Let not the past torment thee e'er;
If any loss thou hast to rue,
Act as though thou wert born anew;
Inquire the meaning of each day,
What each day means itself will say;
In thine own actions take thy pleasure;
What others do, thou'lt duly treasure;
Ne'er let thy breast with hate be supplied
And to God the future safe confide.

GOETHE.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the gift of this new day, and may the golden hours be kept free from all unkindness or selfishness. Grant that we may be disenchanted from all illusions; set free from the spell of every false light; that we may be fully enlightened at every point of difficulty and be sure of every step; that we may be reinforced for every noble task confronting us; that the fulness of consolation may be ours from sources the world knows not of, for every loss and in every hour of trial. May we meet the privileges and the duties of the day with a serene and courageous spirit, proving ourselves faithful and helpful in every situation, and holding an unshaken faith in a gracious Providence. Amen.

NAPHTALI LUCCOCK.

Let us put by some hour of every day
For holy things! — whether it be when dawn
Peers through the window pane, or when the noon
Flames, like a burnished topaz, in the vault,
Or when the thrush pours in the ear of eve
Its plaintive monody; — some little hour. . .
From sordidness and self a sanctuary,
Swept by the winnowing of unseen wings,
And touched by the White Light ineffable!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Our Father, many little things will crowd this day. May we not miss the one big thing. Grant us help to rescue some moments from the grasp of sordidness and self and devote them to communion with Thee. Thus shall all moments and tasks be sacred, and we shall learn to love all work, knowing that Thou hast hallowed it. Thus shall we come to feel that our daily tasks are not ends, but steps by which to climb to heavenly mansions. Thus, also, shall we love all men, — wicked, weak, erring, — knowing that they are very dear to Thee. Then, when the twilight and evening star come, and the thrush pours his plaintive melody into the ear of eve may we hear the voice of the gentle Christ, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Grant us, Father, such a day, for His Name's sake. Amen.

OLIVER W. HUTCHINSON.

Come along early and get in the game
Of making life beautiful for awhile;
Come along early with cheeks aflame
And your eyes all lit with that morning smile.
Come along early — through struggle and sin —
To help make living a better thing,
And to be considered, and counted in,
On the muster roll of the Infinite King.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Teach us, our Father, the lesson of Thy patient and quickening love. Thou hast not placed us here to "live to ourselves alone" but in a world full of pain and sorrow, Thou dost call us to take a true disciple's part. Help us in the midst of all life's questions to stand and wait. Inspire us so to live and serve that we may be as beacon lights to distressed or despairing souls. This is Thy world. Nothing can come amiss to the heart that trusts Thee. We who cannot drift beyond Thy love and care adore and praise Thee, the unerring Pilot of our lives. Amen.

CHARLES HOWARD ATKINS.

God bless the commonplace! We strain and fret
Through wearisome and unproductive days,
Striving to carve new destinies, or blaze
A trail through unaccustomed lands. We let
The feverish years possess us, and forget,
In our tense seeking for untrodden ways,
The common heritage, nor care to raise
Altars to dear, familiar things — and yet

When shadows lengthen and the busy hum
Of Life falls faintly on half-hearing ears,
With vision dimmed and feeble step we come
Back to the homely joys of bygone years —
Love and a hearthstone and a dear worn face,
And through our tears we bless the commonplace!

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the blessing of the every-day love, and joy and duty. We crave Thy guidance in the every-day problem. We take anew Thy promise that they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; that they shall mount up on wings as eagles, run and not be weary, that they shall walk and not faint, in the routine of the every-day-ness, in the round of duty so often irksome and wearying. Wilt Thou also sanctify unto us the every-day joy and blessing, whose values we so often miss, that they may enrich our souls and enable us for whatever life may bring. Amen.

CLARENCE F. SWIFT.

Then do not fret the weary hours away,
Waiting the promise of a brighter day;
Thine may not be the only aching heart;
Another, more than thou, is weighted down, —
Given a load to carry from the start,
That decked its bearer with a martyr's crown:
And rest thy soul in peace and calm content;
All things are working for a final good,
And life perhaps, would be more wisely spent
Were all its hidden purpose understood.

HENRY W. COLBY.

O Heavenly Father, how little do we know what, in Thy wisdom, the day may bring forth, or what all the days of life may have in store; but, whether joy or sorrow, whether weal or woe, in the strong assurance of Thy infinite goodness, and the sweet consciousness of Thy neverfailing presence, may we possess our souls in patience, may we live our lives in peace; faithfully performing our tasks, uncomplainingly bearing our heaviest burdens, unflinchingly facing our strongest foes. May we lose all thought of self in thought for others. Grant, O Father, that, to-day and ever, we may bear, in serenity of spirit, the light affliction which is but for a moment, knowing that it will work in us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Amen.

EDWARD S. BELDEN.

The spirit of love in the heart should be the music of every life. But how much broken music there is in some lives — "wolf notes" — where violent tempers and wild utterances mar the harmony. But love can take our lives with their jangled discords and bring them to perfect peace. Then we shall get joy out of our work because we are its master, not slave. The person who lives in the spirit of love can know no anger or hate. The person who has developed faith can neither be doubtful nor anxious. The person whose mind is filled with joy cannot be despondent. When we live in the spirit of love we are consciously one with universal health and power. There is beauty, power and kingship in perfect self-control.

JOHN WESLEY CARTER.

Our Father in Heaven, in the morning light we praise Thee for the new vision of Thy power. Forgive us, we pray, for every wicked thought which we have conceived to our brother's hurt, and for every cruel or foolish word which has caused him to stumble or suffer. Make Thy dwelling-place, O God, within our hearts, that our thoughts may run through the earth with pity and love for all men; and that our speech may be beautiful like the stars of heaven and strong as the mountains of God. Amen.

HERBERT E. THAYER.

"Oh dear! is Summer over?"
I heard a rosebud moan,
When first her eyes she opened,
And found she was alone.

"Oh why did Summer leave me,
Little me, belated?
Where are the other roses?
I think they might have waited."

Soon the little rosebud
Saw to her surprise
Other rosebuds opening,
So she dried her eyes.

Then I heard her laughing
Gaily in the sun,
"I thought Summer was over;
Why, it's just begun!"

OLIVER HERFORD.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that to the man of faith the summer is never over, manhood has never run its race, old age is ever deferred, and hope reigns supreme. So let it be with us. May the flowers of life blossom all the year through, and if at the last, they seem to fade, may we put our hands in Thine, confidently walk through the hedge to find another garden, the garden of the soul where the flowers always last. Amen.

PEARL M. GOULD.

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it bubbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:
Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me,
I'm alive, you see!
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup,
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Heavenly Father, with Thy help we will begin the day with a song. It may be that we shall meet sorrow and trouble on the road to-day, but we know that Thy unfailing love is with us, and that Thou wilt give us strength. Bless us and keep us from worry to-day. Amen.

FLORENCE N. SAWTELLE.

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring the vesper chime;
Then, looking in, I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," said he; then said, with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages skeptic blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unharmed — the hammers gone.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

With cheerful hearts and singing lips we greet the new day and its duties, our Father. To-day we shall meet many men and women upon the highway and in the office and the shop. Some will complain of the day's clouds, some will speak slightingly of Thy works and reproachfully of Thy truth. But for our own part, our Father, we will strive to see the sun behind the clouds, Thy power in and through Thy works, and Thy truth invincible and eternal. More and more may the white light of Thy truth pour down upon us. More and more may we seek to find the truth, not what men have said about it, but the truth itself. Speak to us to-day and reveal to us a new measure of truth and love. Amen.

A. EUGENE BARTLETT.

Slower! sweet June,
Each step more slow;
Linger and loiter as you go;
Linger a little while to dream,
Or see yourself in yonder stream,
Fly not across the summer so.
Sweet June! be slow.

* * * * *

Slower! sweet June,
And slower still;
Let all your matchless beauty thrill
My soul! Stretch out this day so bright,
Far, far along midsummer's height,
Till sunset back to sunrise glow,
Sweet June! be slow.

* * * * *

Slower! sweet June,
Again I cry;
She does not stop to say good-by,
But toward the north or toward the south
She turns; I seek her rosy mouth
For one more kiss; I press her hair
And know, alas! she is not there.

ANONYMOUS.

For the songs of the birds, for the rich profusion of flowers, for the luxuriant green of the trees, for the busy hum of the bees among the blossoms, for the beauty of the floating clouds and all the joys of the June days, we thank Thee, O our Father, and pray that the memory of them may survive through all the icy days of winter. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Every little blade of grass
Says "Good-Morning" when we pass;
Every tree doth nod and say,
"'Tis a rare" or "Rainy day";

Every rose on every bush,
Be it Brier, Moss, or Blush,
Lifts its lips in fragrant bliss
For a caress or a kiss.

Would we only list and hear
All they whisper in our ear,
Thou and I need never know
Foolish words like "Want" and "Woe";

I and thou in tranquil ways
Might employ the nights and days;
Nature loveth to confer
Peace on him who heedeth her.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Father, for the break of day and the radiant glories of the sun do we give Thee grateful thanks. Give us the open vision to discern the truth Thou wouldst have us learn from fragrant flower and gurgling stream. Give us to hear Thy message of love and care in the sweet song of the robin or even the chirp of the homely sparrow. Even though immersed in material things, grant us to know the sky is blue, that flowers bloom and the meadows are green, bearing eloquent testimony to Thy never-failing love. Keep us, even as Thou dost keep the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, and help us to serve Thee as faithfully in our higher sphere as they serve Thee in the lower. Amen.

W. H. STUBBLEBINE.

He sang of life and liberty
And joy he could not speak,
He sang down in the valley
And he sang up on the peak.
He sang among the sunbeams
And he sang amid the snow —
He sang because his heart was full
Of only good, you know.

He sang while soaring upward
Of the thoughts he could not speak —
Of the glory of the sunbeams
And the light up on the peak;
Of the peace found in the valley,
And the radiance of the snow,
Telling of Love, and Life, and Truth —
Of only God, you know.

MABEL G. INGLIS.

Dear Father of Lights, we bless Thee for the joy that cometh from Thee with the morning light. We sing and make melody in our hearts unto Thee. Fulfil the promise of the day we beseech Thee. Help us cheerfully to think and blithely to do Thy will. Teach us how to spread the light of Thy Truth among those whose mornings are dark and whose days are clouded. Make us happy in Thy service. Let Thy light not fade from our lives nor Thy joy from our hearts. Amen.

HARRY C. MESERVE.

Life is a task — laborious!
Life is a struggle — glorious!
Life is a battle — victorious.

Life is light — the fleetest;
Life is love — the sweetest;
Life is God — completest.

OLIVER HUCKEL.

O Thou, who art infinite in wisdom, in power and in love, we comfort ourselves, strengthen ourselves, inspire ourselves as we remember that, in all the exigencies of life, beneath us are Thy everlasting arms and watching over us is Thy all-seeing eye. We have chosen Thee as our God in joy and our God in sorrow. So may it be that when all about us seems transient and the very foundations of the world seem taken away, we may be assured that Thou and Thy providence are permanent, and that in Thy universe there can be no real loss and no abiding wrong. Amen.

GEORGE E. HUNTLEY.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock:
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, — are all with thee!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

We bless Thee, Father of all souls, for our Republic, the genius of which contemplates for each and every citizen the right to think his own thoughts, and to enjoy the fruits of his own industry. Help us to cherish and hold these rights sacred. Above all, help us to use them in the spirit of the Christian religion which teaches us to do unto others as we would be done by. Amen.

HENRY N. COUDEN.

Only a day at a time. There may never be a to-morrow.
Only a day at a time, and that we can live, we know.
The trouble we cannot bear is only the trouble we borrow,
And the trials that never come are the ones that fret us so.

Only a step at a time. It may be the angels bend o'er us.
To bear us above the stones that wound our feet by the way.
The step that is hardest of all is not the one just before us.
And the path we dread the most may be smoothed another day.

ANONYMOUS.

Our Father, help us to realize that the great God who made heaven and earth, infinite in mercy, love and power, is our Father. Help us to step into the child place and claim our childhood. As, in walking through the dangerous streets, the child puts its hand in the strong, loving hand of its father, so may we put our hands in Thine. Lead Thou us on. May we walk through this day in company with Thee. May we rest this night in Thee. And when the morning of a new day breaks, may we still be with Thee. Help us to trust Thee where we cannot trace the way. Amen.

O. J. WHITE.

I am but clay in thy hands, but thou art the all-loving artist;
Passive I lie in thy sight, yet in my selfhood I strive
So to embody the life and love thou ever impartest
That in my sphere of the finite I may be truly alive.

Knowing thou needest this form, as I thy divine inspiration,
Knowing thou shapest the clay with a vision and purpose divine,
So would I answer each touch of thy hand in its loving creation,
That in my conscious life thy power and beauty may shine.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

O Thou Eternal God above, we recognize that Thou art all in all, and that in and from Thee we live and move and have our being. May we ever remember that Thou art the life of heaven, even as the soul is the life of the body, and that Thy will is done therein, even as the body responds to the will of the soul. May we shun all evils as sins against Thee; so that not only our internal man but our external man may come into Thy image and likeness, and we may completely be Thy children. Amen.

HENRY H. GRANT.

I try to fix my eyes upon my book;
But just outside a budding spray
Flaunts in new leaves as if to say,
"Look! — look!"

I trim my pen, I make it fine and neat,
There comes a flutter of brown wings,
A little bird alights and sings;
"Sweet! — sweet!"

O little bird, O go away! be dumb!
For I must ponder certain lines;
And straight a nodding flower makes signs,
"Come! — come!"

GERTRUDE HALL.

Dear Father, the dawning of this new day seems very wonderful to us. How full of beauty the world is! We pray this morning for a life so simple that communion with nature shall bring us greatest joy. Everywhere we look are evidences of Thy love, in the breath of flowers, the perfume of new-mown hay, the hills and mountains that are kissed by Thy sunlight, the songs of birds. Speak to us, Heavenly Father, through these sweet voices, that our lives may be in harmony with all that is good. Thus our souls shall be made beautiful. Amen.

FLORENCE H. PERIN.

"What did he say?" Oh, nothing much.
He merely said one day,
"If you should go away
I should be sorry," —
That was all he said.

"What did he do?" Oh, nothing rare,
He came when I was ill,
In heartiest good-will,
To show he loved me, —
That was all he did.

* * * * * *

"What did he ask?" I never knew.
He never dreamed of self,
Of privilege or pelf,
He sought to serve me, —
Nothing more he asked.

L. O. Williams.

Grant us, our Father, to see in each new day tokens of Thy presence and love. May our little light shine in some dark place that some poor soul may learn that Thou art near to help. Give us to know the truth and to be willing to follow it. May we find in passing through hard places, helps and sign-posts of clear direction and find springs of comfort in the dry places of life. May we rejoice even in the moonlight when the sunlight goes away. May Thy love show itself in our love to our companions. So may love sweeten labor and make all burdens light. Amen.

H. B. Townsend.

O, Mystery of Love! Love's consummation
Must be some vast, some all-inclusive good
Reaching beyond this world deluged in blood,
Scarred deep with sin and woe immeasurable,
Sacrifice such as this to justify.
Yet He who placed His children here knew well
The cost and knowing, He created man.
Fear not! Almighty Love is at the helm.

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

O Thou, who art light and love, we draw nigh unto Thee in the freshness and beauty of the morning, rejoicing that Thou art enthroned in the centre of the widespread universe, drawing all things unto Thyself in circles of ever increasing perfection; that Thy knowledge has dawned upon us; that Thy grace is sufficient for us; and that while we cannot trace the mysterious movements of Providence, we can trust Thee and know that all is well. Grant unto us light for our darkness, strength for our weakness, wisdom for our ignorance. Help us to know the abiding source of joy, to turn from the things that perish to the immortal, invisible and divine, and to draw upon the fountain of Thy love to-day and all days, even as the hart panteth after the cooling water brooks. Amen.

JOHN WESLEY HILL.

If you are sighing for a lofty work,
If great ambitions dominate your mind,
Just watch yourself, and see you do not shirk
The common little ways of being kind.

If you are dreaming of a future goal
When, crowned with glory, men shall own your power,
Be careful that you let no struggling soul
Go by unaided in the present hour.

* * * * * *

If you would help to make the wrong things right,
Begin at home! there lies a lifetime's toil.
Weed out your garden, fair for all men's sight,
Before you strive to till another's soil.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

For this new day, we thank Thee, and as we cross its threshold we pray that we may find again that nobler self whom in visions we have seen and admired and wished we were and said we would be, that other self who would not shirk the common little ways of being kind, nor lose a present heaven while dreaming of some future goal; that better self intent upon being all that it wished others might become and so satisfied with doing the small things grandly that grand things seemed small. Give unto us to know this day the fellowship not only of redemption but of the perfecting of creation into a world of accomplished and triumphant love. Amen.

C. SEYMOUR BULLOCK.

Lighter and sweeter
Let your song be;
And for sorrow — oh cheat her
With melody!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

To fill a little space because God wills it; to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties, little avocations; to smile for the joys of others when the heart is aching; to banish all ambition, all pride, and all restlessness, in a single regard to our Saviour's work; he who does this for one hour is a greater hero than he who for one hour storms a breach, or for one day rushes forward undaunted in the flaming front of shot and shell.

F. W. FARRAR.

To Thee we look, for Thou art our Father. Never do we turn to Thee and find ourselves disappointed. We may be small in the estimate of the world. There may be difficulties to face and battles to be won. A hard day may be before us but our help cometh from Thee. Thou art our refuge in storm, our light in darkness, our help in discouragement, our hope in despair, and always our appreciative and loving Father. From Thee may we learn how to smile, and lift, and cheer, and love, and sing. May the pervasive joy of Christ so fill us that we shall help to bring the sunshine of Jesus to all the world! Amen.

DANIEL W. HOWELL.

If thou art not kind,
What will profit thee
Wealth of purse or mind,
If thou art not kind?
Grief and misery
Must thy portion be,
If alas! thy heart be blind
And, poor wight, thou art not kind.

Kindness, and the earth is bright,
Kindness, and the load is light,
Kindness, and the weary way
Laughs with love and roundelay;
King is he in all his blood
Who is first in doing good;
God-pity him whose heart is blind
And, alas! who is not kind.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Our Father in Heaven, we thank Thee for that great kindness of heart that gave Thee an eternal interest in all mankind. Make us loving and kind in all our relations with our fellow men. There is much of doubt in the world, Lord, make us kind that we may lead our friends into faith. There is great trouble in the world, help us by kindness to rest and comfort sorrowing hearts. For the glory of Thy name, for the good of all about us, for the enrichment of our own lives, Lord, make us kind. Amen.

LOREN A. CLEVENGER.

Let us learn to laugh a bit
As the rapid seasons flit.
We are tangled in our troubles till they seem the whole of it.
But the world's a pleasant place,
With the sunshine on its face,
With the blossoms of the bosom of the garden and the meadow;
Daisy-clumps the pathway lining,
Honeysuckles vining, twining;
When the sun leaves off its shining, it is pleasant in the shadow!

WALTER G. DOTY.

O Lord and Saviour, Light of all our pilgrim way, do Thou dispel the clouds of anxious care, of doubt, of fear; give to us the glorious consciousness that Thy radiant Presence moves with us along the path of pleasure or of toil. May the halo of Thy divine compassion rest comfortingly upon the sufferer's brow, and the glow of Thine abounding life suffuse and stimulate our senses, dulled by carelessness and sin, till our whole being pulses with holy life and heavenly joy. Bid flowers spring up to deck the path where thorns have grown, while every wayside bush shall be aflame with God. Amen.

HERBERT S. HARRIS.

O bird, that comes to my door to sing,
As you swing and sway in the tree atilt,
It is more than your beautiful song you bring
And the lingering grace of your mellow lilt,
More than the charm of the welcome note
Of joy poured forth from your happy throat.

For blent with the cheer of your blithsome song
Is the spirit of faith and strength; and, when
I hark to your rapturous lay, I long
To visit the homes of my brother men
And sing at their doors a song divine,
O bird, as the song you sing at mine.

NIXON WATERMAN.

Our Heavenly Father, who hast given us the assurance that not even a sparrow falls without Thy notice, and that Thou dost count each of Thy human children of much more value than many sparrows, we ask, at the beginning of this new day, that Thou wilt be with us through all its hours. We trust Thee for strength for each duty, for power to resist each temptation, for the vision to recognize each opportunity, and wisdom to meet its obligations. Rejoicing in the beauty of the material world provided for our earthly habitation, in the delights of human friendship, in the privileges of service, may we live this day, and every day, in blessed preparation for the larger life and fuller service awaiting us. Amen.

HELEN G. RICE.

I must be strong of soul, stanch of heart,
No matter what the odds;
The long day's sturdy struggle is my part —
The far result is God's.

Not mine to wet the page of yesterday
With unavailing tears,
Nor strive to clear the mystery of a way
Far-leading through the years.

Mine just to meet and conquer, hour by hour,
The thing that men call "Fate":
Going from strength to strength, from power to power,
Rising from state to state;

Fighting, face starward, through the changing wars
With which a world is rife,
So that my soul may borrow from the stars
Courage and light and life.

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

Thou Great, Gentle, Almighty God Who art nearer to us than the air we breathe: Who art Father and Mother in one: to Thee we deliberately, confidently come. We firmly believe in Thy presence, permeating our personality, filling the atmosphere we breathe with mysterious power, warm with love, tender with compassion, drawing us every moment nearer to Thyself. We WILL believe. And having firm faith we WILL rest. Confidently we ask Thee, for the hallowing, quieting, inspiring Energy of Grace, that our every effort may be charged with celestial force, gentle, gracious and effective. Amen.

JOHN H. VINCENT.

My creed is work; to follow duty's call
However far it leads across the plains —
Through trackless woods, or ringing on the hills;
To seek for pleasure in the realms of toil —
Still ever striving for a larger self
With which to do a service for the rest.

To lay a new path through the unknown way,
And leave some heritage e'en though so small
No other hand would love or care to leave.
Rejoicing ever in my brother's craft,
To follow system and the perfect law —
Be what I am, and do my very best
To lead a life which towers above the hills,
And points the way across the plains to God.

R. H. Wilson.

O Thou, our Heavenly Father, Thou dost reveal unto us Thy purposes. We rise in the morning to do our Father's work. We labor by our Father's side. We are encouraged by our Father's voice. Thine, O God, is the work, and the joy of working we share with Thee. We pray Thee to help us this day that with a song in our hearts we may set us again to build the old waste places, be as the repairer of the breach and the restorer of paths to dwell in, and make level in the desert for all the children of men a highway to our God. Amen.

Charles F. Aked.

Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life, such are the clouds and storms and quicksands and thousand-and-one items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplify, simplify.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

Lord, help us in this busy world, with its manifold cares, temptations, duties, opportunities and privileges, to live lives of simple trust, love and loyalty. May we hold fast to the simple truths that we know, perform the simple duties that are clear, and follow the narrow path that is plain. In life's complexities and perplexities may we know that Thou art, and that Thou art the rewarder of them that diligently seek Thee. Help us daily to seek Thy guidance, and knowing Thy will, may we have the desire and ability to perform it. Thus may our lives be serene, strong, sympathetic and helpful. Amen.

CLARENCE A. YOUNG.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care.
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more these weary toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

* * * * *

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so drear:
They may not meet you in the coming year —
Now is the time.

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou Father of us all, who dost fill the morning with mercies and crown the years with goodness, we thank Thee that Thou hast granted us another day-break, rich in peace and promise. Keep us, we pray Thee, till the going down of the sun. But more, we pray that by Thine aid we may keep the day. Help us to count it another of Thy holy days, and acceptable, as no other can be, for those present services of truth, gentleness, kindness and joy which Thou hast sent us into the world to do. Thus may we redeem the time before the night cometh. We pray in the name of the Light of the World. Amen.

WILLIAM HERMAN HOPKINS.

Open the door, let in the air;
The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair,
Joy is abroad in the world to-day;
If our door is wide it may come this way.
Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
He hath a smile for every one.
He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
He may change our tears to diadems.
Open the door!

Open the door of the heart; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin.
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware.
Open the door!

ANONYMOUS.

Our Father in Heaven, we hear the knocking at our hearts and we gladly open the door. Come in as our guest not for a brief season only, but as an abiding comforter. We do not ask for sunshine all the time, for Thou art the Sun of Righteousness and Thy presence is better than anything else. Let this be the most unselfish day we have ever known. We not only open the door to Thee, but to everything that is good and true. Thy presence drives away the evil and our homes are flooded with sunlight and love. For these and all blessings we thank our Father and our Friend. Amen.

GEORGE S. BUTTERS.

True is the people's sturdy soul;
The pessimist, whose narrow dread
Would yield them a reluctant dole
Of power, may shrink to see instead
In their wide hand the mighty whole,
The sovereign crown upon their head.

But he whose wiser, wider view
Sees the sure struggle of his kind
Towards the righteous and the true,
Leaves, day by day, such doubts behind,
Rests on the many, not the few,
And deeply trusts the people's mind.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that beneath and above and through all the universe Thy wisdom and power are regnant. We thank Thee also that in the lives of men and of nations Thou art working out Thy divine purpose. Grant that we, in sympathy and coöperation with other souls and with Thee, the great Father of men, may live and love and labor devotedly. We ask this with the forgiveness of our sins in the conquering name of Christ the Lord. Amen.

WILLIAM M. MACNAIR.

They find the way who linger where
The soul finds fullest life;
The battle brave is carried on
By all who wait, and waiting, dare
Deem each day's least that's fitly done
A victory worthy to be won,
Nor seek their gain with strife.

SYDNEY HENRY MORSE.

Help us, our Father in Heaven, to find the way into life by a close companionship with the best and purest of books, pictures, and music; with the beautiful world Thou hast made; and above all with Thee. May we rest in Thy presence with Thy peace in our lives, so that we may help the world around us into goodness and peace. Amen.

JOHN R. CHAFFEE.

He who has loved one blossom of the earth,
Or common thing oft deemed of little worth,
Is one with all the earth's eternal things,
Outlasting hills, the stars, the might of kings.

He who has loved one human heart does know
The hearts of lovers centuries ago;
In Babylon he walked through evening shade
And heard the whispered love of man and maid.

He sat before the boat on Galilee
And heard lips frame the wondrous prophecy
Of coming times when hate should pass away,
War cease, wrong die and love rule life for aye!

ANONYMOUS.

O God, our Heavenly Father, we are truly thankful that Thou hast opened up a way whereby we may obtain through Thy well-beloved Son the things that are good and beautiful, and that fill the hearts of mankind with such joy and gladness. Help us to regard our fellow-men with love and affection and no matter what their condition, may we feel that they are our brothers. We thank Thee for Thy promise to prepare a home for us where there is no night or darkness, or sorrow, but one glad morning of eternal joy and happiness. Amen.

EDWARD L. BRAY.

O foolish folk with your idle fears
And slow of heart through all the years,
As the Master saith, Why worry so
Over the things which we cannot know
And over the ways we have to go?

* * * * * *

The hedgerow thrush sings with the lark
At sunrise; at sunset dares the dark
And sings on into the night, for sheer
Joy of singing, sweet, strong and clear,
Without one quavering note of fear.

So would I live though days are dark;
So would I rise up with the lark
And fear no evil, nor what life brings
Of good or ill of earthly things,
While through it all the brown thrush sings.

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this new day which shines across the sparkling hills with all the freshness and purity of the first day. Wilt Thou give us sensitive hearts and childlike eyes that we may thrill with the beauty and joy of it. Help us to be as happy as the multitudinous birds, scattering their golden songs in air, and as trustful as the first shy flowers of spring, adventuring through dark and cold. May we keep this day as Thou hast given it to us — fresh, sweet, and pure. May we fill it with earnest work, great-hearted love, happy play, contagious laughter. Help us so to live that when we lie down to sleep, the memory of this day shall bless us with exceeding peace. Amen.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day;
It tips the peaks of life with light,
And drives the clouds away;

The soul grows glad that hears it
And feels its courage strong —
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart.

And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet —
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.

Ripley D. Saunders.

Father of light and gladness, help Thy children to know Thee. May the dawn of each new day come with cheer and inspiration to hearts inclined to abide in discontent and shadows; that, by the refreshing sunshine, discontent and shadows may flee away, and song and laughter abide in their stead. Father, teach us the place and mission of smiles and gladness in the world. Help them to yield themselves willing instruments upon which the fine sweet strains of joy-music may be played that they may aid to make life sweet and inspiring. Help Thy children to be real children of light, of smiles and song. Amen.

Willis A. Hadley.

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest
And tells aloud
His trust in God and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud and doth not heed;
By flowing stream or grassy mead
He sings to shame
Men, who forget, in fear or need,
A Father's name.

ISAAC WILLIAMS.

Our Father, the Saviour taught us that Thou art not unmindful of the sparrows and the flowers. They live their lives in Thy care, and Thou dost aid them in their glad quest for food and raiment. He taught us, also, that we were "better than they," and that He who made our wonderul life would give us freely all needed lower gifts. Help us that we may not use this lesson of Thy gracious provision so as to make ourselves negligent or improvident. May we hail each day as a chance for work and faith, and each night as a chance for review and repose. Grant that at last we may be made wise enough to see that all our days and nights are for us Thine own appointed stages, on the way to our Father's House. Amen.

EDWIN H. HUGHES.

"Do you smell the sweetbrier down by the gate?" she cried. "Did you ever know anything so exquisite? It's lovely always, but never so lovely as in the rain."

A young girl looked up.

"It makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth," she said.

"Why Aunt Elizabeth?" some one asked.

"Why, you see," she explained slowly, "there are ever so many roses that are beautifully fragrant, — the roses themselves I mean, — but I don't know any other whose leaves are sweet. That's why it makes me think of Aunt Elizabeth, because everything she does — not the big or happy things, but all the common, every-day duties — seems to have something beautiful about it, something that she gives it from the spirit that is in her, and that goes out into everything she says or does."

An elder woman smiled. "Yes, dear," she answered gently, "we understand."

ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Father, we pray not for the beauty however brilliant and fascinating that vanishes in an hour. We pray rather for that beauty in endless repetition of common deed, — the beauty born of kindness and love, — the beauty of holiness. Like the rose whose scattered petals are sweet and fragrant so may our common lives be. Not that we should be seen of men, O Lord, nor admired of the careless, but rather as men pass they shall pause and be glad. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

I found a lily near my door
Which bloomed an hour, then bloomed no more;
And her pure-hearted perfectness
My heart did bless.

I saw high up the mountain cold
A pine a hundred winters old;
For his strong-hearted patience there
I breathed a prayer.

O hour of sweetly breathing life!
O century of strength and strife!
I only know that in each one
God's will was done.

THEODORE C. WILLIAMS.

Our dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the lessons that Thou teachest us through the birds and flowers and all the beauties of nature with which Thou surroundest us. May we ever be ready to be guided by the loving help which is so constantly streaming out to us from Thee. If troubles come to us, may we cheerfully bear them, remembering that all things work together for good, and even though the clouds may seem so dark as to shut out every ray of hope, yet may we not forget that somewhere there is sunshine that is ready to drive away every shadow in warming, cheering, hope-inspiring, life-giving rays. Amen.

CLARA ELISE LINN.

Within the egg, with deftly folded wing,
Slumbers the bird beneath the mother breast;
And when the brooding warmth has wakened it
From nothingness to life, his little heart
Throbs with a longing for new liberty;
Till, breaking through the frail, confining shell,
He sees the light, he feels the summer breeze,
New life is his, and soon, with wing outstretched,
He spurns the nest and through the upper air,
Joyful in freedom, revels in the sky.

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

At Thy hand, our Heavenly Father, we take anew the wondrous gift of life. Let the world, in its marvel and beauty, tell us of Thy constant care. In our tasks give the zest of conquest, and hallow them with the grace of eager service. Along the human way may we feel the breath of kinship in the good-will we give and take, and may the response of understanding hearts strike the keynote of the deeper joy. Mindful of Thine image, in the daily delights may we be radiated by their deeper meaning of Thine unfolding purpose, and may the growth of the soul be quickened by the lure of blessedness that shall abide forever. Amen.

CHARLES FRANCIS CARTER.

Carefully, friend, some hearts are very sore
And quiver at the lightest blow or touch;
Is it, then, asking of you quite too much,
That you should speak your careless words no more?
See how a sad life feeds on crumbs of Hope
And how it starves amid a cold disdain;
Note how in solitude the soul will mope,
Yet won by kindness to its joy again;
And kind words cost so little — while a smile
Is easier born than scornful word or frown,
Yet half the world seems trying all the while
To crowd their poorer, weaker neighbors down.
Oh, strange neglect and woeful lack of thought;
Was this the lesson that the Master taught?

HENRY W. COLBY.

My Father:

In this new day of life which Thou dost trust to me,
I cannot help but touch some other lives.
I cannot know their inner longings, griefs or joys;
I cannot see how I might help them best.
But Thou, my Father, knowest each of these —
Thy children all are they.
Teach me to-day, my Father,
Just the words to speak, what gentle, loving act to do,
That I may cheer, and help, and lift
The heart that needs.
I would be helpful, Father, through this day —
Not cold or careless, thoughtless or unkind.

* * * * * *

All this I dare to ask, my Father,
Because of Him whose days were filled with love,
Whose every act was gentle, thoughtful, kind; —
Jesus, Thy Son, my Saviour and my Friend.
Amen.

CHARLES A. BOYD.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Dear Father, gratefully we remember that we are Thy children. Of Thy many gracious gifts, none are so priceless as that by which Thy children felt that Thou hast need of them, need of their love, their faith, their service. Heavenly Father, give Thy children a realizing sense of Thy dependence upon them that they may be roused to put forth their noblest efforts, that they may hear Thy call in every opportunity to service. May they realize Thy need of the loving sympathy of human help, of human co-operation, that Thy will may be done on earth as it is in Heaven. Amen.

FLORENCE KOLLOCK CROOKER.

A bird's song in the meadow
Comes up the hill to me,
And I will find that glad brave bird,
Wherever he may be.

Down the hill of daisies, with their drooping heads of white,
Among the lank, dry grasses, under the broad sunlight,
I hear and follow the high sweet call;
On the parched air of summer noon
The instant cooling accents fall
With silver softness like the moon.

Up through the golden veil of early apple-days
I mount the hill-top, and across the haze
Of midday summer sun
A flash of feather stirs the air
And a new song's begun.

J. Donald Adams.

O Thou God of Love and Life, how glad we are for this blessed day. We thank Thee for the beauty which Thou hast scattered everywhere, — we thank Thee for the song which bursts from the throat of the brave little bird. We ask from whence its courage comes, and listening, the notes fill and thrill us, — and we believe the song we hear is one of thankfulness, as if it knew how tenderly Thou hast guarded it in its nest or on a twig all through the night. Grant unto us, our Heavenly Father, such faith that all fear may be removed from our minds, and help us to do the day's work and meet the day's temptations, if need be, with the splendid courage that can only come from perfect trust in Thee. Amen.

Florence H. Perin.

A sprig of mint by the wayward brook,
A nibble of birch in the wood,
A summer day and love and a book,
And I wouldn't be king if I could.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

But there is satisfaction and a large
Contentment down among the grasses — kneel
One little moment there, if poet's heart
Be thine, and thou shalt then have secret charge
Of loveliness, and in thy bosom feel
The living springs that feed the founts of art.

FREDERICK OAKES SYLVESTER.

Almighty God our Heavenly Father, we rejoice in the light of this new day. We thank Thee for life in this beautiful world; and as we see the glory of the summer and the lavish gifts of Thy providence, may we remember the unspeakable gifts of Thy Son, our blessed Saviour, in Whom all other gifts are sanctioned and made precious. Give us grace to love and serve Thee here so that our lives may be a blessing to our fellow men, and we may come at last to see the King in His beauty, and dwell in the Garden of the Lord. Amen.

EDWARD A. REED.

'Tis in the rose, 'tis in the thorn,
'Tis in the midnight, and the morn;
It dimples in a drop of dew,
Or beameth in the ocean's blue;
'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere.
From Zuider Zee to Zanzibar;
No race or region, coast or clime,
That sees not Beauty's self sublime.

'Tis in the rushlight, and the star,
'Tis there, 'tis here, 'tis near and far,
It came with chaos, and will go
With our proud planet's overthrow;
Poor, poor is he, who cannot see
Earth's sweetness and simplicity;
Beauty, the lavish, royal king,
Hath set his seal on everything.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Our Father, we thank Thee for this morning hour, so full of blessings. We thank Thee for power to see Thee in the flowers that bloom, and to hear Thee by the still small voice in the midnight hour. We thank and praise Thy name for the many lessons our dear Saviour taught, how we should live in the largest possible to-day, with its grand possibilities, and golden opportunities. We pray that we may be so lifted into a strong, trustful, joyous life that we may glorify Thy name, and be a help to others. Amen.

CHARLES L. FOWLER.

O brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!
Where pity dwells the peace of God is there;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Talk not of wasted affection,
Affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another
It's waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain,
Shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth
Returns again to the fountain.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

O Lord, we cannot think of Thee without feeling that Thou art a God of Love. "Thy nature and Thy name is Love." Thou hast loved us with an everlasting love. Hear us, O Lord, as we pray for the fulness of Thy love in our hearts that our lives may be testimonies of Thy power which enables us to be lovers of mankind. Make our lives so like the life of Jesus Christ that we may render faithful service with manifold expressions of love for our Lord. Thy love never fails, may our devotion to Thee be constant and pure as Thy love is supremely divine. Amen.

GEORGE ADAMS.

Let one thought guide you through the livelong day,
This thought be with you still at candle-time;
A starry thought of hope and peace sublime,
However dim the path or wild the way.

"Lo, I am with you always." Steadfast, bold —
Unfearing shall you cross the widest seas,
When in your heart you carry words like these:
"Lo, I am with you always" writ in gold!

ROSE HENNIKER HEATON.

O Lord, whose parting from Thy disciples on earth was a parting from outward vision and not from inward presence, let us know in our hearts to-day that Thou art ever with us. Let the rod of Thy Word and the staff of Thy Grace be to-day and ever with us to comfort us and to lead us in the paths of righteousness; for Thy Name's sake, O Blessed Jesus, our Saviour! Amen.

FRANK SEWALL.

"Take your needle, my child, and work at your pattern; it will come out a rose, by and by." Life is like that — one stitch at a time taken patiently, and the pattern will come out all right like the embroidery.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Remember you are to go the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and as stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. You are neither to load, nor unload yourself; nor to cut your cross to your own liking. . . . All you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is upon it — above all not to boast of what is upon it.

RUSKIN.

O Thou Giver of Light and Life, we praise Thee for the gift of a new day and of our new birth into it. By its light may we walk in the path of the just man, who fed the hungry, gave shelter to the poor and garments to the needy. May our light shine forth to-day, even as His in whom was life and the life was the light of men. Let His patience and His peace be ours forever. Amen.

R. H. ALDRICH.

It pays to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down;
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away
As melts the frost in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

It pays to help a worthy cause
By making it our own,
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone.
It pays to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair
And leave in sorrow-darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

FANNIE E. EMMIS.

Our Father, we thank Thee for the joy of living in the sunlight of Thy Love. O, help us to carry gladness and love to sad and weary hearts about us to-day. Inspire us with higher ideals of living. By close companionship with Jesus may we keep our own hearts free from the stain of sin and our lives clear of the shadow of faulty living, to the end that the world shall be better and brighter for our having walked its streets to-day. O Father of Light, flood our souls with the radiance of Thine Own Presence, filling our lives with the highest service and bliss. Amen.

J. FRANKLIN FORREST.

When darkling clouds are o'er thy pathway hov'ring,
When the wild storm has reached its utmost height,
And all the smiling morning landscape cov'ring,
Surrounds thy soul with gloom of deepest night,
Without one star to mark its silvery pathway
Down the rough steeps thy weary feet must climb,
I think I hear a voice, in sweetest music, say
"Hold fast, my child, and, patient, bide my time!"

* * * * * *

Only be true, then, to thyself — God — duty!
Only be sure to scatter love, not hate!
Then shalt thou see undimned, celestial beauty
In all the seeming irony of fate
That turned thy feet from sunny, waving meadows
To rugged steeps so pitiless to climb, —
Then shalt thou know, beyond the sunset shadows,
Why thou shouldst, patient, bide thy Father's time.

E. Alice Bradley.

Almighty God, our Father, who hast made us to dwell in safety through the hours of darkness, be Thou the light of our eyes, the strength of our thoughts and the joy of our souls through another day. Grant that no dark thought may enter or be cherished in our hearts this day. May love of Thee and all human kind control our actions and make our lives fruitful. May our footmarks this day point to all who observe them the way of goodness, mercy and truth. Amen.

Nathaniel J. Sproul.

I bear no ill to any hill,
I'm brother to the trees,
My mind doth melt to mountains,
And my soul doth seek the seas;
I greet the sun uprising
With a friendly, loving nod;
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

To me a star is not afar,
The moon doth know my face,
I often dream beneath her beam,
And sue her sovereign grace;
The sky and air are very fair —
Queen rose and golden-rod;
Within the breast of Nature
Throbs the heart of God.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Almighty Father, unto Thee we direct our prayers in the morning. We thank Thee for the light and blessing of a new day. Gracious as Thy daily sun, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us, and grant us peace. As the mountains round about, so dost Thou encompass us. We lift up our eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh our help. At eventime, we shall with the heavens declare Thy glory, whose firmament sheweth Thy handiwork. May the words of our mouth, and the meditation of our hearts, be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, our Strength, and our Redeemer. We will both lay us down in peace, and sleep ! for Thou, Lord, only makest us dwell in safety. Amen.

ARTHUR S. BURROWS.

Lo! here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

We thank Thee, O Father, for the light of another day. May it be our good fortune to brighten the life of some one whose burden is heavy, or whose heart is sad. Forgive us if in our own joy of life we should by thoughtless word or selfish deed prove the dullness of our soul to another's need, looking with unseeing eyes upon another's pain, or failing to meet the challenge of the hour to be kind and true. Help us to speak the word of courage and impart the cheer of health to those who lack what we possess. So let us show a real kinship of spirit to Him who went about doing good. Amen.

SAMUEL CLARKE BUSHNELL.

I have closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find,
And hold up my hands, and reach them out
To the glimmer of God in the dark, and call:
"I am thine, though I grope and stumble and fall.
I serve; and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and reappear,
I should lift my eyes and look at the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly by:
He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view.
I must seek for my soul a wider room,
With windows to open and let in the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day is done,
And the breeze of the world blowing through.

IRENE P. MCKEEHAN.

Dear Father, pity Thy children who cry in the dark! Trace again Thy image in our hearts and the door of doubt will close forever. We know what we would be, and lo, it is just what Thou art! Thou art ourselves made perfect, our infinite selves that chide and love in the very heart of us. Thou art our deeper depths. When we recognized Thee the night was gone, the day had dawned! When Thou art near, there is neither gloom nor fear. When we say, "Good-morning, Father," we hear Thee say, "Good-morning, my child" — Father, lead us by Thy hand. Amen.

RICHARD LARUE SWAIN.

For we must share if we would keep
That blessing from above,
Ceasing to give we cease to have,
Such is the law of love.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

'Tis a curious fact, but past all doubt,
That the more of happiness one gives out
The more he has left and the more his powers,
As the gardener strips a bed of flowers
That more shall bloom. So strip your soul
That another's happiness be made whole.
And lo! in the quick-winged second after
'Tis filled with the blooms of love and laughter.

ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Father, inspire us with desire and decision to enter into the best that life holds. Give us to see that the cup that runneth not over is evaporating — that the life that is not outpouring is shrinking and shriveling away. Help us therefore to bestow both treasure and talent where we may find them again in the great Beyond, and in such a manner that they may bless some other life in their passing. Above all, may we give ourselves to Thee so abundantly, so beautifully, so completely, that we shall find ourselves in Thee forevermore. Amen.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN ROWLEY.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.
Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way —
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

J. G. Holland.

Father, may we remember that as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. May we think love, may we think truth, may we think brotherhood to-day. May our feet go where our souls would lead them. May we count our bodies temples of God, and abodes for the Spirit of God. May the candle-stick exist for the light of the candle, and not the light of the candle for the candle-stick. Let soul help flesh and flesh help soul to-day. May we be like Thy cedars with our roots firm in the ground and our heads high in Thy pure atmosphere.

"As the sun rises gloriously from the depth of the Ocean,
Making earth beautiful, driving shadows away;
So we offer Thee our prayer of devotion.
Guide us, O Father, guide us, guide us to-day."

Amen.

Frederick T. Rouse.

The strength that faces four square,
How good it is to see!
It lifts its own hard burdens
And bears them silently.

It puts its sturdy shoulder
Beneath its neighbor's load;
It spreads its shield above the weak,
Along the wearying road.

It stands forever for the right,
With valiant sword, and free:
The strength that faces foursquare
How good it is to see!

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

We thank Thee, dear Father, for every word which gives us strength. Bless to our good, the words above. Thou knowest how many are the hours of our weakness, how needful it is that we hear some clear, strong voice calling us to be not afraid and to be strong. We want not only to hear the call, but to see the deed of strength. Blessed be Thy Name for all the words which inspire us to bear and to do! Blessed be Thy Name even more, for the heroes whose deeds shine out along the pathways on which men have been compelled to walk. Their words invigorate, their deeds inspire. Chief among these helpers, for us, stands the Master who was strong enough to die upon the Cross. His words "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world," shall sound in our minds forever. Amen.

HENRY BLANCHARD.

Oh, the smell of summer rain
As it patters down the dust!
And, oh, the thoughts that come again
Of verdant hope and vanquished pain,
Like fragrance rising from earth's crust,
Subdued and wet by summer rain!
Who could cherish doubt and fear,
When through lattice pink and white
Of blossoming trees, blue skies appear?
For sooner gone than dreams of night
Are fickle clouds of summer rain.
Oh, the thrill of emerald green
When the sun comes out again!
And, oh, the freshness of the flowers,
Gently steeped in summer showers!
Everywhere God's smile is seen;
All the world looks sweet and clean;
And feathered folk in loud refrain
Sing gratitude for summer rain.

ELIZABETH EARL JONES.

We bless Thee, O God, for the freshness and the beauty of the morning. The world is bigger and better, and we live again. Thou makest the desert blossom and bringest forth streams of plenty and content from the flinty rock. The heat shall not smite us, for the sun is Thine; Thou art a Rock in whose shadow we dwell. We cast every care on Thee, fully persuaded that Thou art able to keep all that we now commit unto Thee. Amen.

ELMER A. DENT.

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

SHAKESPEARE.

Out of the fragrant heart of bloom,
The bobolinks are singing;
Out of the fragrant heart of bloom
The apple-tree whispers to the room,
"Why art thou but a nest of gloom
While the bobolinks are singing?"

W. D. HOWELLS.

Our Father, the day gladdens. Each rosy tint, each cheery note thrills us. All nature, astir with a thousand harmonies speaks of Thee, and calls us from sleep to happy service. Help us to know how to "walk and not faint." The day may be cloudy, its work may bring severest testings, and we may learn how frail we are, but be Thou near. Illuminate the cloud. Impart the needed wisdom. Stay our feet though they almost slip. Make Thy presence so precious and clear that we may all day have "The joy of the Lord that makes rich and adds no sorrow." In Jesus' name — "Whom not having seen we love, in Whom . . . believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable." Amen.

ANDREW F. CHAMBERLAIN.

'Tis a lonely way, said a pilgrim,
As he gazed at the path ahead;
There is no one to travel beside me
And my heart is filled with dread,
Because, should I faint or falter
Ere I win to the other side,
There is none to care in the desert
Or to know that I ever tried.
The pilgrim went his way
With girded loins and sandaled feet,
And lo, at close of day
His voice arose in accents sweet:
He whom my steps fared forth to meet
Hath been my guide and stay;
'Twas not a lonely way!

MARY I. MESECHRE.

O Lord Jesus Christ, grant that we keep near Thee through this day. May we do nothing in which we cannot ask Thee to aid us with the hands which Thou didst lay upon little children whom Thou didst bless. Shelter us in the arms in which Thou didst take them up. Thy heart and thoughts are with men to-day as truly as when Thou wentest about doing good in Palestine. Show us the path of life. Walking in it with Thee may we have such peace as the world can neither give nor take away. And when the day is gone may evening find us still with Thee. Amen.

CHARLES S. MACK.

According to a proverb, the labors of love are light ones. In reality, also, this is often the case, and a good illustration is the story told by Kate Douglas Wiggin. She met, it seems, a little girl in the East Side of New York carrying a huge bundle wrapped up in a shawl.

She spoke to the child, and said:

"My dear, where are you going? May I not help you to carry your bundle? It looks too heavy for you."

The child looked up, and with wonder in her eyes, exclaimed:

"Why, it's not heavy! It's my brother!"

ANONYMOUS.

O Father, we thank Thee for the sweet burden of love. Dost Thou not carry all Thy children in Thy bosom because Thou lovest them? Does not the mother with infinite patience nurse her child forgetting all pain and weariness of her own for the same divine reason? By the divine alchemy of love are all burdens made light. Help us, our Father, through love to transform even drudgery into glad and happy service. So shall we sing while we work, because first we have loved, and love turns service into song. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Dear little bird on wind-tossed bough,
Singing away through the pelting rain,
Happier far than I art thou;
When storms assail you ne'er complain.

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up" you cry,
Who taught thee thus to sing, and sing?
In notes so clear, so sweet, so high,
Dear little bird with rain-wet wing.

Brave little bird that all day long
When skies are bright, or skies are gray,
Dost cheer me with thy matchless song
Oh, tell me, if thou canst, I pray.

* * * * * *

Art thou a messenger that's sent
By some dear friend now far away,
To breathe to me of sweet content,
And sing to me when skies are gray?

ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD.

Father of Grace, Who knowest the sparrow's fall, and Who callest the lark to its morning song, teach us that our own failures and strivings lack not Thy love. If any of Thy creatures can make melody in rain and storm, why may not we outsing the woes of life? Thou shalt give us the courage of Thine own fearless heart, and the victory that comes by confidence in goodness and in God. Are there not, O Lord, winged messengers who come to us from the presence of loved friends afar? May the thoughts they breathe be life-giving and full of peace, and thus may we too be enabled to bring light into darkness, and rest to troubled souls. Amen.

FREDERICK DELAND LEETE.

The sun, and the sea, and the wind,
The wave, and the wind, and the sky,
We are off to a magical Ind,
My heart, and my soul, and I;
Behind us the isles of despair
And mountains of misery lie.
We're away, anywhere, anywhere,
My heart, and my soul, and I.

O islands and mountains of youth,
O land that lies gleaming before,
Life is love, hope, and beauty, and truth, —
We will weep o'er the past no more.
Behind, are the bleak fallow years,
Before, are the sea and the sky,
We're away, with a truce to the tears,
My heart, and my soul, and I.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

O for the hope and courage of eternal youth, that looks forward and not backward! To-day, O Spirit of health and force, may we fling off fears and weights, and run our race with zest. Charge our souls with the aspiration for great adventure, and cause us to realize our alliance with all heroic and effectual endeavorers the world around and the ages through. Ours as theirs to dare, to strain, perhaps to bleed, but also to win. Give us of Thy life, O Fount of Life, that we may go forth conquering and to conquer.

C. ELLWOOD NASH.

I know of no more encouraging fact than the unquestionable ability of man to elevate his life by a conscious endeavour. It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts. Every man is tasked to make his life, even in its details, worthy of the contemplation of his most elevated and critical hour. If we refused, or rather used up, such paltry information as we get, the oracles would distinctly inform us how this might be done.

HENRY D. THOREAU.

O God, our Heavenly Father, grant unto us a spirit of thanksgiving because Thou hast left so much for us to do in this world in order that Thy creation may be attained: the seed must be sown, the growing fields cultivated and the harvest gathered by the work of human hands. Yet, Thou, O God, art the giver of all gifts. Bestow upon us, O God, a rejoicing heart that we may work in our own lives for the perfection of Thy plan concerning us. May we know, O God, that Thou art working in us, too, so that we may not have the sense of loneliness. Amen.

FRANK M. KERR.

A rosebush grew by a crumbling wall
At the end of a lonely lane,
Where a solemn silence ruled o'er all
And the tangled grass and the weeds so tall
Withered for lack of rain.
But the rosebush bloomed all the summer through,
With each chalice upheld for the morning dew.

* * * * * *

'Twas enough for the rose that the sun shone bright
And the dew fell soft and warm.
Its mission it was to reflect the light,
To gather sweet fragrance out of the night,
And strength from the buffeting storm.
To a higher power 'twas left to decree
What the blossoms should find as their destiny.

JAMES N. HATCH.

O Lord of all! Thy sunbeams fall a hundred million miles to paint a rose. Thou dost show Thy care for the flowers by baptizing them every night with Thy healing dews. How safe we are in such Almighty and Constant Hands. Thou hast nothing to do but grow a rose where a rose grows; and where our poor little lives grow Thou hast only one object for Thy power and grace. We hold up our little lives, tossed by wind and wilted with the dust and touch of the world, almost as mutely as the rose opens to light and dews; and Thou wilt not pass us by. We are as sure of Thee as petal is of sunshine and dew. Thou art no respecter of persons. Thy grace is warm as sunshine and refreshing as dew. Amen.

WILLIAM O. SHEPARD.

Sing a song of summer-time, meadows sweet with clover,
Bees with honey freighted and the poppies all aflame.
Every bird that dips and darts sings it o'er and over.
Seems to fill me, thrill me with the magic of a name.

Sing a song of loving-time, fleecy clouds a-drifting,
Shadow chasing shadow where the waving grain is stirred.
Everywhere the buttercups their chalices uplifting,
All my heart is dancing to the music of a word.

DAVID H. MOREHEAD.

Our Heavenly Father, hear us as we pray in sheer gladness on this wonderful day of Thy summer-time. Forgive us for the depressed wintry thoughts which from time to time have come upon us and have made us unworthy to be called Thy children. So fill us with bird-music and the homelier joy of ripening grain that the memory of Thy bounty in the material sphere will, when our souls are sad, serve to remind us how richly Thou dost give to the sphere of the spirit. Thou hast said it: "Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." Amen.

H. S. CONANT.

Be Strong: for in this world of toil are loads to bear
And hourly tasks, which take the strength of brain and arm,
With days of cloud, and foes to fight, for all who dare;
While shelt'ring love alone can shield the weak from harm.

Be Kind: for on life's road are brothers wounded sore,
Stripped by the robber-hands of sharp adversity,
Who need the smile of friends, the words of cheer — and more
The helping hand which lifts the load in sympathy.

DAVID LANG.

Father of Light and Life, we thank Thee for the gladness of the morning. We are grateful for the tasks that demand our powers, for the trials that awaken us to the need of Thy care, and the blessing of Thy love and Thy strength. We thank Thee, Father of mercy, that Thou dost teach us kindness and forbearance, that by lightening the load of others, we lighten our own, that by rolling the stone from out the path of weary feet, we smooth our own pathway, that by cheering discouraged souls with our morning gladness and hope, we lift up our own souls to Thee, the Giver of all joy, the Inspirer of all hope. Amen.

EDWARD MITCHELL BARNEY.

Be still and know that I am God.
Psalm 46: 10.

This is my Father's world.
I rest in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,
His hands the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world.
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.
MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

Our Father in Heaven, with joy inspeakable we would recognize a Father's world. In the morning light we would reflect the shining of Thy face. In spite of hate and war, we believe Thou art upon the throne of peace and that it is our portion to stand for the Kingdom of our Lord. Give us grace to rest, even in the midst of activity, to be still and know that Thou art God, to believe that peace and good will shall triumph in our Father's world and to contribute this day's mite toward the consummation of Thy Kingdom. Amen.

ROBERT A. BRYANT.

I saw a lad — a beautiful lad —
With a far-off look in his eye,
Who smiled not on the battle flag
When the cavalry troop marched by,
And, sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for his country's flag,
And the brave from oversea.
"O, my country is the Land of Love" —
Thus did the lad reply —
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I."
"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"O, my king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."
"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

ERNEST CROSBY.

God of nations, we thank Thee for the patriotic impulse through which we hail and salute the flag. But we thank Thee yet more for that all embracing love by which we see in every man a brother. Help us, O Lord, at once to keep our pride in our country's home and to keep alive our hope for the welfare of all the world. So may passion die, and love prevail. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

'Tis an easy thing, if you want to know
How sweet the summer is, just to go
Down in the fields, or deep in the wood,
Or fain toward the swash of the sea,
For they will teach you how heavenly good
Such wholesome places be
If you seek the soul's warm summer too,
Don't dream, but do!

* * * * * *

You may worry one God's grinding Laws,
You may probe and probe for the great First Cause;
But an hour of life with an honest thrill
Of self-forgetting joy
Will ease your mind of its moody ill
And make you blithe as a boy.
The plan is simple; then see it through:
Don't dream, but do!

RICHARD BURTON.

Our Father, we bless Thee for the message of field and wood and sea. Help us, great God of love, to go forth in newness of life, to share the moods of summer mornings, that as we wander afield, we may learn to know Thee better. Give unto us, we pray Thee, ability to read and wisdom to interpret Thy word as it is written in the book of Nature. And grant that we may so possess the mind of Christ as to see in growing thing and living creature the assurance of our Father's love. Amen.

JAMES A. JENKINS.

I saw God in the shining of the stars,
I saw him in the flowering of the fields.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

I thought I left my Father's loving care
To wander for awhile 'mid wild alarms,
But lo! it was a dream — I woke and found
Myself at rest within His shelt'ring arms.
CELIA CONGREVE.

O God, so far and yet so near, our vagrant thoughts and fainting hearts turn to Thee as flowers to the sun. As the scant rivers out of their gravel beds lift their eyes unto the hills, call to the misty, moist mountains "all my springs are in thee," so we turn to Thee. Thou dost beset us behind and before, and over our frailties lay Thy shielding, sheltering hand. When we are most alone in the darkness we hear the rustle of unseen wings, we feel the pressure of an unseen presence, and the dark is touched with gray, the gray flushes into rose, the rose flashes into flame, the day breaketh, the shadows of the night are chased away. We do not find the morning, the morning in its mercy findeth us. Amen.

MELVILLE BEARDSLEY CHAPMAN.

I said it in the meadow path,
I said it on the mountain stairs —
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares. . . .

Into your heavenly loneliness,
Ye welcome me, O solemn peaks;
And we, as every quest, you bless,
Who reverently your mystery seek. . . .

Rich by my brethren's poverty —
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

LUCY LARCOM.

Lord Jesus Christ, help us, we beseech Thee, to see in our fellow-creatures, the reflex of Thine own love and wisdom, and to acknowledge them in spirit and in truth as our brethren. Help us to realize that we come nearer to Thee by seeking evidences of good in others. Strengthen us to the end that we may banish from our thoughts the frailties of those who surround us, and may welcome every manifestation of the innate nobility which Thou hast vested in all men. Amen.

ROBERT S. FISCHER.

Believe in the trees if you cannot quite believe in yourselves, and note their happy lesson. The blossoms in themselves are good. They mean ten times more than they do; but what beauty and fragrance still abides in their meaning! How it floats over the homes of men as a delicate aroma nothing can slay except the ugly enormity of our overcrowded tenements! So we can thank God for the blossoming in our nature of beautiful and good intentions, which will be sure to fail, as we are taught to think of failing, and for the good fruit, which will be sure to ripen from some of them if we do the best we may.

ROBERT COLLYER.

O Thou Infinite Spirit of the Universe, may we see Thee in every blade of grass, every tree, every blossom. Most of all may we feel Thee in ourselves. May we so think, so speak, so live as conscious of Thy presence, nearer to us than our own thoughts. May our lives have somewhat about them as beautiful as the flowers, as strong in the right way as the great trees, as aspiring as the mountain peaks. May we look up and on after the Ideal; may we look in and listen for the music of the spheres in our very souls. So shall we realize in our own natures somewhat of the divine life. Amen.

FREDERIC A. HINCKLEY.

A sower sowed his seed, with doubts and fears;
"I dare not hope," he said, "for fruitful ears;
Poor hath the harvest been in other years."
Yet ere the August moon had waxed old,
Fair stood his fields, a waving sea of gold;
He reaped a thousandfold!

* * * * * *

"Little I have to give, O Lord," one cried,
"A wayward heart that oft hath Thee denied;
Couldst Thou with such a gift be satisfied?"
Yet when the soul had ceased its mournful plaint,
God took the love that seemed so poor and faint
And from it made a saint!

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

Beloved Father, the dawn grows brighter, and suddenly from the east, the glorious sun brings us Thy benediction. Our prayer follows it as it goes around the world. Its beams cross the mighty ocean, and light up other worlds where uncounted millions need and receive Thy blessing and Thy care. Help us to-day to meet with faith our own unsolved problems, our trials, our unanswered questions. We thank Thee for our glorious hopes and triumphs as the new day filled with blessing begins. Amen.

S. R. CALTHROP.

The farmer planted a seed
A little, dry, black seed;
And off he went to other work;
For the farmer was never known to shirk,
And cared for what had need.

The night came, with its dew,
The cool and silent dew;
The dawn came, and the day,
And the farmer worked away
At labors not a few.

Home from his work one day,
One glowing summer day,
His children showed him a perfect flower;
It had burst in bloom that very hour,
How, I cannot say.

But I know if the smallest seed
In the soil of love be cast,
Both day and night will do their part;
And the sower who works with a trusting heart
Will find the flower at last.

MARY F. BUTTS.

O Lord God, from Thy hand cometh seed time and harvest, the warmth of sunny days and the balm of cooling showers. Even so cometh the harvest of good to the plantings of love and human service. Help us, we pray Thee, to be faithful workers in Thy vineyard. In the morning, may we sow our seed and in the evening withhold not our hands. Knowing that from Thee is the harvest and they shall reap who faint not. Amen.

GEORGE M. BUTLER.

The wild-bird sings,
And asks not who hath heard.
Forth well the springs
Nor wait for praiseful word.
Flow'r-petals part,
Nor query, "Are we fair?"
Take heed, O heart,
Be thou, too, without care.

F. J. Sturm.

O Thou, who doth feed the birds of the air and clothe the lily of the field, help us that we may take no anxious thought. May our faith be so great and our trust so implicit that we will open our hearts to the inspiration of Thy spirit and be so filled with Thy love that we will sing with the spontaneity of the birds, and unfold into characters as care-free as the flowers. God of all comfort, God of every sunrise, God of every springtime, bless us with the hopeful heart and may our journey be gladsome as we face heavenward, and may the joy of our hearts this day be a foretaste of what we shall know in the city of our God forever. Amen.

Arthur Marion Davidson.

Dawn, like a hallelujah, storms the sky;
The colors vie
With one another: now a crimson dye,
And now a golden, — as if saints went by
In clouds of glory with a mighty cry, —
The mists, like censer smoke, far-circling, fly.

* * * * * *

Let us stand up, O Heart! and with one voice
Like Heaven rejoice!
Give praise to God! And, with the soul at poise,
Forget a while the little mean annoys
Of life, its tools and all its foolish toys,
And like the Heav'n make Beauty our high choice.

MADISON CAWEIN.

Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy providence through the night. We bless Thee for the virgin breath of this new day which is vocal with song. We adore Thy holiness and purity. We bless Thee for light, liberty and love. Teach us to love men as Jesus loved them. Cool our lips with the water of life in the heat of noon and speak Thy peace when the shadows fall. Banish all fear from the heart and let us rest in Thy joy until Thou shalt say, "Come, my child, to Thy Father's home." Amen.

L. E. BARTON.

I speak, not merely in the way of my profession, but as a man and a patriot, when I say that, above everything else, the nation needs a re-baptism of the old puritan faith in God and loyalty to the Bible, — a renewal of the spirit which in olden time pervaded New England and which caused the fathers to lay the foundations of both social and political life on what they believed to be the basis of rectitude and truth. Let their faith and piety be ours, — ours to improve upon, if possible, with the aids of new light and progress, — ours to spread abroad over the whole land as the best contributions of New England to American greatness, — ours to transmit to posterity as the most precious legacy of Christian civilization.

Henry Warren Rugg.

Almighty and Most Merciful God, we thank Thee for human fathers, in whose loving care for their children, Thou art continually revealing Thyself as our Heavenly Father. We know that Thou wilt help and protect all Thy children. In this confidence we ask Thee, Father who art in Heaven, to re-baptize Thy human family with faith and piety and may our sight be quickened, by the genius of Christian hope, to behold peace on earth to men of good will. Amen.

Gertrude Rugg Field.

The sky is wind-swept, and the golden air,
Rain-washed, is crystal-clear and keen to breathe.
The hills since yesterday have shaken off
Their dim aloofness, and uprise so near,
Clean cut and purple 'gainst the brow of morn,
They startle you. There is brilliancy
Set like a seal on earth and heaven; it seems
As if all Nature made her ready for
Some festival, some august guest to come
And tarry for a day. Some joy-to-be
Haunts in the field, inhabits all the woods,
And thrids the blue; nor e'en night's darker mood
Dispels the strong illusion: since the stars
Shine brighter than their wont, and breezes blow
The message, "Patience; it will all come true."

RICHARD BURTON.

Our dear Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy constant goodness, "new every morning and fresh every evening." Thou hast revealed Thyself to us again and again, in Thy wonderful works. This morning we feel Thy presence very near to us, and we yearn to open our hearts more fully. Not only the glorious sunshine, but every bird-note, every bush, and every flower bring us the message of Thy love. May we be worthy to receive that message, and pass it on to-day to some troubled and needy soul. May joy be radiated from our hearts and from our faces throughout this day and every day. Amen.

MARTIN D. KNEELAND.

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let her speakin' trumpet blow.
Lift yer horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo" an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
Wanderin' in the far away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Thou Pilot of all souls, as we meet and pass on the high seas of life, may it not be as cold and indifferent strangers. May we be ready to dip the flag of friendship with a "Hail and God bless you" as we pass on to some "port beyond the fog." Thus inspired, O Lord, may we be the more ready to answer the wireless call for help, since we know that it is a brother's call. Speed the day, when this spirit of brotherhood shall pass over all natural boundaries, when all who pass shall pass as friends and brothers. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Out of the darkness of the night,
All-conquering, comes day!
Cloud-roses, angel-pink and white,
Shine through the shadows gray;
And mists, that hid the sun from sight,
Float dreamily away.

Out of the silence and the dark,
Gallant and glad comes song!
High above city smoke, a lark
Trills joyously, day-long,
And busy toilers pause to hark
To praise so clear and strong!
Into our hearts shine light and praise,
Glad birds of promise sing
Of love that lasts, of joy that stays,
For God made everything!
Across earth's dim cloud-shadowed ways,
Beams Love, all-conquering!

LUCY NICHOLSON.

Yea, Lord, we bless Thee that out of all things as we proceed toward Thee, we come to Thee and to all imaginable and unimaginable Glory. Out of darkness to dawn, out of silence to song, out of the less to the large, so always is it when Thou art our Goal. We bless Thee this is so. So we ourselves have found it. Thou art our Glory and the Bringer of Glory to our lives, and so we praise Thee. Amen.

WILLIAM A. QUAYLE.

Fear not, O soul, that thou shalt sink too low!
Infinity is deep as is the sea;
And depth on depth is mercy under thee,
And calm and limitless those waters flow;
Profound beyond what human heart can know,
Below the scorn of men, though deep it be,
The waters that o'erwhelm thee, buoyantly
Shall bear thee up if thou wilt have it so.

And fear not thou, although thou climbest high.
Toil upward. Still the mountain summits yield
A farther, fairer world beneath the cloud;
Rivers and lakes reflecting back the sky,
Peaks beyond peaks, and valleys new-revealed;
O soul of mine, be humble, and be proud!

MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS.

Lord, the troubled waves of Galilee lay quiet in Thy peace, when stern rebuke from Thee had stilled the storm that tossed them to the heavens; and so rebuke we pray, dear Lord, the winds of passion and the storms of strife, that vex and drive us as they will, and let Thy peace descend upon our life till it shall quiet lie, reflecting fair the beauty and the light that from Thy presence shine as shine the stars from out the depths of night. And Lord, to-day, the darkness gone, the storm-cloud fled away, let Thy presence, we beseech of Thee, give life and light and cheer to him whom Thou didst rescue from the night and storm; so we will rest in Thee and bless Thy name throughout the day made golden by Thy love. Amen.

GEORGE E. BARBER.

I heard a bird flood all the night
With strains of rapture and delight,
The leaves leaned low to listen, and
The sleepy trees could understand.

Many the birds — and folk by day,
Sing when the golden world is gay;
But, O my heart, the men of might,
Who bravely sing through sorrow's night!

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Thou hast made all things to praise Thee, O Lord. Morning, noon, and night are Thine, and their voices unite in glorifying Thy great and holy name. Thou art the God of the sunshine and the shadow. Thy benediction crowns them both, and they together magnify Thee. The whole earth is full of Thy glory. The flowers, the trees, the heavens, and the birds hymn Thy perfections. Thou makest glad the heart of man. In the morning of joy and in the night of sorrow, Thou strengthenest Thy children to do Thy will. We bear our burdens with a song of triumph. We sing through the day and we sing through the night. We deeply rejoice and are thankful that nothing can separate us from Thy love in Jesus Christ. Amen.

JOHN M. ENGLISH.

Evening

Dim grows the wood; the amber evening tints
Merge into opal skies and stars just seen;
Down vistas gloomed and winding there are hints
Of elves and gnomes among the mosses green.

Midnight

A holy song the thrush has distant sung;
The tree-tops murmur like some dreaming sea;
Hark! far away a silvern bell has rung
Twelve strokes, slow tolled, that faint and fade from me.

Morning

A shaft of gold upon my upturned face
As fleeting and as shy as any fawn;
Sweet odors, stirring minds and forms of grace;
Now tell me, is this heaven, or is it dawn?

Richard Burton.

Eternal Light, we lift our hearts to Thee, at the dawn of this new-made day. We have been protected by Thy love through the helpless hours of the night; now we lay our powers in Thy hand to be guided through the busy hours of the day. O Thou who saidst, in the beginning, "Let there be light," speak that magic word to our hearts this morning. Dispel the darkness of sin and sorrow by the shining of Thy face. Make, for us, each dawning day a symbol of Heaven where we shall see Thee face to face when the day breaks and the shadows flee away. Amen.

H. Grant Person.

I bowed to a tree, and his thought unto me
Was, "Bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I smiled at the sky, and the blue seemed to cry,
"O bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I chirped to a bird, and the answer I heard
Was, "Bless you, O bless you, O bless you!"
I sang everywhere, and the echoing air
Rang, "Bless you, O bless you, God bless you!"

The mountain and vale, the dell and the dale,
Proclaim to mankind, "O God bless you!"
The land and the sea, in beauty and glee,
Forever seem saying, "God bless you!"
The noon and the night, in dreamful delight
Of sunshine and stars, say, "God bless you!"
A pæan of mirth doth engirdle the earth
Of "Bless you, O bless you, God bless you!"

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

Father in heaven and in the earth, we thank Thee that blessing is everywhere. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." We are glad that when our mood is right everything in the heavens and in the earth becomes a new and divine voice proclaiming the goodness of God. The trees and flowers and birds and sky; the mountains, the land, the sea, all shout to us "God bless you." O Lord, let Thy spirit touch our spirits that our mood may invite the blessing. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Never give up; it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter
And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
Never give up, or the burden may sink you —
Providence kindly has mingled the cup;
And in all troubles and trials bethink you,
The watchword of life must be: "Never give up."

Never give up; there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
And through the chaos, High Wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hold on.
Never give up; for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup.
And of all maxims, the best, as the oldest,
Is the stern watchword of "Never give up."

ANONYMOUS.

O Lord, our God, we pause in Thy presence this hour and look into Thy face for inspiration. An abundance of hopes fills our hearts when we remember the mighty faith Thou hast in us. Inasmuch as Thou hast faith in us, help us to have faith in ourselves and in the work of this day. This morning the clouds of despair hang low; the darkness of uncertainty is nigh; our burdens are heavy and we are weak. But in creation's morning, Thou didst say "Let there be light and there was Light." So speak, O God, this hour and may Thy light be ours to-day. Amen.

T. HOWARD JONES.

It is not growing, like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May
Although it fall and die that night: —
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

BEN JONSON.

O Thou Who dost lead us from thistle-bedded fields of affliction to fragrant flower gardens of victory, hear our prayer. Thou dost scatter our false notions of life, as the sun scatters darkness. We dream of greatness in gold of Ophir and cedars of Lebanon. We dream of wisdom that would startle queens from afar, but quickly doth Jesus halt us, points to the lily near by and exclaims, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." O God, Thou Who didst give to the lily this beauty, clothe us with a similar charm, then our lives will be spent in fragrant service and we will be truly great however brief the measure. We ask it for Jesus' sake. Amen.

DUDLEY O. OSTERHEED.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Isaiah 41 : 10.

The narrow ways trodden of men are miserable; they have high walls on each side, and but an occasional glimpse of the sky above. . . . The true way, though narrow, is not unlovely; most footpaths are lovelier than high-roads. It may be full of toil, but it cannot be miserable. It has not walls, but fields and forests and gardens around it, and limitless sky overhead. It has its sorrows, but many of them lie only on its borders, and they that leave the path gather them.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Heavenly Father, we come to Thee for deliverance from all that makes us apprehensive. Fear is not of Thee: it is earth-born. "Perfect love casteth out fear." We implore that gift of Thy love that shall emancipate us from earth's shackles. Heaven's voice bids us look up and be courageous. Thou dost not give Thy children "The spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." Scatter this day all clouds of fear and grant that we may walk with Thee in the power of Thy Holy Spirit. Amen.

GEORGE E. HEATH.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When aught went wrong or any project failed:
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
To-morrows, fresh, shall rise from out the night,
And new baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields;
And yield he need not, while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life-old battlefields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed! What's yesterday,
With all its shards and wrack and grief, to thee,
Forget it, then — here lies the victor's way.

James Buckham.

Almighty God, Lord of the past, the present and the future, we cannot change the past — we can only repent of the evil. The present we hold in our hands but for a moment and it is gone. Our hopes, aspirations and desires are in the future. There we can plan and we can change before the future is eternally fixed in the past. We thank Thee that thou hast made every to-morrow bright with hope and boundless possibilities and that in it we can see a better self reaching up to Thee. Amen.

Henry T. Sell.

Don't you know it's autumn,
And the folks have put away
The filminess of summer
And the rhapsody of May —
Packing up the bubbles and the blossoms, and the dew,
To keep them over winter till the April buds come true.

Don't you know it's autumn
And the folks have been so smart
They've packed away a thousand
Dreams of summer in the heart —
The magic of bright mornings with the robins singing sweet,
And the marigolds and clover and the roses in the wheat.

Don't you know it's autumn,
And everywhere in town
They're wrapping up the memories
That the summer showered down —
Nights of silver moonlight, with a ripple on the stream,
And lovers in the lilacs, and the old, old dream.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Heavenly Father, even when it is winter, may we keep alive the scent of roses and the glad anticipation of another spring. May we wait for every spring with the same faith that makes us wait for the blessing of the good God and which makes our rejoicing so abundant when it comes. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

"Take the fruit I give you," says the bending tree;
"Nothing but a burden is it all to me.
Lighten ye my branches; let them toss in air!
Only leave me freedom next year's load to bear."
"Do my waters cheer thee," says the gurgling spring,
"With the crystal coolness 'tis their life to bring?
Leave me not to stagnate, creeping o'er the plain;
Drink for thy refreshment, drink and come again!"
"Can I yield you blessings?" says the friendly heart.
"Fear not I am poorer though I much impart.
Wherefore should you thank me? Giving is my need:
Love that wrought none comfort, sorrow were indeed!"

LUCY LARCOM.

Our Father in heaven, we pray that we may have the deep satisfaction of knowing by experience that the reward for bearing fruit is the increased ability and the opportunity to bear more fruit. We thank Thee that there is no joy like the joy of service. May we so know Thee and Thy goodness to us that our hearts will overflow with gratitude, and with a desire to bless Thy children, our brethren. Grant that, in this spirit of grateful service we may live this day and all our days, and may give to the world the fruits of a well-spent life. Amen.

GIDEON I. KEIRN.

A prayer in an hour of pain,
Begun in an undertone,
Then lowered, as it would fain
Be heard by the heart alone;
A throb, when the soul is entered
By a light that is lit above,
Where the God of Nature has centered
The beauty of Love —
The world is wide, — these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are All.

R. M. Milnes.

Our Father, which art in heaven, we thank Thee for the light of the morning. May we begin the day with Thee. Thou art with us in the coming of the morning light. Thou makest us to dwell in safety. Thou hast crowned us with loving kindness and tender mercy. Prepare us for every experience of the day, whether bitter or sweet, dark or light, that in all the events of the day we may see Thy hand, and enjoy the care of the guardian angel. May we enter upon this day with a glad heart and a loving spirit. In darkness be our light; in sorrow, our comfort; in trial and temptation, our strength and refuge. May we be cheerful, hopeful, loving and lovable. Preserve us unto life eternal. Amen.

Wesley Wiggin.

I am immortal! I know it! I feel it!
Hope floods my heart with delight!
Running on air, mad with life, dizzy, reeling,
Upward I mount, — faith is sight, life is feeling,
Hope is the day-star of might!

* * * * * *

Come, let us mount on the wings of the morning,
Flying for joy of the flight,
Wild with all longing, now soaring, now staying,
Mingling like day and dawn, swinging and swaying,
Hung like a cloud in the light:
I am immortal! I feel it! I feel it!
Love bears me up, love is might!

Chance cannot touch me! Time cannot hush me!
Fear, Hope, and Longing, at strife,
Sink as I rise, on, on, upward forever,
Gathering strength, gaining breath, — naught can sever
Me from the Spirit of Life!

MARGARET FULLER.

O Thou, our loving Lord and Savior, Who hast said, "I am with you always," suffer us not to be deceived by the appearance, or feel that we are ever alone. Help us through each day and hour, to open the inner door of our hearts at which Thou art knocking. New every morning is Thy love. Help us to begin each day with Thee and whether or no the clouds cover our mental sky, to ever remember the sunshine above; and at each day's end to lay us down in peace and sleep, knowing that Thou wilt make us to dwell in safety. Amen.

JOHN GODDARD.

It's all in the day's journey —
Sunshine and wind and rain,
The bird's low note in the dewy dawn,
And the dash of hail on the pane —
Then ho! for the brave adventure, Dear Heart!
Take courage and start again.

The One who ordered our going,
I think will show us the way,
And give us strength for the upward climb,
And light when the skies are gray;
It's all in the day's journey, Dear Heart —
And Love's at the end of the day!

ELIZABETH ROBERTS MACDONALD.

Our Father, we thank Thee that Thy Son was willing to become "a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We thank Thee for the eternal light of life that shines from His smitten face and from the eternal joys born of His sadness and suffering. May hard experiences refine our lives and make of us strong men and women. School us in the consciousness that we are not alone. Help us to discover clearly that painful, hard experiences are not necessarily calamities. Keep us from making them such. May our trust in Thee and our love for Thee kill our needless complaints. Dear Lord, give us triumphant faith and Thy peace which abides through the turmoil and the night. Lift us from being sons of men into the station of the sons of God, by Christ our Lord. Amen.

L. C. WRIGHT.

My days are ships that put to sea
While in the dusk I silent stand
And watch them sailing far from me
To some unknown, far-distant land.

Into the dim and starless night,
Over an ocean gray and lone,
Onward they sail, nor left nor right,
Each with a cargo of its own.

I may not know till all is past
What port they make when over sea;
But this I know — that I at last
Shall find my ships awaiting me.

Then may I stand and smile at Death,
If I have sent in every one
A little love, a little faith,
A little deed of kindness done.

STUART MACLEAN.

O Lord, in the morning with the rising of the sun, make glad our hearts for mercies past and others yet to come. May each hour of this new day find us cheerful, hopeful, kind and faithful in the doing of Thy will. If clouds darken the sun, if storms sweep over land and sea, may they not obscure the light within our souls. May that light, through all experiences, grow brighter and brighter, until we see and share in the glory of the Perfect Day. Hear this our prayer, O Lord; and when the night cometh that calls us hence, may our days on earth record a useful and well-spent life. Amen.

LEWIS V. PRICE.

There are songs in the air,
In the vast somewhere,
That were voiced by a brother remote;
They are wending tow'rd you
To make your life new,
If your heart is but tuned to their note.

There are words, there are names,
That will kindle the flames,
That die in the depth of the soul;
They will make your path bright,
Or draw the deep night
Round your life like a darkening scroll.

You are singing a song
To a world-wide throng,
That is hastily crossing your way;
And the peace that you strow,
And the love that you sow,
Will respond in your brother some day.

JOHN GLASS NEACE.

O Lord, we bless Thee for the promise of the day. Thine is the Morning; the day is ours and as it comes with new light and on every hand evidences of new life, make us mindful that it takes a whole universe of law and obedience to provide its coming. It has taken all the yesterdays to make this morning; help us to make this to-day contribute to a better morrow. Amen.

EDWARD F. MILLER.

A sorrower went his way along,
And I heard him sing and say:
"The noon is bright, but soon the night
Will come, the grave of day."

Then I smiled to hear his woeful song
And sent this word for nay:
"The noon is bright, but the blackest night
Cradles another day."

RICHARD BURTON.

O Thou, who hath created the night and the day and doth forever order their coming and going, be pleased to hearken unto us this morning and accept our souls' gratitude for the comforting thought that Thou dost have a far more loving interest in the times of darkness and light which enter into our individual lives. We pray thee let not our "eyes be holden" that we cannot see the silver thread of dawn in the fringes of a midnight pall. May we recognize in death, and all life's starless nights the curtained chariot in which our sunlit day cometh, bearing the balm of hope and new life to all who have waited with tears not remembering that out of shadows the morning ever appears. Amen.

THEODORE F. CLARK.

"Thine the fault, not mine," I cried
Brooding bitterly,
And Fate looked grim and once again
Closed in and grappled me.

"Mine, not thine, the fault," I said
Discerning unity,
And Fate arose and clasped my hand
And made a man of me.

HAROLD S. SYMNES.

Heavenly Father, open our eyes to all the beauties of this day, and unstop our ears to all its uttered speech. Help us to live in harmony with Thy will, co-operating with all the varied forces that make for truth and righteousness. Help us to see the good and beautiful in all, to rise above all fault-finding and despair, to be courageous in undertaking and strong in doing, to be patient under trial and charitable in all our relations with our fellow-men. May we so live this day under the influence of Thy teachings and example that in us and through us Thy will may be done. Amen.

PAYSON E. PIERCE.

There is no unbelief!
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says the clouds are in the sky;
Be patient, heart; light breaketh by-and-by,
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's wealth of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down in his couch to sleep,
Content to lock his sense in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

* * * * * *

There is no unbelief!
And day by day and night unconsciously
The heart lives by that faith the lips deny —
God knoweth why.

ANONYMOUS.

O God, our heavenly Father, we are so glad we can begin this day with Thee. While we slept Thou didst keep Thy great universe going on its perfect way, and our unconscious powers have once more awaked because Thou madest us to dwell in safety. Thou hast refreshed our bodies, strengthen also our spirits that we may live as Thy children should. Be with us in our going out and our coming in. Fill our hearts with gratitude for all Thy mercies, speak to us of our every experience, and help us to serve Thee by this day's work and play. Amen.

JOSEPH M. SHEPLER.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her
"Grief will pass away,
Hope for fairer times in future,
And forget to-day." —
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow
Need not come in vain;
Tell her that the lesson taught her
Far outweighs the pain.

* * * * * *

Rather bid her go forth bravely,
And the stranger greet;
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,
But as dear friends meet;
Bid her with a strong clasp hold her
By her dusky wings —
Listening for the murmured blessing
Sorrow always brings.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

God and Father of all, we thank Thee for every sunny hour and every day that is bright and full of joy or peace. We ask only that we may remember the darker way, the clouded day, the hour of soul enshadowing, the weak and weary tempted moments of our life, and with patience and devotion take up the duties of the present and cheerfully labor to bring truth and righteousness and love, as they are shown in the life of Jesus Christ, into every human heart. Amen.

RALPH E. HORNE.

It isn't what you mean to do a week ahead,
It isn't what you know you'll gain
When all annoyances have fled;
It isn't what you dreamed and planned —
Such hopes are but a phantom band —
The day's work counts.

* * * * * *

The day's work counts —
It isn't much,
The gain of those few painful hours:
But be content if there is shown
Some product of those sacred powers
Which guide each mind, uphold each hand,
Strive with the best at your command —
The day's work counts.

ANONYMOUS.

Infinite Father, we rejoice in the gifts of life and its opportunities for service. Make us, we pray Thee, content with our place in life and help us to use life for the greatest good possible. Give us to know the value of the little tasks and duties that come to us as the moments fly and with their millions of minutes, we will accumulate a million little duties well done — a really great achievement for any life. Grant us this contentment and this endeavor for the Master's sake and our own. Amen.

GEORGE W. KING.

The best preacher is the heart; the best teacher is time; the best book is the world; the best friend is God.

THE TALMUD.

Not for one single day
Can I discern my way,
But this I surely know —
Who gives the day
Will show the way
So I securely go.

JOHN OXENHAM.

Dear Father, we cannot discern our way this day except as Thou leadest, but like the child who unquestionably grasps the Father's hand and goes forward unfalteringly, so we, secure in Thee, take up the duties of the day. Make us joyful and serene in them, recognizing them as blessings, not tasks. We thank Thee for all that has come to us through a heart attuned to Thy will; for the time bestowed for learning Thy lessons; for a place in the world where we have read Thy love, wisdom and power; for Thy friendship, marvelous in its aims, outreachings, and with-holdings for us. May we grow in knowledge of Thee through service, then this will be a sunlit day. Amen.

ISABELLA H. DEMAREST.

I heard a voice say: "You,
Who worship, should pursue;
The good you dream of — do.

"Arise! Perfection seek,
Surmounting what is weak,
Toil on from peak to peak!"

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

O God, our Father, grant to us to-day the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and send showers of grace, so that we may bloom in the beauty of holiness and bring forth fruit to the glory of Thy name. May we be up and doing, knowing that the night cometh. Help us that we may not shirk responsibility or fear the consequences of right living. If we fail, trusting too much in ourselves, we will try again, trusting more in Thee. May we welcome to-day all that Thou hast for us to do, to suffer, or to enjoy. This we ask in the name of Him who is the Light, the Life, and the Bright and Morning Star. Amen.

JOHN GREENLEAF OAKLEY.

There's a tender, holy feeling, as of Autumn in the air,
'Tis a prayer, 'tis a prayer;
Sweet benedictions and all blessings beam upon us,
Ev'rywhere, ev'rywhere;
While memories of Summer now faintly fade away,
Hill and valley sing in glee,
"O, let Love the harvest be,"
With the tender, holy feeling, as of Autumn in the air.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

We praise Thee for the summer ended, for the harvest ungathered, for the autumn with its fruitage. We thank Thee for the lessons of the falling leaf when the trees have clothed themselves in tenderest gold as if to gladly welcome that from which we, because of inherited forebodings, shrink under the awful name of Death. Teach us the blessings of sorrow, the uses of pain, the helpfulness of disappointments, the tenderness of the healing touch of time, so that we shall come to know that all things of life are working together toward the consummation of that plan which includes our highest good. Amen.

C. SEYMOUR BULLOCK.

I always felt the blackest cloud would lift,
Break, reveal the blue and snow-white drift
Above, and all the glories of God's skies,
And gropingly I felt my sense would rise,
Sometime.

I hoped that good would grow from everything,
That every bud that blossomed in the spring
Was but a symbol of some larger, purer love
That lived and bloomed, eternal, far above,
Somewhere.

And, dreaming of a distance dim and far,
At length I woke to find a present star
Had hovered o'er me all the while unknown;
I woke to find my future, glorious grown,
Is here and now.

FANNY DE GROOT HASTINGS.

Gladly, our Heavenly Father, we open our eyes to the beauty of Thy day, and our hearts to the holiness of Thy abiding presence, with the faith that Thou wilt give us courage to do our sacred duty. May the grateful heart and the trusting mind prompt the willing hands to do the day's work, lifting it above drudgery into the joy of service, for love's sweet sake. With mind and heart in us, dear Father, we will strive to realize even now the glorious hope of the future, and to bring into our hearts this day the joy of the kingdom which comes from the consciousness of a day well spent. Amen.

ULYSSES SUMNER MILBURN.

A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A meaning on the face of the high hills
Whose utterance I cannot comprehend.
A something is behind them: that is God.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

How often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource. We go to Him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us not on the rocks but into the desired haven.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Almighty God, we thank Thee for the varied and glorious revelation of Thyself in all the world. Send us forth into this day with beings alert and responsive to all evidences of Thy presence. May we behold Thy beauty and power in nature, reading there Thy thoughts. Grant us to perceive Thy truth in those noble works that exalt, and strengthen, and give true freedom to humanity. Show us the grace of Thy spirit and the tenderness of Thy love in those activities that hearten, and heal, and save. Give us minds instant to discern, hearts ready to love, and wills strong to follow Thy desires. Amen.

GEORGE W. C. HILL.

Haven't got over summer, burning inside me still,
Fancying it all over, meadow and stream and hill;
Haven't got over summer,
Feel it, a golden flood,
Rippling along in rivers
Of beauty within my blood.

Haven't got over summer — trust that I never may.
Even if it should vanish, dreams will be sure to stay:
Dreams of it, tender visions,
Feel of the violet air
Blowing across my forehead,
Tangling up my hair.

Haven't got over summer — tell you the honest truth,
Haven't got over childhood, haven't got over youth;
Haven't got over April,
Green of meadow and hill—
And I pray to the Lord forever
He may grant that I never will.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Loving Father, give us a glad, grateful heart for to-day. Help us to put cheer and courage into the hearts of others. Keep us from giving hard blows to those about us. Teach us the life of simple trust and generous service. Make us ashamed to fret over anything. Give us a keen sympathy for those who have lost the spring and summer out of life. Help us to keep young and full of hope. Plant the flowers of faith and love in our hearts. and may we care for them as the gardener cares for lilies and roses. Amen.

JOHN P. MACPHIE.

Alone I sail life's stormy sea,
Nor fear the waves' rebuff;
Despite the winds of destiny
No harm can ever come to me
For I am strong enough.

I pit myself against each wave,
My faith against the night;
I venture far beyond the grave
To where God's suns forever lave
The dreamed-of coast with light.

Let tempests blow! Let lightnings sear!
They cannot harm my soul!
Though all alone my bark I steer,
My flag is nailed, my course is clear,
And I shall reach my goal!

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Lord, we lift up our morning hearts to Thee. Thou hast been our guardian in the night, and the stay of our lives. We renew our faithfulness. As Thou workest, so may we work without variableness or shadow of turning. Make us to feel Thine unceasing urge. Cause us to welcome the common throes of them who struggle to be useful and true. Establish in our hearts a desire not for rewards but for strength. Temper our disposition when men do not understand us. Teach us independence of fitful opinion. Prepare us, if need be, for a solitary way. Let us know of him who was buffeted, and in travail often, yet had the peace and joy of a lonely man because he lived with Thee. Amen.

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH.

So many things we wish for every day.
So ill content with blessings by the way;
But much is ours that's really worth the while, —
A song, a prayer, a greeting and a smile;
A rift of sunshine in a stormy sky,
Health-giving winds of heaven passing by,
Sweet scent of roses, breath of forest wild,
Faith, Hope and Love, the laughter of a child:
And richer gift no grace of heaven can send
Than hearty hand-clasp of a faithful friend.

EMILY SELINGER.

Dear Lord, help us to see Thee always in all things both great and small. Open our eyes to the beauty and possibilities of life itself. Make us to see and count the blessings by the way. Take away all ill content, and make us truly glad. Enlarge and enrich our lives, so that our whole lives may be an expression of genuine Christian joy and gratitude. Keep us ever in close fellowship with Thyself. And help us to let the love and friendship of Jesus, through us, draw others into this fellowship, that they too may see and share in the manifold blessings of life, which Thou hast so bountifully and graciously provided for everyone. Amen.

WILLIAN F. KOONSEN.

In dark and dew and veiling light,
In paling night at heaven's bourne,
There stands for me a virgin day
And blows upon her crystal horn.

Whatever I have done or do,
So long as I am more than clay,
At every dawn, divine and blue,
Will break for me a virgin day.

Deep-flooded as the stars behind
Her sapphire heights and piling snows,
My heart I pray may know the wind
Of truth her crystal bugle blows.

EDITH WYATT.

Our Heavenly Father, Who givest the day and its hours of promise, Who givest the blossoms and the growing and the ripened fruit, grant to us this day, we pray Thee, the benediction of Thy guiding hand upon our way. Fill, we pray Thee, every hour with heaven-directed uses. And let the morning blossoms of this consecrated purpose pass through the growing fruit of worthy service in the day's high noon, full to the ripening hours of setting sun and the day's fulfilment. That our day may be Thy day, we lift our hearts to Thee in this, our soul's petition. Amen.

EVERETT K. BRAY.

I meet a friend upon my daily walk:
One of the rare, uplifted sort of chaps,
Who rise above the pitiful mishaps
At which so many of us turn and balk:
And this my constant greeting as we meet —
"Friend, are you happy?" With contented smile,
As he were half an angel all the while,
And needed only wings to be complete,
"I'm not unhappy" — thus he makes reply
With calm assurance that I may not doubt,
And I am sent away to wonder why
My friend should learn a trick I've not found out.
"Not quite unhappy?" Confident and strong,
This ever is the burden of his song.

HENRY W. COLBY.

Blessed Lord and Redeemer, all our springs are in Thee. We praise Thee for Thy love and power by which those springs are evermore kept full and free. Speak to us at this morning hour as a man speaketh unto his friend. Go with us through the hours of this day, making our hearts burn within us as Thou shalt talk with us by the way. May we hear Thee still saying, "Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you"; and by this test may we prove a real, reciprocal friendship for Thee, having its root and flower in love. So may we realize the supreme joy of life, brightening every duty and transfiguring all earthly things. Amen.

GEORGE A. TEWKSBURY.

When the cares of life are many,
And I have to bear their load
Over long and lonesome highways,
Or along an uphill road,
I have found the burden lightened
And the way seems not so long
If I set the echoes ringing
With a bit of cheerful song.

Many a time a weary comrade
Heard me singing by the way,
And the song gave hope and courage,
And new strength to face the fray.
And he'd sing with me for gladness,
Quite forgetting care and fret,
As we journeyed on together
With "God-speed" to those we met.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

O God of our fathers, Thou art still leading us as our fathers were led; sometimes by the pillar of cloud, at other times by the pillar of fire. Often we are led by the way that we know not, but always by the right way. If our path leads up hill, give us strength for the climb; if through the darkness, give us a song in the night. If the way is long, permit us to rest with Thee on the curb by the well. As we meet our fellow travelers on the way, forbid that any murmur of ours should cast a shadow on their path. May our faith in Thee be contagious. Amen.

JOHN A. MCCLELLAND.

As weary travelers in a train
That stops they know not where,
Catch sometimes through the windows borne
Along the still night air,

A breath so sweet, their tired hearts,
Reviving 'neath its power,
Know well that hidden somewhere near
The wild grape vine's in flower,

So, oft a sudden sweetness here
Breathes through our pilgrim gloom,
And we too know that somewhere near,
God hath a soul in bloom.

William Hervey Woods.

We thank Thee, our Father, for the gracious privilege of coming to Thee every day. Grant that Thy Guardians of Truth and Purity may ever stand on guard at the portals of our heart. Bestow upon us we pray a vision of Thyself that we may walk with Thee and do Thy service. May the fragrance of thy presence as reflected in other lives help us to self-mastery. Guide us so this day that we may be an inspiration and not a hindrance to others in their hour of need. Abide with us, and then this day will be filled with the sunlight of God and the music of Heaven. Forgive us for the past and may this day reflect our love for Thee. Amen.

Everett A. Burnes.

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand . . .
One still strong man in a blatant land
Whatever they shall call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one
Who can rule and dare not lie!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done, and are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it, though the many shall form an unfavorable opinion about it. For if it is not right to do it, avoid doing the thing; but if it is right, why are you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly?

EPICTETUS.

O Lord, Jesus Christ, vouchsafe unto us in all our decision, action, endurance, yea, even in our chastening, that our continuance in well-doing may be patient under suffering, our ideals unsullied by sin, our efforts unblighted by injustice; and may our character remain incorruptible amid all the changes, anxieties, and falsities of an age when truth is so often spurned, and righteousness disesteemed. Make our lives radiant with the joy that is forever, and wilt Thou, O Christ, Thou Good Shepherd of the sheep, bring us at last safe home to the fold which is the heart of God. Amen.

RICHARD WRIGHT.

In the blue sky one little star
And in my soul a hope so young,
And white and starlike, trembling still,
By God upon my life-string hung.

In the high tree a cheerful bird
And in mine ear a burst of song,
To bring me joy and soft-eyed peace,
And make my pulses beat more strong.

On the far hills a crimson shines,
And in my heart a dawn of light —
To-day Love's roses will be red,
To-day my hours will be bright.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER.

Our Father, we rejoice in the light of this day. The night ofttimes seems long, but the morning always brings cheer. The stars fade but the glorious sun will rise. So hope never dies. Grant, O gracious God, that as the song bird's note refreshes our spirits, so may we by our words of cheer through the day and days bring to saddened hearts the solace sought. Disarm us of every fear, keep us from questionings and the blighting blindness of distrust, and flood our souls with the divine. Amen.

W. H. BAYLOR.

No matter how we turn or twist
How strenuously we persist,
Whatever has been or will be,
Whatever other change we see,
We cannot change this, anyhow;
'Tis always now.

It never leaves us, year by year, —
The faithful NOW *is always here, —*
And, though the swift hours scurry fast,
And but an instant Time doth last,
To other instants giving place,
Now ever stays.

* * * * * *

All through our lives it is the same,
In deep obscurity, in fame.
Hence, since our steps 'twill not forsake,
Who makes the best of now will make
In peace or war, in rest or strife,
The best of Life!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

O Thou, help us rightly to value the days and years Thou givest us. Through all the flow of time may Thy divine grace work in us and through us, and so may Thine image be perfected in our hearts and Thy kingdom established among men. Forbid that we, through concern about eternity, should fail to appreciate the present with its opportunities for growth and service. In the light of the great ideal that illumined the life of the Christ may we take up the duties that each day brings to us and perform them with quiet joy. Amen.

WILLIAM B. GEOGHEGAN.

Oh, sing for the wind that blows
From the salt and storm of the sea!
And sing for the gull that goes
Wide-winged and fearlessly —
Bold, bold is the life he knows;
A guest of the gale is he.

Oh, sing for the vale of Peace
Where zephyrs are slow and soft,
Where ragings and strivings cease
And the skylark soars aloft!
Oh, sing for the hearts that leap
And rise to the stress of life,
And sing for the eyes too brave to weep
And the souls too great for strife!

CLARISSA DIXON.

We come to Thee, O Righteous Father, with joy and gladness in our hearts. Thy works proclaim Thy goodness. Thou art the brightness of the morning. The birds sing Thy praises; the flowers reflect Thy glory; the grasses of the field, swept by the zephyrs of the dawn, bend in adoring reverence before Thee. The clouds are Thy chariot; the thunders Thy voice. We thank Thee for Thy loving care over us and we believe Thy goodness will follow us to the end. Forgive our sins. Help us to help others, and keep us faithful unto death. We ask these blessings in the Name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

JOHN E. ADAMS.

Clusters of the wild grape
Hung upon the wall,
Slender stems of many birches
Silvered, bare and tall;
Golden, golden autumn sunlight
Shimmered over all!

And the river — oh the river,
In a blaze of blue,
Ran away for sheerest rapture,
All the meadow through,
While my spirit, following after,
As a wild bird flew!

For the radiance and the color,
And the spicy smell,
For the great, deep, cosmic gladness —
Past all power to tell —
Set the heart of all things ringing,
Like a clear-toned bell!

ANNE CLEVELAND CHENEY.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the joy of living, which is ours when we draw near to Thee and find ourselves in tune with all that is beautiful in life and in Nature. Help us to attain these heights of inspiration and vision often; help us to retain the radiance of the best days, so that some aftergleam, at least, may brighten the days when we are cast down or discouraged. We know that thou didst intend life to be joyful. Give us the power to fulfil that intention and to enter into the universal joy of Thy creation. Amen.

HARRY ADAMS HERSEY.

For the little poem that points a way
To the joy we all may find;
For the soft refrain that has lulled the pain of a vexed and jaded mind;
For the distant glimpse of the sunlit hills
Through a dusky street of town;
For the hues that fly to the Western sky when the Sun is going down;
For the sweet surprise or the bit of cheer
That has flashed across my way —
Just the little things that a moment brings I will give my thanks to-day.

EUNICE WARD.

And are not all things, Heavenly Father, little things in Thy sight, since a thousand years are in Thy sight but as yesterday, when it is past? And yet, are not all things, little though they be, great in Thy sight, so great that Thou takest thought of them, — Thou, who hast said "Even the hairs of your head are numbered"? And so, as the day dawns and breaks, we will lift our hearts in grateful praise to Thee, and trust Thee and confide in Thee as children confide in their Father and look confidently adown the vista of the day until that hour "when hues shall fly to the Western sky, and the sun is going down." Amen.

ADOLPH ROEDER.

I strive to keep me in the sun;
I pick no quarrel with the years,
Nor with the fates — not even the one
That holds the shears.

I take occasion by the hand;
I'm not too nice 'twixt weed and flower;
I do not stay to understand;
I take mine hour.

The time is short enough at best;
I push right onward while I may;
I open to the winds my breast,
And walk the way.

A kind heart greets me here and there;
I hide from it my doubts and fears;
I trudge, and say the path is fair
Along the years.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Our Heavenly Father, we offer unto Thee thanksgiving for a new day, with its opportunities and responsibilities. Give us courage to walk in the path Thou hast marked for us. Give us strength to do the work Thou hast entrusted to us. Give us a contented spirit, and make us know the joy of service. Even though the day may bring to us some trials and disappointments, may we feel Thy presence and be conscious of the fact that Thou art our Father. Help us to lift somebody's burden this day, and by our life show forth Thy spirit. Forgive us wherein we fail to measure up to Thy standard. Continue to guide and direct us, and may Thy love possess our souls. Amen.

ELLA A. BOOLE.

The real pessimist is not the man who calls out when he thinks things are going wrong, but he who says, "Going wrong? Of course, they are!" then shrugs his shoulders and does nothing.

DEAN INGE.

'Tis easy to look o'er your neighbors' fence
And say, "Things should be so."
'Tis easy to look at his garden patch
And see the crooked row.
'Tis easy to criticize and say,
"'Tis thus that things should be."
But, when it comes to things at home,
Then's when it's hard to see.

MAUD LALITA JOHNSON.

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee that we may come to Thee with all our problems. In times of adversity and sorrow, may we realize that beyond all clouds the sun is still shining and that Thy sustaining power is sufficient for all the needs of the darkest day. Dear Lord, we ask for aid to overcome the temptation to point out the errors and weaknesses of others and criticize their work. Teach us to remember that all our fellow-beings are also Thy children and should have from us the same consideration as we expect for ourselves. For this day we ask that we may have grace given us to forgive others as we hope to be forgiven ourselves, that we may be of service to some one needing aid and that we may render such service as a privilege with cheerful hearts. Amen.

ADELAIDE N. ABBOTT.

It doesn't matter much about your name,
And nobody cares for your gold;
It's of very small moment the blood you claim,
Or the college degree you hold.
It's a trivial detail whence you came,
Or the places that you've declined;
It's of little importance about your fame
Or the people with whom you've dined.

And it's merely an item, the creed you cite,
And your clothes are of small account;
It's not so momentous, the ills you fight,
In quality or amount.
But there is one thing the world has a right
To ask and to know about you, —
Not what you have done with ardent might,
But what are you going to do?

OLIVER OPPDYKE.

Almighty God, we humbly desire to thank Thee for ill the mercies we enjoy. We desire to live aright in Thy sight. We would not be slothful servants. Above all else, we desire to know Thy will. How wouldst Thou have us to live? What wouldst Thou have us to do? We would make the tabernacle according to the pattern which only Thou canst show us. And whatever the task, wherever the place, we know Thou wilt sanctify the way of life for us, and give us to know the joy of Thy presence, the gladness of working with Thee. Amen.

ROBERT KNAPP.

This day I have great peace. With me
Shall stars abide eternally.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within, not without; never for us in another's mind, never to be seen through another's vision. The utmost that sage or seer can do is to lead us to ourselves; to be the clear pool wherein we shall behold our own true image, that seeing we may go on our way rejoicing, henceforth to see with our own eyes and to walk with our own feet.

STANTON DAVIS KIRKHAM.

Father, teach me Thyself,
That I may know Thee,
This is eternal life.

And teach me myself.
Enable me to use the powers
Thou hast given me
For Thy service, Lord.

For Thy fellowships, loving, sweet,
And Thy kingship deep within,
Making me strong this day
To do Thy will, I thank Thee.

Amen.

CLYDE F. ARMITAGE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace of grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done — and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that —
At least, no one ever has done it;"
But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done — and he did it!

EDGAR A. GUEST.

All-Father, whose will and wisdom is in all things, grant that the truth our minds apprehend, our souls may make their own. May we realize Thy eternal strength in our hearts and overcome the opportunity of adversity and the providence of difficulty. Let ours be the assurance that failure is alone for him who fails to do what duty demands. In cheerfulness of soul we would meet whate'er the day may bring and the night reveal, and in battling with the foe turn him into a friend, and struggling with hard duty transform the same into a blessed privilege. Amen.

GEORGE R. GEBAUER.

Do something for somebody, somewhere
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.
Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.
Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;
And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.
Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed —
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

J. S. Cutler.

With the growing light of the new day, we beseech thee, O Lord, to renew and increase our love for our brothers and our understanding of their temptations, their burdens and their sorrows. Quicken our imaginations so that, forgetting ourselves, we may enter into their experiences and know how to minister wisely to their needs. May our own lives be quiet and strong, so conscious of Thy presence and so full of joy that we may bring to all whose lives we touch, power and confidence. May the light of the knowledge of God illumine our faces, and may our ministry to others bring to us peace and lighten our own burdens. Amen.

Murray Shipley Howland.

I wish to be simple, honest, natural, frank, clean in mind and clean in body, unaffected — ready to say I do not know if so it be, to meet all men on an absolute equality — to face any obstacle and meet every difficulty unafraid and unabashed. I wish others to live their lives too — up to their highest, fullest and best. To that end, I pray that I may never meddle, dictate, interfere, give advice that is not wanted, nor assist when my services are not needed. If I can help people I'll do it by giving them a chance to help themselves! And if I can uplift or inspire let it be by example, inference and suggestion rather than by injunction and dictation.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

Our Heavenly Father, the sweet and beautiful things the new day brings to us are new tokens of Thy love and care. Thy angels come to us on the wings of the morning, with gentle messages, and the whole earth is full of joy. Why should we be comfortless? May we spend the day with Thee. Then we shall serve our age and minister to our time. How content and satisfied we are when we feel Thy presence near us. Then it is we are unafraid of trouble and triumphant in conflict. Then we can lessen pain and lighten toil, and make the way full of sunlight and music to our less fortunate fellow-travelers. This is our prayer and purpose. Amen.

ARTHUR HENRY GOODENOUGH.

That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining beauty
Which runs thro' all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O Thou, who knowest the end from the beginning and who orderest the affairs of Thy children according to the dictates of infinite love, grant us a vision of the Christ. Increase our faith. Help us to go forth to the experiences of this new day with a new realization of the presence of Jesus. Speak to our hearts as Thou didst speak to Joshua, teaching us to be "strong and very courageous." Deliver us from that selfishness that is given to self-pity and help us to approach this day's privilege of service with enthusiastic self-devotion. We thank Thee that the fire already kindles in our hearts and we go forth believing that Thou art with us. Amen.

GEORGE STEVENS WHEELER.

"As thy day thy strength shall be!"
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem they wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thy promises are sure. The clouds of the outer world are governed by Thy faithful laws, and come and go obedient to Thy righteous will; so help us this day to realize that the clouds which shadow our spirits are no less subject to Thy purposes of grace, and, in Thine own time, may shed grateful and refreshing showers upon our souls. We believe that all things work together for good to them that love God. Deepen and perfect our love. Make our belief in Thy goodness and omnipotence steadfast amid the storms that veil Thy face, and strengthen and confirm our hope in Thy mercy until it shall anchor in the harbor of Thy love. Amen.

GEORGE S. PAYSON.

The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks.
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On the deep that never breaks.

We may question with wand of science,
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The Mystery speaks to us.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Heavenly Father, the new day bids us once more meet the world that is so vast and so terrible that we cannot face it alone. So our hearts pause at the threshold of the morning, and hush their murmurs to be strengthened by the assurance that Thou art greater than the universe. We do not ask to have the fact of Thy greatness and care demonstrated to our reason; we only pray that we may feel it as we listen to our own souls' whisper and to the chastened message of Thy peace. We would bathe our souls in the atmosphere of trust and courage which Thou dost create for all those who love Thee and who seek to do Thy will. Amen.

OZORO S. DAVIS.

These are the days when birds come back,
A very few, a bird or two,
To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies put on
The old, old sophistries of June —
A blue and gold mistake.

* * * * * *

Oh, sacrament of summer days,
Oh, last communion in the haze,
Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake,
Thy consecrated bread to break,
Taste thine immortal wine!

EMILY DICKINSON.

The day dawn makes us go to Thee, O God. Thou kindlest the sun and Thy daylight wakens bird and babe and sleeping world. Set up Thy Kingdom in our hearts to-day and make us glad as we share the sweet sacrament of love together. Heal the wounded, send messages of mercy to those in pain and age extreme, and guide the feet of little children everywhere. Thou makest these Autumn days to be full of Thy glory. May we see God in every flaming bush and tree, and in the increase on land and sea. Ripen and sweeten and mellow us by the spirit of the great Master. Amen.

CONRAD HOOKER.

What are we here for, you and I,
As the long and wonderful days go by?
Each one stretching to us a hand
Filled with privilege high and grand;
Born of a meaning our lives must be,
God has his purpose in you and me.

We are here to sing of hope and cheer,
When the skies are dark and the way seems drear;
We are here to be faithful and strong and true
To the work that lies to our hands to do;
To make for all that is noble and good,
And be true to the bonds of our brotherhood.

* * * * * *

This are we here for, you and I,
As the long and wonderful days go by;
Welcome them gladly, for each one brings
The duty and beauty of common things;
And, as they unfold, shall unfolded be
God's own purpose in you and me.

L. M. Montgomery.

Our Heavenly Father, grant unto us this day to walk in loyal company with Thee. Make known to us Thy human life in Jesus Christ and help us to be obedient to His blessed will, to live in the light of His gracious revelation of Thy purpose and love. Open our eyes to see Him in the least and the last of men and to order the deeds of our hands, the words of our lips, and the very thoughts of our hearts in accord with this vision. Amen.

Rockwell H. Potter.

God with His million cares
Went to the left or right,
Leaving our world; and the day
Grew night.
Back from a sphere He came
Over a starry lawn,
Looked at our world, and the dark
Grew dawn.

NORMAN GALE.

Blessed Father, we thank Thee for this new day, for the sunlight that kisses our eyes open to behold the beauty around us; the blue sky, the tender grass, the waving trees, the songs of birds, the cheery good mornings of the family and neighbors: the love light in the eyes of dear ones across the breakfast table, the call to labor and the assurance that Thou, dear Father, hast given us strength for the day's task. May the words of our mouths and the meditation of our hearts be acceptable in Thy sight as we pass along Thy blessings to those with whom we brush elbows, who are weary, heavy laden and discouraged. May they know Thee better and love Thee more because we are doing those kindly services which make life more abundant and thus prove our discipleship to him "who went about doing good," and whom we would follow for evermore. Amen.

JAMES DIMOND CORBY.

I know a boy who goes to bed in a dark room, but is careful to leave the door ajar between his bed-room and his father's study. When he climbs into bed he calls out, "Father, please say hello every little while." I have often thought that the little fellow is but expressing a common human instinct. The shadows make him lonely and he is more comfortable if he can hear an assuring voice as he journeys to dreamland. Children of an older growth meet the shadows too, and if they only had faith enough and knew how to articulate the cry, would they not often say to God, "Please say hello every little while"?

George L. Perin.

Our Father, the fearsome shadows are often thick about us even at mid-day when it is light. We need to feel Thy Divine Presence near us. We need to hear some voice saying to us, "Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." Speak to us when we are tired. Speak to us when we are afraid. Say to our child hearts, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." Speak to us in any language that we can understand. Whatever may await us in this day's work or pleasure may we go forth in the full assurance that we are never alone. Nearer than breathing, nearer than light is the great Spirit that doth enfold us. Speak to us that we may hear Thee. Amen.

George L. Perin.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
Love for hate,
And right for wrong;
Softly speak to the weak,
Help them along,
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song,
What though about thee
Foemen throng?
All the day, on thy way,
Be thou strong;
A sunshine heart,
And a soul of song.

ROBERT LOVEMAN.

O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, we thank Thee for having brought us through another night. Thou art ever with us. When we sleep Thou dost send Thine angels to guard our beds, and when we awake, we are still with Thee. And now that Thou hast given us this new day, may we go forth to our work filled with faith, and hope, and courage. Grant us Thy wisdom that we may know how to sustain with words him that is weary. Fill our hearts with divine compassion that we have more sympathy for the weak and oppressed. Give us to love righteousness and to hate iniquity in every relation of life, and ever may it be our purpose to be found among those who look for and earnestly desire the coming of the Kingdom of God in the world, when all men shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. In His name we ask it. Amen.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

You gave on the way a pleasant smile
And thought no more about it;
It cheered a life that was sad the while
That might have been wrecked without it;
And so for the smile and its fruitage fair
You'll reap a crown some time — somewhere.

You spoke one day a cheering word
And passed to other duties;
It warmed a heart, new promise stirred,
And painted a life with beauties.
And so for the word and its silent prayer
You'll reap a palm some time — somewhere.

You lent a hand to a fallen one,
A lift in kindness given;
It saved a soul when help was none,
And won a soul for heaven;
And so for the help you proffered there
You'll reap a joy some time — somewhere.

G. Bickers.

Giver of the morning light, we lift up our hearts to Thy throne of Love. May we use the rays thus sent us to cheer the world. If we are Thy children, we shall give gladly a pleasant smile, a hearty word, and a willing hand, knowing they will cheer and warm and save where big things fail. The still small voice, and not the thunder nor the fire is Thy means of reaching our hearts. And as for the reaping, may it be our joy to know we did it for another's sake. Amen.

J. Wade Conkling.

Mourn no longer for your losses —
Loss may mean some better gain;
Out of sorrow and of sadness
Find the peace that follows pain.
Rise above your dark forebodings,
Take the promise God has given,
Think no more of all your troubles,
Think of home, and hope, and heaven.

V. M. Simons.

Gentle Shepherd, give to us the faith to see Thee in the half-darkness of the valley; the trust to follow Thee along the stony path. Help us to know, though we cannot see, that Thou art leading through darkness to light. Fill the faint heart with the hope of that which is to be, give power to the feeble will and strength to the faltering steps. Soon may we see the tableland where the sun is shining and feel the touch which shall heal the bruise and satisfy the famished lips. One of Thy wearied sheep humbly seeks a whispered word; laboring and heavy laden comes to Thee for rest. Amen.

John M. Richardson.

Now summer's gifts are gone, the dainty rose
No longer pours her perfume to her June;
But still the leafless thornbush scarlet glows
And sunshine floods the calm November noon.

How great and good this world with all its chill
And change! Its storms of woe, its human ill
Cast only passing shadows from their sky;
And what dear sweetness even in the sigh
That guides our memories to a vanished day —
All wonderful, from youth's flight into high,
Far heavens of hope on fancy's scornful wing,
Down to the dusty sod where blithely comes
The sparrow eager for his daily crumbs.
Ah! God's best star is this: a crumb to pay
The toil of life — free from this day to take
Its sunshine's gift — soul free, free from heart's ache!

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

Heavenly Father, we praise Thee for this new day. Bestow upon us Thy grace that we may spend it wholly in Thy service and to Thy glory. Help us to feel the embrace of Thine everlasting arms that amid all change we may rest in quietness and confidence. May we so abide in the sunshine of Thy love that this day and all days may be bright and beautiful. Fill us with joy and peace through believing; and cause us to abound in hope through Jesus Christ. Amen.

JAMES J. DUNLOP.

No matter what my birth may be,
No matter where my lot is cast,
I am the heir in equity
Of all the precious Past.

* * * * * *

The beauty of the living earth,
The power of the golden sun,
The Present, whatsoe'er my birth,
I share with every one.

As much as any man am I
The owner of the working day;
Mine are the minutes as they fly
To save or throw away.

And mine the Future to bequeath
Unto the generations new;
I help to shape it with my breath,
Mine as I think or do.

Present and Past my heritage,
The Future laid in my control: —
No matter what my name or age,
I am a Master-soul!

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

We thank Thee, heavenly Father, that we may join the one of old in the joyful exclamation, "All things are mine." Whether life or death, whether sea or land, whether past or present, whether night or day, all things are mine. O make us worthy our rich possessions. Amen.

L. W. HOBART.

To live, to live, is life's great joy, to feel
The living God within, to look abroad,
And, in the beauty that all things reveal,
Still meet the living God.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

All about us, in earth and air, wherever eye or ear can reach, there is a power ever breathing itself forth in signs, now in a daisy, now in a wind-waft, a cloud, a sunset, — a power that holds constant and sweetest relation with the dark and silent world within us. The same God who is in us, and upon whose tree we are the buds, if not yet the flowers, also is all about us: inside, the Spirit; outside, the World.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Our Father in heaven, God of infinite grace and loveliness, Thy beauty shines in cloud and flower, in Thy angels and saints, and in the face of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Let it shine in our lives — that beauty of Thine which is only beautiful. May we grow more lovely in Thy sight every day, until we become children with whom Thou art ever well pleased. Amen.

JOHN HUNTER.

Is there trouble with that which lies deeper? Are my health and strength in peril? Well, I think there can be little doubt of this: that those who are forever looking on the dark side of their illnesses and ailments, peering in toward the shadows when they should face the light, toss away the finest chances left them to get well again; while those who strive for a cheerful background of faith and hope either win health, or if this is not to be, win some high blessing which may come by sickness.

ROBERT COLLYER.

O God, Light of the hearts that seek Thee, and Life of the souls that love Thee, and Strength of the minds that know Thee, grant us now Thy grace and blessing, as we turn to Thee at the beginning of this new day in our lives. The sun may shine brightly upon us, or the sky may be overcast with clouds, it matters not, we will face the light, we will strive for cheer, confident that, whate'er our lot, we may this day win some blessing. Even if we are weak and faint we may render some service in Thy name to others, and if abounding health and strength are ours, so much the more may we do to make this earth radiant with joy. Amen.

FRANK LINCOLN MASSECK.

Sing me, thou singer, a song of gold!
Said a careworn man to me.
So I sang of the golden summer days,
And the sad, sweet autumn's yellow haze,
Till his heart grew soft, and his mellowed gaze
Was a kindly sight to see.

Sing me, dear singer, a song of love!
A fair girl asked of me.
Then I sang of a love that clasps the race,
Gives all, asks naught — till her kindled face
Was radiant with the starry grace
Of blessèd charity.

Sing me, O singer, a song of life!
Cried an eager youth to me.
And I sang of the life without alloy,
Beyond our years, till the heart of the boy
Caught the golden beauty and love and joy
Of the great eternity.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Heavenly Father, for all the gifts of life, we thank Thee. When our hearts sigh for gold, lift Thou our desires, till the rich graces of the Master be the blessing longed for. When the many interests of this fair world fasten upon us, do Thou draw us by the wooing notes of Thy love. May our love be like the Saviour's love. And when we say to our souls, "It is good to live," may it be no superficial life that satisfies, but the life that Jesus came to impart — the life abundant, life eternal. Amen.

FRANK N. MERRIAM.

The little Road says Go,
The little House says Stay:
And oh, it's bonny here at home,
But I must go away.

The little Road like me,
Would seek and turn and know;
And forth I must, to learn the things
The little Road would show!

And go I must, my dears,
And journey while I may,
Though heart be sore for the little House
That had no word but Stay.

Maybe, no other way
Your child could ever know
Why a little House would have you stay,
When a little Road says, Go.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Heavenly Father, however alluring the road may be, let our hearts ever turn back with joy to the waiting house and the love that sanctifies it. We would flinch from no duty and no task that calls us to the highway, even when the little house says "stay." But we pray for that even balance and sanity of life by which we turn from the highway when we are weary and foot-sore, when we are tired and heavy hearted, to find refreshment in the love and joy and peace of home. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

How does the soul grow? Not all in a minute;
Now it may lose ground, and now it may win it;
Now it resolves, and again the will faileth;
Now it rejoiceth, and now it bewaileth;
Now its hopes fructify, then they are blighted;
Now it walks sunnily, now it gropes benighted;
Fed by discouragements, taught by disaster;
So it goes forward, now slower, now faster,
Till, all the pain past, and failure made whole,
It is full-grown, and the Lord rules the soul.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Our God and Father, it is of Thy tender mercy that we yet live and hope. Thy compassions fail not. They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness. Thou dost not leave us in our failures or abandon us in our follies. Even from the bondage in which we bind ourselves by our sins Thou dost continually deliver us. May Thy faith in us inspire in our hearts faith in ourselves. May the remembrance of Thy enduring love for us give us the victory in all our seasons of despair. And may Thy Spirit dwelling in us so strengthen us in our souls that we may be enabled to make even our failures fruitful, and by patient continuance in well-doing come at last through the gate of death itself into the fulness of eternal life. Amen.

C. STURGES BALL.

As men essay the Matterhorn —
That peering peak of stone and snow —
To view, some matchless Alpine morn,
The petty world stretch far below,
Though after all their toil and pain
They can but clamber down again.

So yearning souls essay the heights
Of spirit, setting dangers by,
And recking naught of low delights
The flesh affords; you ask them why,
They know not; some divine unrest
Bids them to climb and do their best.

RICHARD BURTON.

We thank Thee, our Father, for this new day. Help us to be strong in Thy grace for the duties that may come to us. May we lift up our eyes unto Thee from whence cometh our help. Raise our thoughts to heavenly places in Jesus Christ. Give us a new vision of Thyself that we may be fortified against the evils that may come to us. May there ever be an unfailing aspiration in our lives! May all the experience of this day make for things above! Help us to set our affections on things above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Amen.

HARRY B. BELCHER.

I thought to have gathered many a bloom
From a rose tree I planted one sweet spring day;
Ah me! I forgot
And watered it not,
And the soft buds withered away.

I thought as I looked at my heaped up corn,
"I will sow it broadcast — this rich, golden grain!"
Ah me! I let it lay,
And it withered away,
And harvest time reaps me no grain.

I still wish for roses — my rose tree is dead;
I wish still for harvest — and hunger for bread;
I cry for the old love — the old love is fled;
I sowed not — I reaped not — God's judgment is said.

L. Hereward.

Our Father and God, Thou art the bountiful giver of all good things; Thy hand does not withhold the measure of our want. Thy heart responds to every human need. We come to Thee with our burdened hearts, and empty hands; relieve, we beseech Thee, the pain of the growing weight, and enrich our oppressive poverty out of Thy exhaustless supply. And by all these, Thy abounding gifts, help us, we pray, to learn that our larger need is above our receiving, in the giving of what we already have, and in doing the task left undone. Help us, Our Father, to hear Thy tender appeal in the gift unused, and to discern Thy larger plan for us in fellowship of work with Thee. Amen.

F. A. M. Brown.

What's the use of fretting
When the joys you want slip by,
What's the use of getting
Glum of lip and dull of eye?
What's the use of moping
When your skies are dark and gray?
Does it help you in your groping,
Does it ever smooth the way?

You can't fret away your sorrows,
You can't mope away your care;
You can reach the glad to-morrows
If the troubled ones you bear.
But your growling and your whining
And your face that's sour and glum
Will not start the sun to shining
Or hasten joys to come.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

Heavenly Father, help us that throughout this new day we may walk in closest fellowship with thee, and learn the secret of Thy joy in the serving of others. Forbid that we should ignobly surrender to our peevish moods, and fret under the love-sent discipline of life. Forbid that we should pout and murmur like spoiled children. Make us more like the divine man, who, when he was misjudged and thwarted, was not embittered; and who was kept in perfect peace by staying his heart upon the Father. Amen.

JOHN W. ADAMS.

Speak not harshly — much of care
Every human heart must bear;
Enough of shadows sadly play
Around the very sunniest way;
Enough of sorrows darkly lie,
Veiled within the merriest eye.
By thy childhood's gushing tears —
By the grief of after years —
By the anguish thou dost know,
Add not to another's woe.

JULIA A. FLETCHER.

Like rain that refreshes the parched valley, is the helping word to needy hearts, O Father! Give to us the grace to speak always the helping word. Amidst the warring and strife of life, help us to speak the words of peace; amidst the troubles that discourage, we would speak the words that shall renew within the hearts of men courage for all life's tasks; amidst the diseases that lead to death, we would speak the healing word, — the word of life; amidst the afflictions that leave us broken-hearted, may we learn to speak the words of comfort. Our words are but the echo of the richness of our hearts, O God. May we be so rich in Thy spirit that the words that fall from our lips may ever bless and be filled with life. Amen.

HOWARD BURTON BARD.

Beneath the shadow of the Great Protection,
The soul sits, hushed and calm.
Bathed in the peace of that divine affection,
No fever-heats of life or dull dejection
Can work the spirit harm.
Diviner heavens above
Look down on it in love.
And, as the varying winds move where they will,
In whispers soft, through trackless fields of air,
So comes the Spirit's breath, serene and still,
Its tender messages of love to bear
To men of every race and speech and zone,
Making the whole world one,
Till every sword shall to a sickle bend,
And the long, weary strifes of earth shall end.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Our Refuge and our Strength, O God, art Thou! Before Thee do we bow! Blessings have been ours in all the days. Thou hast been in all our ways. Nights were dark — so dark! Troubles beat upon us, but under them we did not bend. We trusted, not in man, not in bank, not in sword and navy's guns. We maintained our faith in Thee, the Mighty One, the Almighty. And the bent back did not break, because the soul was strong. Our integrity abides! We praise Thee! We persist in this royal way, our Master's Road to the most beautiful Adventure. Every goal will be a messenger to bear us nearer Thee, our Haven. For our Pilot is the Christ, in whose name we pray. Amen.

WILLIAM H. BURGWIN.

We turn not back
When paths look dim
And skies seem gray;
No good we lack
When trusting Him —
Love lights the way.

No dream of sense
Can make us fear;
We watch and pray.
This our defense:
Heaven is here,
Love leads the way.

GERTRUDE GOODING MCCLOUD.

Our Father, we thank Thee that Thy love lightens the grayest skies and illumines life's darkest pathways. We praise Thee that no dream of sense can shake our ultimate confidence in Thee. The shadows close about us oftentimes; our pathway seems to end in stark, abysmal gloom, but the upward glance never fails to reveal Thy care, the inward glance shows forth Thy love. "Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed," nor will we turn back however long and steep the way. Thou art about and above and within us, and Thou, O Lord, art our Heaven. Light Thou our path, Eternal Love, until the perfect dawning. Lead on and we will follow "until the day break and the shadows flee away." Amen.

KATHARINE LENT STEVENSON.

If you were busy being kind,
Before you knew it you would find
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,
And cheering people who are sad,
Although your heart might ache a bit,
You'd soon forget to notice it.

* * * * * *

If you were busy being true
To what you knew you ought to do,
You'd be so busy you'd forget
The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy, quite,
To criticise your neighbor long
Because he's busy being wrong.

REBECCA B. FORESMAN.

Heavenly Father, we give Thee thanks, that we are to live with Thee to-day in this dear world. May we see that when we are able to be of use to our fellow-men, life will be worth while. May we realize that the deepest joy of life comes through the avenue of service. May we find such happiness in simply being kind, it will not matter if we are forgotten. And may that which is true and right so claim us, we shall have no time to judge the mistakes of others, but be lenient towards all. Help us, dear Father, that we may be able to do all we ask. Amen.

LUTHER WESTON ATTWOOD.

Can we believe, O God, that we have done
To full perfection our appointed task,
Offered the sacrifice that thou dost ask,
If, like small flowers, we brave the burning sun,
Nor shrink from storms, but slowly, one by one,
Tear from ourselves the grimy husks that mask
An inward beauty, and disdain to ask
A better heritage than there upon
That lonely hill to bloom and fade and die;
Content if in the tenure of our life
Some haggard soul uplift his weary eye,
And pause amid the muddy world's dull strife
To gaze on us and so forget to sigh,
Is this to live the veritable life?

EMERSON G. TAYLOR.

O Spirit of the Morning, too often we cry out from deep shade, Watchman, what of the night, too frequently we wander in the gloaming, — reveal to us the brightness of Thy face. Give us the patience and the fortitude to do the day's work, whate'er it be. If some humble duty, may the knowledge that it is the King's business make it of imperial concern; if some great task, may it invest us with sunbeams and humility that we have been thought worthy of it. And when the day itself is almost done, may we await with assurance the dearest promise of all — at even time shall there be light! Amen.

EDWIN W. BISHOP.

Any one can carry his burden,
However heavy, until night fall.
Any one can do his work,
However hard, for one day.
Any one can live sweetly, patiently,
Lovingly, purely, till the Sun goes down.
And this is all that Life really means.

ANONYMOUS.

O Thou, who art the burden-bearer of humanity, Thou biddest Thy children rest all their anxieties and burdens on Thee. Thou givest power to the faint, and to the weary, rest. There is no loneliness and darkness where Thou art. May faith never fail us that we should forget Thy gracious, saving presence, or cease to see Thee close by our side and more than ready to assist. Thou art the Comforter, the Helper, the Lover, a friend in times of adversity and prosperity. We need Thee in both, and we can surely have Thee every moment. We are indeed pilgrims and strangers here, but with Thee to guide us we shall not falter on our journey or lose the way. Enfold us in Thy kindly care, and throw around us Thine everlasting arms. Amen.

JAMES MUDGE.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Make a rule and pray to God to help you to keep it, never if possible, to lie down at night without being able to say "I have made one human being a little wiser, a little happier, or a little better this day." You will find it easier than you think, and pleasanter.

RUSKIN.

We pray Thee, our heavenly Father, to deepen in our hearts the desire to share with others all Thy good gifts. Open our eyes to see more clearly the sin, the sorrow and the suffering in the world about us; then make us eagerly glad to go forth as Thy messengers of helpfulness, comfort and good cheer. Make us generous, loving and large-hearted toward all whom we meet, in this short journey of earthly life. May we see our own faults rather than the failings of others. Enable us with unselfish, Christlike love bravely to help overthrow all organized evil and to hasten the coming of Thy kingdom upon earth. Amen.

ANNA A. GORDON.

We'll sing of the better things, my friend,
And think of the better ways;
We'll trust to-morrow to heal our sorrow
As beauty has healed to-day's.
We'll sing and think of the better things
For the sake of those we know
Who need the sun and the shine of life
On the rocky road they go.

* * * * * *

We'll trust in the better things, my friend,
And hope for them, and smile;
We'll sing of the light instead of the night,
And 'twill come true afterwhile;
We'll chase the shadows and grief away,
By thinking the better things;
And maybe God's answer will come some day
To the heart that sweetest sings.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

I would be quiet, Lord,
Nor tease nor fret;
Not one small need of mine
Wilt Thou forget. Amen.

JULIA C. R. DORR.

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about me,
Let me praise a little more;
Let me be, when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a litile better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver
When temptation bids me waver,
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be,
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is weaker,
Let me think more of my neighbor
And a little less of me.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Our Heavenly Father, Thou alone art the Refuge of our hearts. "Within the shadows Thou keepest watch above Thine own." We thank Thee for the comfort which Thy presence brings. We bless Thee for the promises which we have tested and proved. Help us to do our best. May we train every faculty by exercise. Teach us not to expect Thee to assist us when we are not alert ourselves. But when we have done all, warn us that without Thy blessing all is futile and assure us that with Thy help our weakest endeavors are illuminated and effective. And when evening comes, pilot us Home through the mists, and bring us across the bar into the harbor where we would be. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

CHARLES HOWLAND COOKMAN.

Build for youself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong box securely —
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

ANONYMOUS.

God of the sunlight and the happy life, touch our hearts with joy. Fill our days with goodwill and good cheer. Teach us to walk by faith, if not by sight. Show us the meaning of trials, temptations and sorrows. May we know that burdens are but folded wings which we may spread and use for upward flight. May the light break through every cloud and peace follow every storm. Troubles which we ought to bear alone and silently, may we bear with the quietness and confidence of a manly faith, and those that we may rightly share may we find loving hearts and ready hands to help us carry; and may we ever rest our weakness on Thy strength. So may many hearts be lightened, and none made heavier because of ours. Amen.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

They all led out of my Vale of Youth,
A white path over the hill,
A whispering stream, and a spire of smoke
In the windless dawning chill.

The white road led to the Towers of Gain,
The river, to Far Romance,
But the way of the smoke was lost, I thought,
In the void of heaven's expanse.

Now I am back from the Towers of Gain,
And little I brought away —
My river is long gone dry; but here
In the windless twilight gray

Is the heavenward trail of old; and soon
With my pilgrim-staff in hand,
I go, a pillar of smoke my guide,
To look for the Promised Land.

WILLIAM HERVEY WOODS.

Almighty God, creator of all, and giver of every good and perfect gift: Give us of Thy sustaining grace, that we may be helped in the duties of the day. Give us of Thy power that we may conquer in the strife, that temptation may be resisted, that sin may be overcome, and that we may abstain from all that is wrong. In the midst of life's vicissitudes and trials, comfort us. As Thou didst lead Thy children of old onward to the promised land, so lead us onward toward Thy light. Amen.

WILLIAM BRECKENRIDGE.

Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.
The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
Aye, none shall hang so high his name
Time will not tear it down.
The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Almighty God, we pray Thee to make us sensible of all Thy gracious blessings, both temporal and spiritual, showered upon us, that we might receive them with due appreciation and devout thanksgiving in our daily walk and conversation. Grant unto us the gift of the Holy Spirit, that by His guidance our thoughts and affections may be weaned away from things that are sinful and be placed on things that are eternal, thus enabling us to become thoroughly furnished unto all good works. So help us to live for Thy glory and for the good of humanity, that the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord. Amen.

L. F. MAYLE.

What matter if your grandfather didn't leave you any of his estate so long as he left you his unconquerable spirit?

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

But this my prayer, and this my one request:
That when my wrestle with the foe is done,
It be not said of me, "He did his best, —"
Not that alone, but let them add, "He won."

HERBERT MULLER HOPKINS.

We lift up our thoughts to our Maker and we ask, O Lord of all life and power, to give us that vision of the future, which will bless us with peace. We feel our own weakness, our own sin. We know in ourselves, we are defeated. Yet just beyond, we are sure of victory in Thy name. Help us to be so true, so obedient to Thy Word, that we will no longer question or doubt, but leave results to Thee. Surely, Thou art King of Kings and Lord of Lords and howsoever we may seem to prosper now, Thou wilt bring the best to pass for our eternal life. "Thy right hand and Thy holy arm hath gotten thee the victory." Amen.

LOUIS RICH.

Two Gospels there are of the years
That haunt men, and follow after them:
And one is the Gospel of tears,
The other the Gospel of laughter.

The Gospel of laughter is good,
For it sweetens the gall of our sorrow;
Therethrough is slow anguish withstood
And the spirit trussed up for the morrow.

The Gospel of tears is divine,
For it makes us draw closer together,
And shows us the beacon and sign
Of souls, in Life's stormiest weather.

Two Gospels there are of the years,
Rich-crowning our grief and our pleasure:
The Gospel of laughter, of tears,
With meanings that man may not measure.

RICHARD BURTON.

Father, we thank Thee that we may read Thy wish for the happiness of Thy children in verdant fields and fragrant flowers, in azure seas and shining skies. We thank Thee, likewise, that Thy children find in the deep waters of sorrow the priceless pearl of the gospel of Thy love; that as the rain cometh down from heaven and watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater, so the clouds of sorrow are big with blessings, and that in the hour of our helplessness, we come to know the greatness of Thine all-sufficient grace. Amen.

CHARLES S. MILLS.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Though it chances some time to flow
In minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.
What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift and reveal the rift
If you let the melody run.

Don't let the song go out of your life,
Let it ring in the soul while here,
And when you go hence it shall follow you thence,
And sing on in another sphere.
Then do not despond, and say that the fond
Sweet songs of your life have flown,
For if ever you knew a song that was true,
It's music is still your own.

KATE R. STILES.

As life's experiences multiply and disappointments have to be faced, and sorrow borne, when the stress and storm beat hard upon us, we pray that Thy Kindly Light may lead through the encircling gloom; and we ask, dear Lord, that we may not forget the joys of life, its music and its songs, but that sweet and low in all our hearts, there may be singing the dear songs of youth when hope was high, the songs of faith which steady and make calm and which renew within us the assurance that all is well; that faith which keeps our hearts in tune with the melody of Thy divine purpose. Amen.

MARY GRACE CANFIELD.

Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee:
All things are passing:
God never changeth.
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things:
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting:
Alone God sufficeth.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

We thank Thee, our Father, that Thou art light and in Thee is no darkness at all. We thank Thee that with Thy coming a new song is put into our mouths, — even praise unto Thee. We dare to hope because Thou art with us. We can be brave because Thy presence gives us courage. Teach us the meaning of the sunshine, the song of the birds, the message of the flowers, the manifestations of Thy will in the daily events of history, that we may know that the greatest fact in the universe is God, that the sweetest fact in the universe is that "God is love," that this God of power is our Father, and "no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." Tell us that the last mile of Life's journey is the sunniest part of the way and help us to travel life's road toward our home with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads. Amen.

CHARLES L. MEAD.

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

* * * * * *

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

O God, of infinite righteousness and goodness, at the time of sun rising, when the last appearance of the shadow of night has gone, and the hills are being kissed with light and clothed with warmth, help us to feel that Thou art real and near to succor and sustain. Help us to find the right course on the sea of time, and though the clouds are often dark and heavy may we never lose our way, O Thou Pilot of our souls. If the storm should beat upon our frail bark and the darkness seem almost impenetrable, still may the lighthouses along the coast show us the way. Amen.

G. W. JONES.

If I am weak and you are strong,
Why then, why then,
To you the braver deeds belong!
And so, again,
If you have gifts and I have none,
If I have shade and you have sun,
'Tis yours with freer hand to give,
'Tis yours with truer grace to live,
Than I, who, giftless, sunless, stand
With barren life and hand.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

Lord, make us willing to share with others the blessings wherewith Thou has crowned our lives. Help us to understand that our really greatest gain is in sharing with others what Thou hast so graciously given to us. Freely we have received from Thy bountiful hand; may we in turn freely give, and since the gift without the giver is bare, may we give of ourselves to those who need what we can give. As our Lord made each life that touched His richer thereby, so may we make our lives a source of blessing for His sake, remembering that as we give to others we give to Him. Amen.

JOHN H. KERR.

I saw a man walk out upon a slender band of steel,
A tiny figure in silhouette against the blue —
Below him wrapt in flickering fears I stood with head erect,
But as I watched him at his work I of a sudden knew
That I would walk my easier paths of life with step as free —
That over sullen depths by arching beam and steadying rod
I with the toiling world of men might build as fearlessly
The bridge that spans the great dim space between the worlds of God.

HERBERT J. HALL.

Almighty God, our Father, help us to remember that we are Thy children; that we are in Thy family; that we are created and sustained by Thy truth and love; that we have been given great powers that we may live a noble life and do a large work; and that we are called not only to high duties but also to supreme joys. We thank Thee for the consciousness of Thy presence and for the love of humanity in our hearts. Give us, we pray Thee, Thy grace; guide us in the ways of wisdom, make us helpful to others, forgive our sins, and help us to be forgiving. All praise and honor we give to Thee from grateful hearts. Amen.

JOHN J. BLYTHE.

A smile, resting on a foundation of sincerity, is one of the most valuable things in the world. It cheers when nothing else would make an impression. It gives a thrill of which no human agency is capable. A smile has changed the whole course of a human life. A smile serves as the guide post at a turning point for a man who is hesitating at the intersection of two paths. A smile is the sun that dissipates the clouds of despair. It is just the ray of light that many a soul needs to make life seem preferable to death. It is the cheapest and the most valuable gift we can make. When smiles can do so much, why are we not more liberal with them?

ANONYMOUS.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the glad and wholesome contagion of cheerfulness. If frowns and distempers are contagious, we thank Thee that smiles are not less so. The smile goes forth from face to face. By the strange law of increase, gladness begets gladness. Remembering then that no frown ever made a heart glad, help us go forth to meet the day with high hope and smiling face; and even though it has not been easy to smile, let us rejoice if so we have been able to add to the sum of human happiness and make burdens lighter. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Worry and Trouble and Care one day
Started for town on the early car,
But Laughter was there with her sunny ray,
And none of the travelers got so far.
She smiled at one and then at the other,
And first thing out they went —
And the town was better that day, my brother,
And sweeter and more content.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Our Father in Heaven, accept our hearts' thanks for our lives continued to meet this new day. It brings us possibilities of joyful service with others. Thou hast taught us that "none of us liveth to himself." All are bound up in the same bundle of life. So, trusting to Thy loving and All-Wise guidance, as we walk with Thee, we know that no evil can befall us, but that at nightfall we may thankfully say, "We have walked with God to-day!" Thus it shall be one of Heaven's days lived on earth. Bless us, our Father, and make us blessing to all whose lives ours touch to-day. Amen.

ELLEN M. STONE.

Oh, may I be strong and brave, to-day,
And may I be kind and true,
And greet all men in a gracious way,
With frank good cheer in the things I say,
With love in the deeds I do.

May the simple heart of a child be mine,
And the grace of a rose in bloom;
Let me fill the day with a hope divine
And turn my face to the sky's glad shine,
With never a cloud of gloom.

With the golden levers of love and light
I would lift the world, and when,
Through a path with kindly deeds made bright,
I come to the calm of the starlit night,
Let me rest in peace.

NIXON WATERMAN.

Most gracious God, our Father in heaven, from our hearts we thank Thee for life as Thou hast given it to us, for the heavens which are Thy glory and the earth, Thy handiwork. We are gratified for home and kindred, for work to do, and burdens to be borne that we may prove ourselves worthy of our inheritance. May we love all things because Thou hast made them. May we love them that with Thee we may labor to make them better. Help us to see Thy messages to us written large on every side that through the life that is we may learn of and attain to the life that is to come. Amen.

ASHLEY DAY LEAVITT.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Dear Father in Heaven, who seest the end from the beginning, and before whom the future stands like an open page, as the new day dawns, we lift our eyes to Thee as children to a loving parent. May Thy loving kindness in the past afford us a peaceful trust for the future. Lead us as a father leads his child, and grant not only quiet submission to Thy Holy Will in all things, but also clearness of spiritual vision and deep desire to do Thy will this day. And however rough the way, however sharp the turn, however steep the incline, conscious fellowship with Thee will make the day one glad sweet song. Do Thou hear us for the sake of Jesus our Redeemer. Amen.

BENJAMIN M. SWAN.

Who calls his life a failure; have you thought
How cruel and unjust the charge might be?
Has all your long experience never taught,
That many battles may be bravely fought,
Which do not lead to open victory?

Heaven credits us, we trust, with our intent,
And not with every weak and stumbling fall;
Else could we understand but little meant
When speaking of the care beneficent,
That in His Providence, is showered on all.

God our poor judgments often will reverse,
Interpreting our failures as success,
He placed us here for better and for worse,
And though some lives may seem to hold a curse,
Yet each can have its little power to bless.

HENRY W. COLBY.

O God, we thank Thee that though the battle may be lost the campaign may be won. Let not difficulties be looked upon as defeats. Spirit Divine, be our interpreter. Our inexperience and our childishness make us needful that the things of God be shown unto us in tenderness and patience and love. When we enter the paths where darkness makes each step uncertain, be Thou our guide. In the morning give us the open mind, and at evening rest in the Beloved. Amen.

SMITH THOMAS FORD.

The pessimist firefly sat on a weed
In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
He moped and he moaned for light.
"There is nothing but weeds on the earth," said he,
"And there isn't a star in the sky. . . .

"Then be your own star! then be your own star!"
An optimist firefly said,
"If you'll leap from your weed, and will open your wings
And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star yourself,
You will be yourself a star;
Yes, the thing you need
Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star."

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Thou Spirit of Light, we come to Thee with the prayer that we may have in ourselves the light of life. We thank Thee for that inner radiance by which, when faith survives, all darkness is driven from our souls, and light extinguishes fear. O Lord, let us not wait for the stars, nor the moon, nor the sun, nor any prophet, to light our way, — but by the inner light of faith kindled into flame let us find our way through all the tangle of life towards the heights. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Seems dark and lone the way?
Be of good cheer!
Think not that thou canst stray,
With Love so near!

Love guides thee every hour,
Where'er thou be,
Protects with gentle power
Unfailingly.

Then, pilgrim, lift thine heart,
The light to see!
Bid every fear depart, —
Love walks with thee!

EDITH L. PERKINS.

Father, sometimes the path we have to take seems to be surrounded with shadows and to lead nowhere. Guide us, dear God, make very plain the way we ought to go and give us the sense of Thy protection. When we feel we are alone, wilt Thou take our hand and firmly lead us onward. May we always know that Thou, in Thy fatherly love, wilt never leave us, even for a brief time. So keep us near to Thee until at last we do indeed see Thee face to face. Amen.

GERTRUDE STEVENS LEAVITT.

Hast ever thought, O thou of cynic tongue,
Who aimest shafts with such envenomed point,
Inveighing at a world so out of joint,
That all of Life from the same Hand had sprung —
And that a Master Hand? Canst thou believe
That He who filled our lives with joy and light
Has not within His grasp a power and might
In perfect harmony His plans to weave?
O ye of little faith? — Can ye not trust,
Reasoning from what ye know, to the unknown?
Wait ye in patient hope because ye must,
Nor think that God will not protect his own.
Sublime conceit, that rears its puny thought
Where wisest minds have but too feebly taught!

HENRY W. COLBY.

O God, the life giver, by Thy Holy Spirit inspire new faith, that we may build at the dawn of another day, on the wreckage of the doubts of yesterday; speak courage to our perplexed souls, that looking into Thy face, O Blessed Jesus, we may cry — "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief!" Teach us, O Lord, to trust Thy protecting love, make us conscious of Thy presence, then shall the richest joy of divine companionship be ours; grant that over our lives may break the vision of that golden to-morrow, of social welfare and spiritual benediction for all our fellow beings, which shall come if we, in the morning of our days, fulfill the task Thou hast given us to do. Amen.

HENRY FORSYTHE MILLIGAN.

Who is the Angel that cometh?
Life!
Let us not question what he brings,
Peace or Strife,
Under the shade of his mighty wings,
One by one,
Are his secrets told;
One by one,
Lit by the rays of each morning sun,
Shall a new flower its petals unfold,
With the mystery hid in its heart of gold.
We will arise and go forth to greet him,
Singing, gladly, with one accord;—
"Blessed is he that cometh
In the name of the Lord!"

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

O God, our Father, we thank Thee for this new day. Come joy or sorrow, toil or rest, the day is Thine. We know not what it may bring us, but we trust Thee. Amid dangers, cares and mysteries, enfold us in Thy love. Let us not wander into dark and forbidden paths. Let Thy presence be light, strength and joy. May mystery be an allurement, not a discouragement. Make us content with what Thou dost provide, and satisfied to see one step at a time. Let it be enough for us that Thou knowest the way we take. Make us strong for our tasks, brave for our trials, and patient in well-doing. Amen.

GEORGE S. ROLLINS.

Discouraged, eh? The world looks dark,
And all your hopes have gone astray;
Your finest shots have missed the mark,
You're heart-sick and discouraged, eh?

Plans that you built from all went wrong,
You cannot seem to find the way,
And it seems vain to plod along,
You're heart-sick and discouraged, eh?

Take heart! Each morning start anew,
Return unto the battle line;
Against far greater odds than you
Brave men have fought with courage fine.

And you, now blinded by despair,
Heart-sick and weary of the fight,
On every hand beset by care,
Can, if you will, attain the light.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

We thank Thee, Father, for the sure foundations of faith which Thy Word reveals; for the inspirations of fadeless hope warranted by Thine unchanging love. Give us this day clear vision of the eternal verities; some sense of the imperishable treasures of grace and glory which Thou hast in store for every child of Thine. Amid all the changes of the passing hours, enable us to be strong and steadfast and helpful to those about us. May we hold on our course like the great ship whose heart, despite all changes of sea or sky, answers to the lure of the distant port and the silent beckoning of the unchanging pole. Amen.

FRANK T. BAYLEY.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Almighty God, our Father, cleanse us from every thought displeasing to Thy Goodness. Arm us with the armor of righteousness, garrison us with Thy Truth, guard us with Thy Power. Give us a memory that quickly forgets all injuries, and a recollection that clings with all the tenacity of love to every deed of kindness and every speech of gratitude. Fill us with Thy love that forgives and summons, and empowers; and, under this, Thy challenging call, send us out into the world to-day with renewed purity of soul, elevation of purpose, and breadth of charity, bringing the highest spiritual motive to every task. Amen.

WILLIAM ARNOLD SHANKLIN.

Here are two women going down to work among the sick and the poor. One goes because there is a fashion of it, because she would fain have the credit which belongs to the lady bountiful. She moves among them like an iceberg, and they hate her. She brings a chill with her which all her coals and blankets can never warm away. The other goes because she believes in it, believes that God wants her to do it, believes that the sorrowful and the distressed are Christ's brethren, and that she is bound to them, and that they have immortal souls which she may win for Him. She moves among them like a sister of Jesus and a friend of God; and of her the Master says, "Inasmuch as she hath done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, she hath done it unto me."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Great Father, link us more closely to our brothers and sisters. Some are in poverty, some are sick, some have woe, some are outcast, some are in prison, and all need contact, tender, brave, healing. As we pass by their homes and lives may we bring smiles, not tears — courage, not despair — help, not hurt — balm, not bane — heaven, not hell! Give us a glowing heart, a kindly hand, and lighten us with the cheer and romance of unselfish doing. Grant, O Father, we may be more like Him who became a servant to show us how to serve, and from Him, at last, may we hear — "Well done!" Amen.

JOHN A. WADE.

There is no noble height thou canst not climb;
All triumphs may be thine in Time's futurity
If, whatso'er thy fault, thou dost not faint or halt,
But lean upon the staff of God's security.

Earth has no claim the soul cannot contest;
Know thyself part of that Eternal Source,
And naught can stand before thy spirit's force —
The soul's divine inheritance is best.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Almighty and Gracious God, we thank Thee that with all Thy giving to the sons of men Thou hast given that best of gifts, the spirit of conquest in which is victory. We bless Thee that there is within our souls the stirring of a divine discontent; and that the unsatisfied longings of this present life are the sure earnest of the triumph that shall be hereafter. We trust Thee as the secret of our strength, the surety of our ultimate success. We look to Thee for daily grace and lean upon the arm of Thy divine paternity. We seek the peace that lies in trust and the confidence that rests on faith. Give us the comfort of Thy presence this day and every day. Amen.

JOHN B. KELLY.

Who thou art I know not
But these things I know;
Thou hast set the Pleiades
In a silver row;
Thou hast sent the trackless winds
Loose upon their way:

Thou hast reared a colored wall
'Twixt the night and day;
Thou hast made the flowers to blow
And the stars to shine,
Hid rare gems and richest ore
In the tunnelled mine;
But chief of all Thy wondrous works,
Supreme of all Thy plan,
Thou hast put an upward reach
In the heart of man.

HARRY H. KEMPT.

O Thou, that bindest "the sweet influence of Pleiades," Thou needest no petition of ours to move Thee to confer all blessings upon us. Instead of entreaty we would open our hearts to the transcendent things which Thou art already bestowing upon us; instead of supplicating Thee we would know that all good is even now within our reach. In the place of all prayer, all desire, for the satisfaction of every hunger, for the slaking of every thirst, we cry only and ever, "THY WILL BE DONE." Amen.

CHARLES H. MANN.

When the day is black as midnight
With a deep despair;
When the burden is too heavy
For the heart to bear;
When all life is ceaseless struggle
Every day a fight, —
Then look up, for He is near thee —
Hold on tight!

Oliver Huckel.

O God our Father, and the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, we come to Thee. To whom else can we come for Thou alone hast the words of eternal life? Thou art the God of the night as of the day. Shadow and sunshine are as one with Thee. O Thou who didst lead Thy people as a flock, lead us, and keep us more and more to trust our lives to Thy keeping, remembering always that Thou carest for us. May we not lose faith nor be discouraged, but like Jacob of old may we hold fast that assurance of Thy nearness and the blessed hope of a waiting answer. Amen.

William Wallace Iliffe.

When I shake off the outer things
That, thronging, drag me fifty ways —
The busy needs, the little stings
That hum about my usual days —
I come into a secret place
And meet my true self, face to face.

* * * * * *

Anew I feel that I belong —
Alien and outcast though I be —
To the great Spirit whose far song
Makes an ineffable harmony;
And, with a rhythm in my feet,
I fare me forth my fate to greet.

RICHARD BURTON.

Lord, this day is another gift out of Thy hand. How much of care and labor, or of joy and gladness, its varied tasks shall bring with them, we know not. But do Thou teach us to interpret each experience as calling us into the secret of Thy presence, where evil doth not hide, but the sweet composure of faith and love abounds. May we be filled this day with holy impulses and learn to spell that divinest name of Father. And may the Lord our God be our joy, and this joy be our strength. Amen.

BENJAMIN OTTO.

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
An' yer chances kinder slim,
If the situation's puzzlin',
An' the prospect awful grim;
An' perplexities keep pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone —
Jest bristle up an' grit yer teeth,
An' keep on Keepin' on.

ANONYMOUS.

O Lord, maybe everybody's having a hard time; anyway we get our share but if Thou art near by, we might just catch hold of Thy hand and Thou wilt pull us out of our difficulties as Thou didst poor Peter out of the waves as he let go of his faith and was going down. O Lord, we want a new grip on ourselves and a stronger hold on Thee. We hear a lot, dear Lord, about the "perseverance of the saints" but isn't there also a chance for sinners? Give us some of the kind of perseverance that saints are made of. Amen.

G. M. SMILEY.

Did you choose the journey, friend?
No, nor I;
But to make it cheerfully,
Let us try.
When the day is dark, I pray,
Sing a song to cheer the way,
For to-morrow we will be
One day nearer to the sea.

Did you choose the journey, friend?
No, nor I;
But we know the end will come
By and by.
All to-day we bear the load
Up the weary winding road,
But to-morrow we may be
At the Inn in company.

RUTH STERRY.

Our Father, who art the friend of every traveler upon life's highway, be with us upon the road to-day. May the cool of the morning bring calm and confidence to our spirits, and may the heat and dust of the noon help us to remember that we are to find our refreshment and rest in Thee. So may the twilight hour find us a day's travel nearer home, and the darkness of the night give to us that sleep and safety which strengthens us for the morrow, and the coming morrows, until we behold Thee, our best Beloved, at the journey's end. Amen.

BENJAMIN T. LIVINGSTON.

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road,
Up, do not mourn for youth gone by,
Or winged step, or cheek that glowed,
Or sphery, wonder-widened eye;
For there is Youth, all youth beyond,
Thou mayest not of youth despond.

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road,
Up, do not mourn the loves that die,
But let the lost year's roses strewed
Hide the waste barrows where they lie;
For there is Love, all loves beyond,
That neither breaks — nor knows — the bond.

Up, up, my heart, and keep the road,
Up, do not stay when life goes by;
Let drop the goad, let fall the load,
Bend toward a far sweet clarion cry;
Up, up, my heart — up and respond —
For it is Life — all life beyond!

Edith M. Thomas.

Holy Spirit of Love, tenderly breathe upon us, we pray Thee, a consciousness of Thine inspiring presence. Thy children are yearning for the golden light of Thy higher realm by which they may be guided; and which will be to them a constant assurance of the bright and beautiful conditions awaiting them. May we know that trials are really blessings; and that the minor strains of experience will some time become harmonized with the grand Te Deums which our redeemed lives will hear as the angel choirs ring out the melodies of Heaven. Amen.

George W. Bicknell.

But as we meet and touch each day
The many travelers on our way,
Let every such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry!
The contact of the soil and seed;
Each giving to the other's need —
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each as well as blest!

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Heavenly Father, we praise Thee for the consciousness we have that heart-trust brings heart-power which grows stronger with the days and which is increasingly precious in its fruitage of peace and joy and hope. As the years lengthen and the eventide draws near, our souls look up to Thee with growing faith that we are Thy dear children, and in Thy loving Fatherhood we find the resources of a divine composure making life rich in the things of the spirit and filling us with confidence that the hope immortal is confirmed by the love eternal. While yet we linger here may Thy Fatherly spirit deepen our reverence for the good and the true and the beautiful. Amen.

ARNOLD S. YANTIS.

Go to the box where the smiles are kept
And take them out one by one;
Scatter them wide where the frowns have slept,
Till the clouds give way to the sun.
Open that treasure of beauty and cheer
As soon as you're up in the dawn,
And face the bright world with never a fear,
And go with a brave smile on.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

Dear Father, we thank Thee for the sunshine of the heart which nothing can dim, even though clouds may hang heavy above us and sorrow and care walk beside us. May the keynote of our lives be trust, that perfect trust which makes it possible to meet every phase of life with courage and a smiling face. May the joy of the Master be ours, that fullness of joy which flows into the soul joined to himself by a real and living union, and which nothing can take away. Make us strong and true, and brave, kind and gentle, and loving, striving to bring to Thee hearts of love and lives of service. So shall we be able to face the world courageously, holding within our hearts the priceless jewel of a perfect trust in Thee. Amen.

MINNIE L. PEARSON.

They have been kind to you, these passing years,
Gracious their gifts, their largesse great,
Since 'tis the years that intercede with fate
And as Time's stewards of life's smiles and tears
Hold in their keeping all that mortal fears
And all he craves — so oft they separate
Heaven from hell, and hold back at the gate
Of Paradise full many a suppliant soul that nears.
But you've been friends together and so blest;
Their choicest treasures yours, can life give more?
At last they bring to be your heart's glad guest
The love they could not find for you before —
And this gift of all others is the best.

GERTRUDE RUGG FIELD.

Dear Father, a new day is born — with its blessing of opportunity and the benediction of heaven's smile. We are grateful for memories, the experiences of to-day, and the hopes that fail not. Thou dost not need our gratitude, but we need to be thankful for the outpouring of divine love. May the infinite affection warm our souls into a larger sense of brotherhood. Thus shall the day bring its round of duties, and find Thy sons and daughters eager to learn and to do. Thine shall be the power and glory. Amen.

THOMAS EDWARD POTTERTON.

Ye shall be holy.
Leviticus 19:2.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.
Leviticus 19:18.

Come not at all times into the holy place.
Leviticus 16:2.

The Holy of Holies

My *outer courtyard* let me keep open
To all who choose to enter, giving and getting love.

The *inner court* let me reserve
For various kindred, — my kin of blood and my kind of soul.

An *inner shrine of that inner court* I hold sacred
For the One in whom my heart deeply delights;
Whose very silence makes music that breathes in harmony with mine.

But the *innermost court* is my Holy of Holies,
Where I dwell alone in sweet, strong solitude.
Charles Fleischer.

We wonder what the future holds
For thee and me;
Its shade or sun, its bloom or blast,
We may not see.

Yet, in the future stands our God,
The surest friend,
To whose benignant sovereignty
All forces bend.

And so the future for us holds
A blessing true;
Whether enwrapped in calm or storm,
In dust or dew.

In it may wait the sweetest flower
Or sharpest rod;
Yet all its weeks and days and hours
Are full of God.

JOHN GAYLORD DAVENPORT.

Our Father-God, we are Thy children. Thy spirit dwells in us. Thy life and love, truth and power are now and always coming down around us in soft showers of spiritual influence to cleanse us of evil, to strengthen us in weakness, and to protect us from harm. Therefore we are safe and strong and successful. And since we are the willing inlet and outlet of Thy renewing grace, we are not only prosperous and happy ourselves, but we are so surrounded by Thy presence that all who come within the radiant circle of our influence feel Thy hand touch them, and thereby they, too, are uplifted, strengthened, blest. Amen.

ALEXANDER T. BOWSER.

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless Us, Every One!"

CHARLES DICKENS.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

CHARLES DICKENS.

Thou Blessed Spirit of Life, thou God of the poor and the rich, of the sad and the joyful, we thank Thee for the strange and the wonderful transforming power of love. We thank Thee for the happy providence, which associates the birth of Jesus with the spirit of peace and good will. On this day, at least, may all angry clamor and strife among men cease; may all criticism be hushed; may the roar of battle die away and the spirit of peace and kindness reign in the hearts of men. Even as Thou givest every day, may we give to-day with no thought of self. On this wonderful day may our ruling thought be to lend our help to make a better and happier world. May our prayer be that of Tiny Tim. God bless us, every one. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Why mourn we for the golden prime
When our young souls were kingly, strong and true?
The soul is greater than all time,
It changes not, but yet is ever new.

But that the soul is noble, we
Could never know what nobleness had been;
Be what ye dream, and earth shall see
A greater greatness than she e'er hath seen. . . .

God bless the Present; it is all;
It has been Future, and it shall be Past;
Awake and live; thy strength recall,
And in one trinity unite them fast.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O God, who wast, and art, and art to come, giver of all life, our Father! we thank Thee for this present day and hour. That here Thou hast called us to work, and to create our life side by side with Thee. Help us worthily to live to-day, soberly, yet joyfully, with mind alert and fearless heart. May all that the past has given us, in brave, inspiring example, in joy of victory or in humbling experience, be near to help us now. May we be true to all our best hopes and holiest aspirations. Above all, may Thy wise love attend us and make us true and strong in needful time. So when eventide is come, and this day is forever counted with the past, may we not be sorry or ashamed to leave it in Thy hands. Amen.

PHILIP L. SCHENK.

A little work, a little play
To keep us going — and so,
Good-day!

A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing — and so,
Good-night!

A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing — and so,
Good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so,
Good-bye!

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Our God and Father, teach us to live and work and hope, with faith undimmed and joy unceasing. May wisdom, strength and grace be ours, and keep our feet in duty's pathway, to lift our minds to nobler things, to stay our souls on Thee, unchangeable, divine, without complaint, without disdain. May we do Thy appointed work and meet with calmness and cheer the ordinary and the unusual experiences this, Thy day, may bring. And help us, Lord, to render service by the way, to all whom we may meet, by word, look, or act, conveying the message which Thy heart of love longs to bring to every discouraged soul and disheartened life. In the spirit of the Master, let us live and work this day. Amen.

GAYLORD W. DOUGLASS.

Why should I wait for evening star, —
Why should I wait to cross the bar,
And death's dissolving hand to trace
The outlines of my Pilot's face?

Must my frail barque be driven and tossed
By winds and waves, — be wrecked and lost
Upon life's strange and storm-swept sea
Because my Pilot's far from me?

No, not alone my way I trace,
Each wave gives back my Pilot's face;
To every sin and fear and ill,
To every storm he says, "Be still."

I need no longer vex my soul
With longings for that distant goal:
My Pilot sitteth at the prow,
And heaven's within, and here, and now.

ROLLIN J. WELLS.

O Thou, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth and of them that are afar off upon the sea, unto Thee would we direct our prayer and would look up. We have trusted in Thee and Thou hast not disappointed us. When great storms have been upon the deep and we have been far from land Thou hast come to us with comforting assurances of love and care and we have been graciously kept from harm. Why then should we ever fear? We put our hands in Thine. We rest our souls on Thee. Thou knowest where the harbor lieth and the route to take. Be thou our guide and give direction to all our thoughts and acts. Amen.

WILLIS P. ODELL.

We shall go on building our bridge between life and death, each one for himself. When we see that it is not strong enough, we shall pull it down and build another. We shall watch each other building their bridges. We shall imitate or criticise, or condemn. But as time goes on, we shall learn not to interfere. We shall realize that one bridge is probably as good as the other, and that the greatest value of them all has been in the building of them.

ANONYMOUS.

O God, whose blessed kingdom is already within us, and who art ceaselessly doing a great work in the hearts of Thy children, what time we are oppressed with thoughts of the futility of our striving give us a feeling of the deeper realm where we are fellow-laborers with Thee; and where, under the guidance of Thy Spirit, we build what does not pass away. As we begin the labor of each new day uphold us with the certainty that our heavenly treasure is laid up for us where moth and rust do not corrupt, and that, however now hidden from our eyes, we shall one day find all that is our own. We ask this help believing that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

HOWARD N. BROWN.

The ship may sink, and I may drink
A hasty death in the bitter sea;
But all that I leave in the ocean grave
Can be slipped and spared, and no loss to me.

What care I though falls the sky,
And the shrivelling earth to a cinder turn?
No fires of doom can ever consume
What never was meant nor made to burn.

Let go the breath! There is no death
To the living soul, nor loss, nor harm;
Not of the clod is the life of God,
Let it mount, as it will, from form to form.

CHARLES G. AMES.

Father, we worship Thee while bathing all our beings in the glory and beauty of the sun-kissed world! With Thee a nobler light and fire abide for Thy children. We welcome that higher ministry that all in us that light and fire can destroy may now be consumed — so may morning and high noon be ever ours. We dare not pray for aught for ourselves that we cannot eagerly ask to be given in fulness to whoever will open the shutters of being for the inflow of fire and life from Thee. Send now the morning light into all earth's dark places! Let all who sit in the shadow of death know the joy of daybreak, the light that shines in the face of the Christ! So shall the dark be bright, and sorrow and sighing flee away! Amen.

OTIS COLE.

Unfinished still, O soul —
Unfinished still!
Ascending heights beyond thy dreams.
Advancing through the spheres,
Leaving the worn out worlds thou visitest
Renewed for souls that are to come,
Creating in thy mind new worlds
Exhaustless as the stars, O soul!
Exhaustless, thou, as God;
Unfolding through infinity,
Approaching to thy Goal
But lacking still the Master-stroke
Until — the Nameless Word.
O soul!

Unfinished still,
Until —

HENRY VICTOR MORGAN.

Only in our tired moments, Heavenly Father, do we long for the finished thing whether it be task or life itself. Ever to look forward with hope is better than to come to the end. We do indeed thank Thee for the Old Year, but not alone for what it was itself, nor for any task completed. Each day suggests another day, each year another year. This year was made up of all the other years. But we thank Thee that next year shall also include this. The ending of the old years are everlasting invitations into the new years. O Lord, let us not look back with vain lamentations into the old year at what we have failed to do, but with hope to what is before. Make our hearts strong therefore for all the surprises and adventures of the new. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Services for Special Days

Easter
Thanksgiving Day
Birth of a Baby
Child's Birthday
Father's Birthday
Mother's Birthday
General Birthday
Sundays

Joy, shipmate, joy!
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry)
Our life is closed, our life begins,
The long, long anchorage we leave,
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!
Joy, shipmate, joy! R. J. CAMPBELL.

Father of All, we offer Thee the gratitude of our hearts as we think of the wonderful significance of this day. O, day of resurrection! What symbols and suggestions of immortality, in all the world about us, invite our attention, strengthening our faith, quickening our hopes. The bird, thrilled with new life, rising out of the broken shell of its old environment expresses its joy in glorious melody; the flower seed and "the corn of wheat" breaks through the bonds of death in the dark earth, and rises into new and more beautiful and more richly useful forms of life. We feel, our Heavenly Father, that in Thy wisdom it has come to pass that Eastertide and spring-tide are one. We rejoice in the words "He is not here: he is risen." By this we know that the grave is not the destruction of the soul, for the spirit, freed from the limitations of its earthly tenement, finds its true and only permanent home in the spiritual world, where there are mansions awaiting us all. Amen.

CHARLES CONKLIN.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

Psalm 107 : 15.

For the gift of life in this wonderful world,
For its high cost and its mystery,
For the sure laws of health, making joy,
For power and intelligence, awake to see and to know,
We bring hearts full of gladness.

For the changing seasons and their contrasts,
For the sheen of the snow fields,
And the splendor of winter days,
For the warmth and light of our firesides,
We are glad and thankful.

For joyous summer hours of rest,
For scenes of wonder and beauty,
For the glory of the hills and the sea,
For serene sunsets and moonlit nights,
We keep glad memories.

For all true friends, here with us or absent,
The generous, the loyal, the brave, and sincere;
For the bond of devotion, making us one,
For broadening peace and good-will through the world,
Our hearts beat in gladness.

Charles F. Dole.

A baby's feet, like sea-shells pink,
Might tempt, should Heaven see meet,
An angel's lips to kiss, we think,
A baby's feet.
No flower-bells that expand and shrink
Gleam half so heavenly sweet
As shine on life's untrodden brink
A baby's feet.

A baby's hands, like rose-buds furl'd,
Whence yet no leaf expands,
Ope if you touch, though close upcurl'd,
A baby's hands.
No rose-buds yet by dawn impearl'd
Match, even in loveliest lands,
The sweetest flowers in all the world —
A baby's hands.

A baby's eyes, ere speech begin,
Ere lips learn words or sighs,
Bless all things bright enough to win
A baby's eyes.

* * * * * *

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for the birds and blossoms that come to gladden every springtime and for babies that come to brighten the home. Into this circle of love, a little child has come and we pause for a moment to make grateful recognition of this blessing. We thank Thee for the purity and innocence of this little life and pray that its very essence here may renew the spirit of childhood in all our hearts. Let Thy blessing be upon this life through all the coming years. Amen.

FLORENCE H. PERIN.

There is something charming to me in the fact that mothers remember the dates of great events by the birth of their children.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

When there's a little child to love the weary way turns sweet,
With blossoms where we used to find rough rocks beneath our feet;
A little child to love and rear and pity and behold —
Thank God for one more life, my dear, with all its dreams of gold!

When there's a little child to love the little cares seem less,
The echo of a childhood laugh has such a way to bless;
More human beauty fills the earth and softer grows the strife —
Thank God for one more life to love, for one more little life!

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

For the beauty of the hills and the valleys, we thank Thee: for the birds and the flowers, we thank Thee: for the starlit nights and the sunlit days, we thank Thee: for our homes and our loved ones, we thank Thee. We bless Thee for the gift of this precious child whose birthday we now celebrate. Its life has revealed to us the deeps of affection and has made us feel most strongly our relationship with the Infinite Life. So we bow before Thee in gratitude for the life of our child and pray that Thy Spirit may keep it safe and sweet through all the days that are to be. Amen.

MARY GRACE CANFIELD.

To be loved and honored as the head of a family, — what finer satisfaction can come to any man than that? To a man with such a consciousness the passing of the years does not count save to enrich experience and make life happier. The birthdays do but seem as landmarks with which to count one's growing riches. Conscious of love, the honored father shall not be dismayed by the passing years; he shall rather be glad in the consciousness of increasing joy. For such fathers there is no old age! The heart shall forever face the morning sun!

GEORGE L. PERIN.

Heavenly Father, we turn to-day with affectionate interest to him who, in our hearts, holds the center of life's stage. We pause to honor him, to praise him and with whole-hearted love to wish him well on his journey of another year. We thank Thee that Thou hast given him to us, and that we have had him thus far as helper and counsellor. We thank Thee for his sturdy earnestness and brave loyalty. O be with him heavenly Father for all the rest of the journey. Let him not falter nor be afraid. Let his heart be full of joy in the consciousness of Thy love and ours. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

God thought to give the sweetest thing
In his almighty power, and deeply pondering
What it should be — one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of heaven apart
And gave to earth — a mother.

G. Newell Lovejoy.

Our Father in heaven, we thank Thee for all the sweet and sacred memories that gladden our hearts at the mention of the word "Mother." We associate it with that other sweet word "Home" for the Mother is the heart of the home. We thank Thee for all her love, her devotion and self-sacrifice. We gather here to celebrate the passing of another year of her life, a year, rich in service and love as all the other years have been. Let the coming year if possible be to her the best and happiest of all. Make her way easy and fill her heart with hope. So at last, when the sun shall set may love be the crown of her life. Amen.

George L. Perin.

Oh, gentle one, thy birthday sun should rise
Amid a chorus of the merriest birds
That ever sang the stars out of the sky
In a June morning. Rivulets should send
A voice of gladness from their winding paths,
Deep in o'er arching grass where playful winds,
Stirring the loaded stems should shower the dew
Upon the grassy water. Newly blown
Roses by thousands to the garden walk
Should be the day on which thy cheerful eyes
First opened on the earth, to make thy haunts
Fairer and gladder for thy kindly looks.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Blessed One, Thou art generous in giving as Thou art wise in withholding. Accept this feeble expression of loving gratitude, too deep for words. Life is from Thee and it is through Thy providence that our personal being continues in conscious beatitude from day to day, from year to year. For this birthday anniversary, with its sweet retrospect of innumerable blessings and its gladdening vision of better days and better years to come, we thank Thee. Help us to build "yet more stately mansions," as the swift seasons roll, and may the life motive transcend in beauty the splendor of its environment. Amen.

CHARLES CONKLIN.

Sundays

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Psalm 23.

"O tender shepherd, climbing rugged mountains
And wading waters deep,
How long would'st thou be willing to go homeless
To find a straying sheep?"

"I count no time." the shepherd gently answered,
"As thou dost count and bind
The days in weeks, the weeks in months; my counting
Is just — until I find." Amen.

ANNA TEMPLE.

A beautiful meaning these words enfold;
They seem to run like a thread of gold
On some wonderful work of art enscrolled.
The refiner watcheth with greatest care,
All silent, still, as a voiceless prayer;
And whether the work be swift or slow,
He waiteth, he watcheth, the test to show,
Till his likeness shines from the molten glow;
But when his face in the silver glows,
His work is over, — the test may close!
O Master! thou watchest, line by line, —
O wonderful patience of Love divine —
Till Thy likeness shows in this life of mine!

ELIZABETH R. GEORGE.

O Thou who art unseen, yet ever near each one of us, we come to Thee asking Thy blessing and benediction on all our lives. We thank Thee for the Sabbath, a day that has been made sacred by dear associations and tender memories, the day when in a special sense we can feel that Thou art near. Breathe into our lives the spirit of prayer and true devotion. May we ever turn to Thee in love and heartfelt devotion. We pray that we may learn how to serve Thee better, and may worship Thee in spirit and in truth. Accept our worship and our prayers and consecrate us anew to Thy service. Amen.

FLORENCE N. SAWTELLE.

Be still in God! Who rests on Him
Enduring peace shall know,
And with a spirit fresh and free
Through life shall cheerly go.
Be still in faith! forbear to seek
Where seeking naught avails;
Unfold thy soul to that pure light
From heaven which never fails.

JULIUS STURM.

Dear Lord, kind Lord,
Gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly to-day!
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
Down a wake of angel wings
Winnowing the air.

Bring unto the sorrowing,
All release from pain;
Let the lips of Laughter
Overflow again.
And with all the needy
O divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content
That is mine to-day! Amen.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

What is thy faith who sayest, "I believe
In God the Father," and yet livest not
As if God were, and were thy Father too?
On such a faith no shadow of fear could fall,
No burden of anxiety could weigh,
No petty passions press disquieting.
The love of God is like an atmosphere
Embracing all things, like a boundless sea
Upbuoying all things; none who trusts himself,
Serene in His sustaining strength, can sink,
Feeling beneath the everlasting arms;
Feeling above the brooding wings of Love.

HERBERT H. YEAMES.

O God, within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be judge, be friend, be Father still,
And in Thy heaven reign!
Thy heaven is mine, — my very soul!
Thy words are sweet and strong,
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song. Amen.

WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT.

If I were asked what I believe, I could not help but say,
The gentle and the simple creeds of boyhood's yesterday;
The tender faith in Bible things, the truth, the way, the right,
The Golden Rule to live one's life according to the light;
And everywhere the thought of God, that we are everywhere
The children of one Father's love and of His heavenly care.

* * * * * *

If I were asked what I believe, I'd have to say, as then,
A simpler faith in God's commands, a manlier trust 'mong men,
A clear and more abiding course t'ward that which men might call
The straight-out-from-the-shoulder faith of Peter and of Paul;
The teachings, most of all, that came to us in Sunday School,
Way back in little childhood's land, the land of Golden Rule.

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

We may articulate no creed, nor put into logical form no words to formulate our faith, our Father, yet under the magic spell of memory we thank Thee that we are carried back to childhood's altar fires. By what route we came to faith we do not know, nor when; nor would we seek to analyze. Enough that in our hearts the thought of God was born. O Father, let it stay and grow. Amen.

GEORGE L. PERIN.

All roads that lead to God are good;
What matters it, your faith or mine?
Both centre at the goal divine
Of Love's eternal brotherhood.

The kindly life in house or street;
The life of prayer, the mystic rite;
The student's search for truth and light;
These paths at one great function meet.

* * * * * *

What matters that one found his Christ
In rising sun or burning fire,
If faith within him did not tire?
His longing for the truth sufficed.

A thousand creeds have come and gone;
But what is that to you or me?
Creeds are but branches of a tree —
The root of love lives on and on.

Though branch by branch proves withered wood
The root is warm with precious wine:
Then keep your faith and leave me mine;
All roads that lead to God are good.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Save us, World-Spirit, from our lesser selves!
Grant us that war and hatred cease,
Reveal our souls in every race and hue!
Help us, O Human God, in this Thy Truce
To make Humanity divine!

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.

Creeds and confessions? High Church or the Low?
I cannot say; but you would vastly please us
If with some pointed Scripture you could show
To which of these belonged the Savior, Jesus.
I think to all, or none. Not curious creeds
Or ordered forms of churchly rule he taught,
But soul of love that blossomed into deeds,
With human good and human blessing fraught.
On me nor priest nor presbyter nor pope,
Bishop nor dean, may stamp a party name;
But Jesus, with his largely human scope,
The service of my human life may claim.
Let prideful priests do battle about creeds,
The church is mine that does most Christ-like deeds.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Our Father in heaven, we bless Thy holy name for that subtle, indefinable something we all know, and which we call love, the golden link which binds us together into families, which makes home the dearest spot on earth; the bond of true friendship, the inspiration to patriotism, which makes the real citizen and the true statesman, the basis of pure religion which flowers in philanthropy, charity and justice to all. Give us, O God, we beseech Thee, more love that we may have less hate, more love that we may have less revenge, more love that we may have less jealousy, more love that we may become God-like. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

HENRY N. COUDEN.

The opinion of the Bible bred in me, not only by the teaching of my home when I was a boy, but also by every turn and experience of my life and every step of study, is, that it is the one supreme source of Revelation, the Revelation of the meaning of life, the nature of God and the spiritual nature and deeds of men. It is the only guide of life which really leads the spirit in the way of peace and salvation. If men could but be made to know it, intimately and for what it really is, we should secure both individual and social regeneration.

WOODROW WILSON.

Life of my life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that Thy loving touch is upon all my limbs. I shall ever try to keep all untruths out from my thoughts, knowing that Thou art that truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind. I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my love in flower, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart. And it shall be my endeavor to reveal Thee in my actions, knowing it is Thy power gives me strength to act. Amen.

RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Psalm 121.

How beautiful and how wonderful are the works of Thy hands, O God our Father. What wisdom, what power, what majesty back of it all. How exalting and ennobling to the contemplative soul. And what dost Thou require of man for all the wonders and powers Thou hast bestowed upon him, but to love mercy, do justly, and walk humbly before his God? Strengthen us in our weakness, that we may fulfil these requirements day by day. In the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Henry N. Couden.

There are times when everything in God's dealings with us seems to be stern, hard, and bitter; then just as we are ready to cast ourselves away in despair and feel toward God as toward a ruler whom we can simply fear but never love then comes some manifestation of God that sets our soul to singing.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

* * * * *

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Sing to the Lord of Light and Love
A noble song of praise;
Sing with rejoicing hosts above,
The joy that fills our days!

The travail of the world is long,
And long the blight of sin;
But Love, Almighty Love is strong,
And Love at last shall win!

His light outshining sun and star,
Outlasting Earth and Time,
Shall banish error's night afar
And bring the day sublime.

His love in triumph onward flows
As flows the mighty sea;
Victorious over all His foes,
Filling eternity!

HENRY NEHEMIAH DODGE.

Heavenly Father, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, help us always to remember that Thou art the Vine and we are the branches; and that as the branch cannot live apart from the vine, no more can we except we abide in Thee. Strengthen us, we beseech Thee, by Thy Spirit in the inner man, that we may be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Help us to have the same mind in us that was in Christ. Teach us to love as Thou dost love. Amen.

GEORGE DUGAN.

It was only a drop of dew
That watered the heart of a rose;
But the rose bloomed out her gracious span,
A thing of beauty and praise for man,
In her fragrant garden close.

It was only the song of a bird
By her nest in the spreading tree;
But the song that burst from the tiny breast
Dispelled the gloom of a heart oppressed,
And set new gladness free.

It was only a tender thought
Of the Father's love and power;
But a heart with pain and woe oppressed
Through that loving thought found strength and rest,
And was healed that very hour.

MINNA MATHISON.

Our Father, we would thank Thee for this day when the whirling wheels of the factories and the roar of commerce are stilled and man turns aside to talk with Thee as friend with friend. In the holy hush of this Sabbath day, hinting of rest, as rest hints of heaven, may we rise into the dignity of the sons of God, and realize that no life, howsoever limited in its settings, is without its angel which doth ever behold the face of the Father which is in Heaven. May we see, then, the glorious possibilities of our seemingly obscure lives, and by faithfulness to the little we can do, may we glorify Thee. Amen.

C. SEYMOUR BULLOCK.

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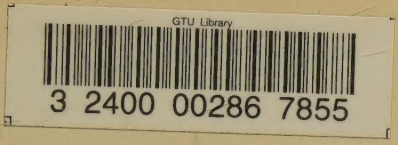

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